THIS PAPE[illegible]ER
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It Spans the World.

The Fort Wayne Sentin[el]

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898. [PART [illegible]

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[illegible] and disfiguring of itching, [illegible] and scalp humors is in- [illegible] warm bath with CUTI- [illegible] application of CUTICURA [illegible] skin cure, and a full dose [illegible] greatest of blood [illegible] when all else fails.

SOME STEPPERS.

Correspondent Talks About Fort Wayne Horses.

Spicy Budget in Which the Equine Situation is Sized Up in Very Interesting Style.

A correspondent of the Chicago Horse Review has sized up the horse situation in Fort Wayne in the following spicy style:

"The snow brigade will be out in full force this winter, and Washington boulevard promises to be the scene of many hot races. In fact we will have a little circuit of our own, and all that is lacking now is the snow—everything else is in readiness. The money (?) as well as all the glory, will stay at home, all the participants will be local nags. Frank Gruber will probably take the lead with his pacer, Red Elgin, 2:15½, as he is a number one snow horse. Oscar Wobrock will also be a candidate for high honors. He owns Crescent, by Red Bird (son of Jay Bird), that was timed better than 2:30 in her races last year, and a black mare by Atlantic King. The latter, with only nine days' work, trailed in 2:20¼, the half in 1:05¼, but threw a splint, and, consequently, could not be trained further. She will be a good mare for the green classes next year. Oscar was quite a 'teamer' the past season, and will be out again in '98. Helen K., by Nil Desperandum, out of Minnie, by Blue Bull, may be seen on the snow this winter. Charles Lehr, an engineer on the Pittsburg railroad, owns her.

"Look out for Cyrus Zimmer and 'Lacona,' as they go down the line this winter. They are old hands at the business, and a hard pair to beat. G. L. Potter will likely be seen on the snow path at his leisure hours, with his Electioneer gelding, Ivo 2:26, and should he conclude to cut him loose he will not be far behind at the finish. Raleigh Niswonger will chase the boys with his Red Bell pacer, and Henry Huffman has a Strathmore mare that can pace a blue streak. Drs. Barnott have a mare by Wayne Wilkes, out of Cuchara, by Gen. Hancock, that can 'june some.' Joe W. Bell will be out with his stallion, Director Chief, by Director; and Herman Tapp will have something good, as usual. Coroner J. H. Kappel gets his flyers mostly from Michigan, and they can step some, too. The genial Doc had about closed a deal for the 'P'inter Hoss,' once upon a time, but Ed. Geers interfered and spoiled the trade. Now he has it in for brother Ed. Harry C. 2:17¼ has been fired and will not be raced next year. In the meantime Charles McDougall will take his spins behind Big Ike, by Coastman 2:08¼. 'Uncle Tom' Telley has a three-year-old sorrel filly, by Ambassador, dam by a son of Hambletonian 10, that he will exercise behind this winter. Mr. Telley used to interest the boys with 'Old Toney,' but, alas! he cannot do it any more,' having sold the old horse."

The following parties own good horses, and all of them, together with many others not mentioned, will be out for honors on the snow this winter: Fred Myers, Frank Perry, Will Shebandy, Dr. E. K. Wheelock, Ben Lehman, Henry Kanning, John Wilkins, Chas. C. Pape (who owns a brother to West Wilkes 2:13½), W. M. McKinnie, George Kuntz, Jap Compton, R. L. Krull, Dr. L. A. Worch, Louis Romy, O. D. Hatzell, Frank Fox, Joe Luper, J. B. Ryan, A. C. Mick, Dan. Rhodes (owner of Lorna Doone 2:24¼) Jessie Grice, Dr. A. E. Van Baskurk, Joe Weick, H. A. Wiebke, Chas. D. Tillo, Walt. Adams, Wm. A. Rinehart (with a brother to Cash Boy 2:27½), Chas. Habecker, Abe Towsley, etc., etc. The pacing mare Rotena 2:21¼, by Wayne Wilkes, dam by Belmont Prince, has been sold by J. Y. Sheaff, of this city, to Charles Campbell, New York, for $350. She was entered in the Splan Newgass sale. Frank Burns, a machinist in the Pittsburg shops, owns a brother to Eleanor, 3, 2:11, coming four years old, that is a trotter and will certainly get some of the money next season. He was worked some last spring, but was considered too growthy to stand hard training. H. C. Sites, a leading dentist, has a couple of good ones; a bay mare by Red Bell, dam by Strathmore, that showed 2:20 speed last summer, and a bay filly by Maelstrom, son of Strathmore. He also owns the dam of the latter, which was sired by Abdalbrino, brother to Princeps. Minuet 2:13¾ has been sent to Circleville, O., to be bred to Wilton early next spring. There will be another combination sale held here in the spring. R. T. McDonald, H. C. Rockhill and H. W. Tapp will be the chief promotors of the affair, with possibly a few outside consignors. About 150 head are to be sold, mostly young stock, well bred and promising. The well-known triners, J. M. Stevens, Frank Bogash and J. W. Pearse, are giving their respective horses slow jogging in preparation for next year's racing. Mr. Stevens has seven head: Charmion 2:29¼, by Strathmore; Eureka S., by Wayne Wilkes, dam by Strathmore; a two-year-old filly by Red Bell, out of Charmion; Belfield, by Belfield, dam by John E. Wood, and three [illegible]. Frank Bogash's st[illegible]g con-[illegible] Mass.) with whom he expects to be 'strictly in it' with the free-for-allers in 1898. W. C. F. 2:29¼ and Sir Arthur 2:17¼ are the chief pupils of Mr. J. W. Pearse. He also has Maj. Pearse (brother to Minuet 2:13¾), by Strathmore-American Girl 2:20¼; Cresendo, by Strathmore, out of Crescent 2:24¼, by Ira Wilkes, a three-year-old chestnut gelding, owned by Secretary Rockhill, and bred like Crescendo, and a yearling filly by a son of C. F. Clay 2:18, out of Little Daisy 2:19¼. Mr. Pearse's old-time favorite, J. T. Reid had the misfortune to lose a valuable yearling filly, by Sir Edward, the other day. She was killed by a street car. Mr. Reid will make a stud season next spring with his young Nutwood stallion, Georgewood 27238, out of Georgiana 2:26¼, sister to Patchen Wilkes."

MERZ WAS MERRY.

Assaulted a Woman While in a New Year's Mood.

Mayor Fines Him—Lieutenant Lapp Files His Monthly Report—Train Jumper Released.

Peter Merz was fined $5 and costs by the mayor this moring for assault and battery on Jennie Bower, who lives on Lafayette street. Last night Miss Bower went to Tom Clark's saloon, bought three bottles of beer and proceeded homeward. Merz followed her and while trying to force her to give up the beer two bottles fell and were broken. Thereat the woman shrieked and Merz escaped. Later he was arrested at Vogely's hall on Maumee road, where he was attending a dance. Merz left police court with an officer, trying to hunt up a friend who would pay his fine.

MONTHLY REPORT.

Lieutenant Lapp has compiled the following report of arrests for December:

Intoxication	32
Selling liquor without a license	5
Criminal provocation	2
Malicious trespass	2
Climbing on cars	[illegible]
Vagrancy	12
Petit larceny	6
Forgery	1
Trespass	1
Prostitution	2
Associating with prostitutes	4
Burglary	1
Carrying concealed weapons	1
Wife desertion	1
Being a tramp	1
Grand larceny	3
Total	[illegible]

NOTES.

Will Stegell, a train jumper arrested by Officer Heller, was let go.

It was very dull in police circles today.

LOCAL LINES.

The "Friendly Ten" will give a smoker at Sleepy Hollow homestead tonight.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the South Congregational church occurs Wednesday evening.

W. C. Drapier, manager of the Remington typewriter business in this city, has gone to Kendallville for a several days' stay.

Mrs. Christopher Schultz has as her guest her aunt, Mrs. Dora Beach, and two sons, Masters Eddie and Harry, of Albany, Ind.

The employes at the School for Feeble Minded Youth celebrated New Year's eve in a quiet way at the hall of the school last evening.

Herbert Stonecifer, after a visit at his home in this city, will leave tomorrow to resume his studies at the Indianapolis dental college.

Dr. Mary A. Mixer, professor in the Woman's Medical College, Chicago, is the guest of Dr. Delia Howe, at the School for Feeble Minded Youth.

Dan Myers has closed up his branch store on East Wayne street, and will go to Columbia City to superintend the work in his cream factory.

Misses Maude Gaskins, Mabel Crosby and Edna Parham arrived home today from Van Wert, where they were the guests of Miss Edith Parham.

Miss Ruth Blake and Miss Alice Scott are spending New Year's day in Chicago as the guests of Miss Blake's parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Vila Blake.

C. Stone, representing the Employers' Liability Insurance company, has returned to Indianapolis, after a business stay of several days in the city.

Benjamin Grogg and Cash Olinger, of Garrett, who were guests of the latter's uncle, J. B. Olinger, of 134 Horace street, have returned to their homes.

Mrs. Ben Burgess, of Danville, Ill., and Miss Eugene Burgess, of Chicago, have returned home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, of South Calhoun street.

Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Dexler, of 209 Harrison street, are entertaining their brother, Alexander Kirkpatrick, of South Dakota, and Mrs. Dillman and Mrs. Spinson, of Pierceton.

Dr. English will start a class for the study of the Bible in the Wayne street Methodist Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:30. All persons not already in Sabbath school are invited to join this class.

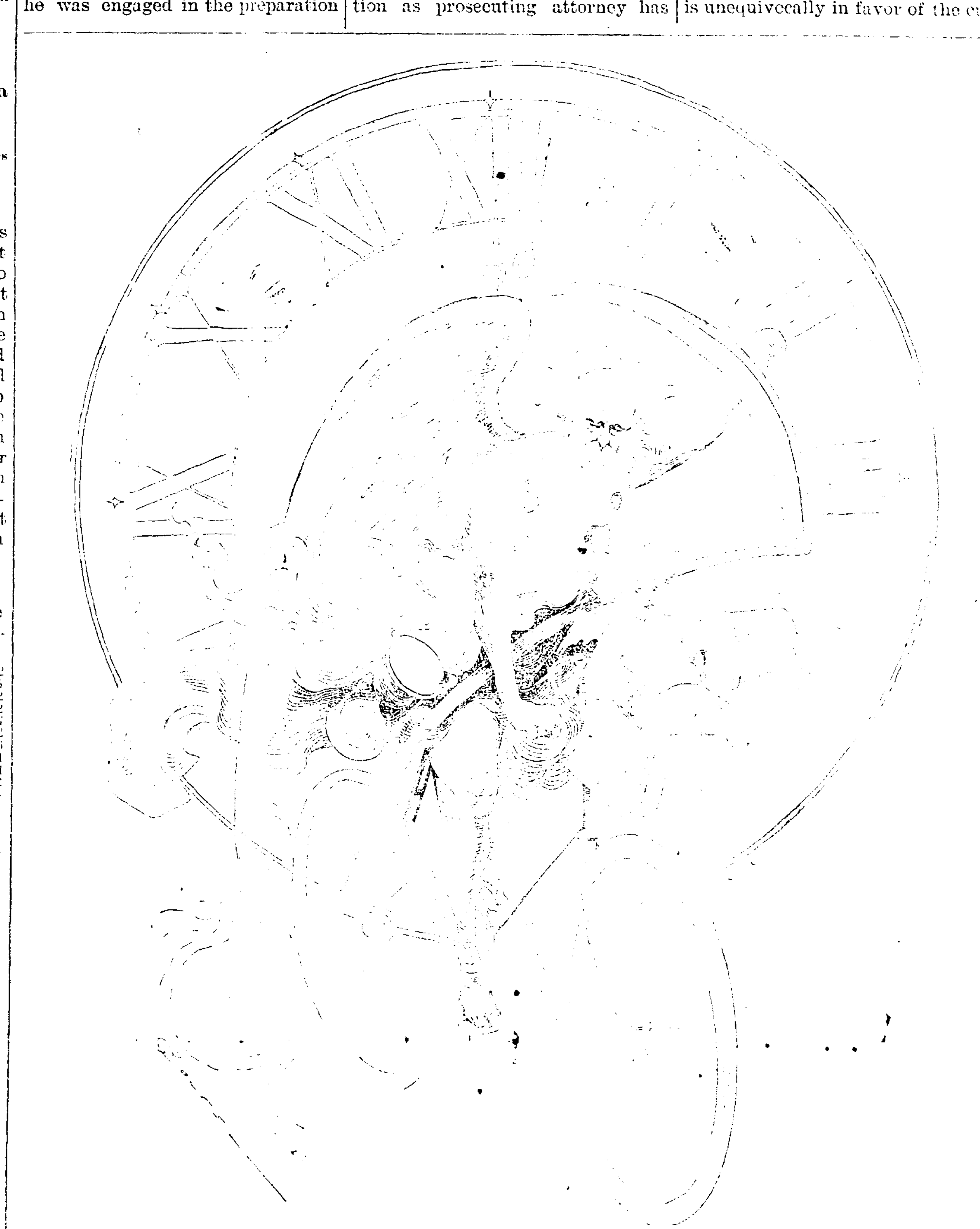
Mrs. Stephen Parrish has returned from Laotta, Mich., where she has been vi[illegible] relatives. Her little [illegible]

A CURFEW LAW.

Some Opinions From Men Who Can Talk Advisedly.

Humane Officer, Prosecuting Attorney and Police Officers Discuss the Proposed Measure.

During several months past there has been some agitation and a great deal of discussion with respect to the enactment of a curfew ordinance in Fort Wayne. Among all classes of good citizens, especially among those who take most deeply to heart the moral growth of the city, the enactment of such a measure has for the most part met with favor. A few weeks ago Councilman Schuhler, of the Ninth ward, announced that he was engaged in the preparation



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

of a curfew ordinance which he purposed soon to introduced to the attention of the city council. For some reason or other that purposed ordinance has been leading a very unostentatious existence. Just why this is so, as Lord Dandreary would say, "is something no fellah can find out."

The Sentinel has secured some expressions of opinion regarding the necessity for a curfew law and the merits of such an expedient. The gentlemen interviewed, as will be seen, are men who have the best reasons to be familiar with the evils proposed to be regulated. Mayor Scherer, in an interview with The Sentinel some weeks ago, expressed his approval of the curfew law, but when approached a day or two ago upon the same subject, declined to express himself further.

The subjoined interviews will, if they do nothing more, establish the fact that officers of the law recognize the existence of an evil whose prompt correction is demanded imperatively by high consideration of the public good. These opinions follow:

HUMANE OFFICER SCHLAUDROFF.

The cases coming to the attention of the humane officer are numerous and he often meets with [illegible]tiable conditions of the young, brought on by indiscretions or by crime, and traceable to a beginning on the streets. Mr. Schlaudroff has long been a champion of the curfew law, has watched its success in other places and hopes that the city of Fort Wayne will adopt it. He gives his opinion as follows:

"While a few of our citizens think we do not need the curfew law, I believe it would be a good thing and a hardship on no one. No city is too large for such a law. The larger the city the more need for it. I believe that if all the records of the boy thieves were looked up it would be found that about eight out of ten of them are boys who have come home when they pleased at night when they were little children. If a father could see his son of eight or ten or twelve years of age [illegible] in a group of toughs [illegible] or twenty years old, (some [illegible] have perhaps already been [illegible] for some offense), and [illegible] his children [illegible] take him ho[me] [illegible] that keep hi[m] [illegible] ing keeping some of our boys out of the reform school. The streets of a city of the size of Fort Wayne are bad places for children to roam in at will day or night. I have some statistics showing that 13,000 policemen in large cities arrested 450,000 men, women and children at an expense of $20,000,000, while among an equal number of farmers there were not 5,000 arrests. Of the 13,000 boys and girls in the reform school in 1890, 98 per cent. went from cities, towns and villages. In view of such facts as these would it not be better for a future generation if we had a curfew law covering the age of sixteen years?"

PROSECUTOR DOUGHMAN.

Here is another earnest officer who wants the curfew. His position as prosecuting attorney has given him a chance to make a thorough study of the situation. He does not regard the curfew as political in any sense and says it is ridiculous to regard it in that light, as a few have done. It is, in his estimation, a splendid support for the officers in their efforts to take the children from the streets when they should be at home. Mr. Doughman says he will do all he can to bring about the curfew. He said, in reply to a question put by the reporter:

"I believe that a curfew law, reasonably enacted and properly enforced, would accomplish great good in a city like ours. The permitting of children to be about the streets of the city after night, unaccompanied by their parents or some other proper person, has a demoralizing effect upon them. Young boys in that way early learn habits of dissipation, come in contact with older ones addicted to crime, and gradually thereby drift into bad habits and perhaps criminal conduct. Much of the petty thieving done about the city is done by young boys who go about the streets and alleys at night. These boys first commence by stealing small things and soon learn to commit thefts of more importance. I can call to mind several instances of boys who have been arrested and punished, who, I think, owe their downfall to being permitted while young to congregate at different parts of the city at night. The permitting of young girls to go about at night unattended soon has a tendency to make them bold, and later they sooon drift into improper places in the way of wine rooms, which are open at night. I favor the enactment of a proper curfew ordinance. This will enable the officers to compel children to be off the streets at night."

SUPERINTENDENT GORSLINE.

Superintendent of Police Gorsline has given much reflection to the moral benefits sought in a cur[few] law. When interviewed he [illegible] arrived at a definite conclu[sion] [illegible] the precise provisions a[illegible] such a law for this city sho[uld] [illegible] but as a general [illegible] favors such [illegible] youngsters who prowl about at night. The police would prevent it if they could, but wanting altogether specific authority to deal with the evil, they can do nothing. It seems to me a curfew law wisely framed and reasonably enforced would clothe the police with all essential authority to deal with the matter properly. Possibly it would not; but in the absence of any such authority whatsoever, it would be worth while to try it. One thing admits of no question. Young boys and girls should be kept off the streets at night."

CAPTAIN BORGMAN.

During his long years of service in the police department Captain Borgman has had wide opportunities to observe the ways of evil. He is unequivocally in favor of the curfew, basing his opinion upon experience as an officer of the law. His opinion, like that of the superintendent of police, has weight, because his duties have taken him into all sorts of places at all hours.

"As a member of the police force," said Captain Borgman, "I cannot conscientiously say anything else than that it would be a good law, for it would be a good thing for the children and society would be better for it. Many children are taught to go wrong while running the streets at night; many grow to follow pernicious lives because they drifted while young out into that element where temptation lies. With the curfew the police would be enabled to see that these children are kept under the eyes of their parents. Without it they cannot do so."

DETECTIVE COLING.

"Curfew law?" thoughtfully queried Detective Coling when asked by a Sentinel reporter for his opinion. "Yes, I am in favor of it first, last and all the time. The sooner the city can get it the better. Let me tell you that the average citizen has no idea of the number of children that are prancing around the streets. The are not all little children. Some of them are sixteen years old, but all of these older ones went through the A B C period on the streets. I say give the policeman the power to send home these youngsters and the benefits of the curfew will be seen.

EX-SUPERINTENDENT LIGGETT.

"From what I have seen while acting formerly in my official capacity I think the curfew law a good thing," said ex-Superintendent of Police James Liggett. "This law, properly framed and enforced, would be a grand help in improving the morals of the rising generation. I would like to s[ee] it tried in Fort Wayne."

CO[illegible] BERGHOFF.

[illegible] strike Mr. Berghoff [illegible] thing for this [illegible] to a reporter: [illegible] and if anything [illegible] all right, then [illegible]—not before." [illegible] his views on [illegible] curfew law [illegible] to all laws [illegible] with the [illegible] parent in th[e] curfew law or polic[e] will do any good. [illegible] pose the curfew law will [illegible] some benefit to a few who [illegible] be controlled by a police club. Shall the rest of the children be restricted in the reasonable enjoyment of life because some few cannot be otherwise controlled? If this has to be done, why not go back to the rest of the fifteenth century laws—inaugurate again the whipping post for wife beaters, put up a ducking stool for female scandal mongers as of old? I believe the law is impracticable. Who is to be the judge of the age of children? The police. If he makes a mistake and arrests some one above the age stated, will not he be responsible in law? My opinion is it will be like all the rest of similar laws—impossible to enforce and a dead letter. If a law would compel the parent to be at home at 8 or 9 p. m., I believe the children would be at home also. The child which is from childhood trained to simply do right for fear of law, will, after it gets to an age where it can see how laws are violated by paupers as well as millionaires, and by criminals as well as judges, never respect them or pay any attention to them. The trouble is, we have too many laws now that deal with small matter and laws which are vital to the very resistence of state and society are loose and neglected. When in a country like ours, about as many divorces are granted as marriage licensees, is it to be wondered at that children are neglected, and sent broadcast without a father or mother to control them. I say all such laws as curfew laws are but a sham to cover up others more important. Reform or enact such laws as the divorce laws, which are fundamental to the existence of state and society; give children a home which they enjoy, if ever so poor; make them fear by moral training a higher authority than a blue coat and you will have no need for a curfew law."

LIEUTENANT LAPP.

Mr. Lapp is another old-timer on the police force. He has a keen conception of crime, its preventive and care. He believes in the curfew. Mr. Lapp says:

"I would like to see it tried, and I think that every man on the force would be glad to have it. The police are handicapped when it comes to looking after children, young misses and youths. If we had the curfew the policeman would have some ground upon which to stand whenever he tries to correct the young people who need correcting."

REPORTED DEAD.

Prince Bismark Said to Have Succumbed.

The Aged Statesman Has Been in Ill Health for Some Time and His Death is Not Surprising.

London, Jan. 1.—The Evening News, of this city, reports the death of Prince Bismarck this morning at Friedrichsruhe.

The aged German statesman has been in failing health for many months and his death is not the occasion of any surprise.

A few days ago "The Iron Chancellor" arose from his bed to greet Emperor William, who visited him.

It was thought at the time that only the prodigious will of the statesman enabled him to bear the effort.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

R. C. Bell Retires from the Law Business of Morris, Bell, Barrett & Morris.

Hon. R. C. Bell has retired from the firm of Morris, Bell, Barrett & Morris, and the business will be continued under the name of Morris, Barrett & Morris. The firm was organized five years ago. The approaching dissolution was generally known among members of the profession for several weeks. Mr. Bell is absent on a hunting expedition in Mississippi, and his future plans are not known.

LOCAL LINES.

Mrs. J. E. Reuben [illegible] Harry Reuben, of Payne, Ohio, are visiting in the city.

Hugo Thieme, of an eastern university, is visiting his brothers and sisters during the holidays.

Mrs. Townsend, mother of the genial Dick Townsend, went to Decatur this morning, where she will reside in the future.

Mrs. C. J. Deming and Miss A. M. White, of New York, are guests of the former's son, Dr. N. L. Deming, at the New Avelino.

The week of prayer will be observed by a special evangelistic service in Plymouth church every evening next week, the pastor preaching a short, pungent sermon at each service.

Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Henson will keep open house this evening at the Baptist parsonage from 7 to 10 o'clock. All members of [illegible] and congregation an[d] friends are invited.

Joseph and S[illegible] heimer [illegible]

[illegible]

Membe[rs] [illegible]
Me[illegible]

The reunion of t[illegible] the old M. H. club, [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. C. M. C[illegible] Edgewater avenue, wa[s] [illegible] most notable of the n[illegible] gatherings last night.

The happy spirit of [illegible] pervaded the company [illegible] joyment was keen and h[illegible] were hearty greetings a[illegible] bers clasped hands and renewe[d] fraternities of former days. Alwa[ys] famous for the uniqueness of the d[i]versions at its gatherings, the club last night was treated to fun of rare sort and excellent zest that passed all precedents into eclipse. The ingenuity of hostess and host had evolved a scheme of recreations that won an unanimous verdict of approbation from the first.

When the guests had arrived and greetings were over cards, were distributed. One side bore the name of the holder while on the other side was a description of the person who was to be his or her partner at the lunch table. This description was written in a manner not easily read, the following being a sample: "Madame urbuan rahi, uleb yees, redirma, eguuol," which translated meant medium auburn hair, blue eyes, married, Jouage." Under the lounge the owner of this card found a slip bearing the name of his intended partner and the legend: "Fi ouy loudw ryou seetre owkn uyo smut ot het naturic og." This in time was translated to read "If you would your secret know, you must to the curtain go." After a search of several minutes, a slip of paper written in the same puzzling manner was found, which translated was as follows: "You've had a long search, but 'twill please you to know that the good die young and to heaven go, and that you my friends, have no mansions below."

The translation of these cards consumed considerable time and at its close, 10:30 o'clock, a literary and musical program was rendered, ending with a reply by the club's poet laureate to the prophecy made by himself at the last previous meeting four years ago.

[illegible]

But w[illegible] round
[illegible]
W[illegible] gd?
[illegible]

[illegible] ay,
A fort[illegible]
She [illegible] a half,
An [illegible]

[illegible]

Charley Co[illegible] peanut stand;
His wife [illegible]
George Ca[illegible] takes,
His speec[illegible]

Mr. Smith is practici[illegible]
Will Lerch is a M[illegible] dler,
Miss Fannie is boss [illegible]
Mrs. Melsheimer [illegible]

Harry Davis [illegible] Bill;
Mrs. Lerch [illegible]
Tom Compa[illegible] k
With the [illegible]

George Henc[illegible] the president's chair
Of a firm [illegible];
Frank Stone is peddling, 'round close to house,
The very best macaroni.

Lohe Ferguson [illegible] German band,
And passes the hat for nickels;
Miss Lola clerks in a grocery store,
And eats up all the pickles.

Mrs. S[illegible] eloped with a hardware man,
And is spending his money quickly;
Mrs. H[illegible] has started a hospital
For cats and dogs that are sickly.

Ed and Tom Davis have shipped the to[illegible]
For the sunny land of flowers,
Because their wives had grown so cross
When they look at cream it sours.

Mrs. C[illegible] cooks in a boarding house,
Miss Grace w[aits] on the table;
Miss Lou [illegible] has joined an opera troupe
Horace works in a livery stable.

Jennie C[illegible] has a dancing school,
Mr. Melsheimer is a scholar;
Mrs. Davis is a medium, famed,
And "rakes in" many a dollar.

Mrs. Matson is keeping a barber shop,
Mrs. Smith runs a ginger ale [illegible];
Mrs. Ferguson has bought a Chinaman out,
And wears a dolly varden.

Will and Emma are married and live in style,
In Comparet's rooms [illegible]
Gene Gordon sells horse-radish on the street,
And makes his wife prepare it.

[The] poet came to an untimely end;
[Th]e club voted him a dummy,
[Th]ey shipped him off to the land of the Nile,
Where they wrapped him up for a mummy.

Such was the prophesy of four years ago, and how it was fulfilled is told in the following lines by the same poet:

The fortune-teller was sadly mistaken;
Our faith in her is rudely shaken.
Four years have passed, not one came true
Of all the readings she gave to you.

Charley Comparet is a traveling man,
And tells his stories as large as he can.
Frank Stone carries 'round the same old pack;
His wife still sings: "The Cat Came Back."

Will dances a baby on each knee,
And is just as happy as he can be.
Manning Smith is selling the same old shoes;
Mrs. Conover runs 'round to tell the news.
George Hench is not in the president's chair,
But says he expects some time to get there.

The rest are plodding in the same old way,
Growing older and handsomer day by day.
So we'll give the prophet another five years
And see how the prophesy then appears.

But we have some strangers among us toni[ght]
To not briefly mention would [illegible]
Before you get ready [illegible]
I must tell you a stor[y] [illegible]

M[illegible]

Judge [illegible]
Iowan[illegible]

Mr. Robison [illegible]

Judg[e] [illegible] action [illegible] Robis[on] [illegible] Wayn[e] [illegible] An all[illegible] for the [illegible] was ac[illegible] retired [illegible] the man.

Judge [illegible] Robison's [illegible] third of [illegible] Judge W[illegible] $1,000 for s[illegible] the receivers. [illegible] mony engaged th[illegible] ing and just bef[ore] [illegible] court informed t[illegible] the introduction [illegible] mony was useles[s] [illegible] enabled to reach a[illegible]

It is the opini[on] [illegible] lawyers that the a[illegible] Robison is inc[illegible] the services he r[illegible]

As it is, Mr. Robi[son] [illegible] is accepted by the cou[rt] [illegible] retired from the recei[vership] [illegible] from the management of th[e] [illegible] car lines. Mr. Scott, his su[ccessor] as manager, will assume hi[s duties] at once. Mr. Robison wi[ll] [illegible] leave Fort Wayne and en[gage in] business in Chicago.

THEIR SORROW[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. John Burke [illegible] a Treble Bereavement.

Bereft of Three Children in as Many [illegible] —Paralysis Ends the Life of Mrs. Mary Hillis.

This morning o[illegible] of Josie, the five-y[ear-old] [illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. J[illegible] Brandriff street, [illegible] croup. The parents [illegible] left of three children [illegible] weeks. Their seven-year-old [illegible] Edward, died on the 20th. [illegible] Christmas day they lost their [illegible] year-old son, David. They [illegible] cumbed to the same diseas[e] [illegible] only child left in the family [illegible] eight months' old babe, which [is] now in good health.

OTHER DEATHS.

Mrs. Mary E. Hillis, aged fift[y] years, died last night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Maples, of 84 Force street. Paralysis was the cause of death. The funeral arrangements will be announ[ced] later.

Charles Degitz died at Hope Hospital last night, aged seventy-nine years. Deceased was an old citizen and worked for years in the street department. The funeral will take place from the residence of his son, the time to be announced hereafter.

Clara, the ten-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mr[s.] [illegible] of 309 Wi[illegible] of brain f[illegible] take plac[e] [illegible] Rev. Mill[illegible]

Mary [illegible] died at [illegible] tion o[illegible] daugh[ter] [illegible] fe[illegible] he[illegible] res[illegible]

Re[illegible] mini[illegible] ing w[illegible] stere[illegible] Chris[illegible] will c[illegible] vass. [illegible] the ma[illegible] Corregg[io] [illegible] Plockho[rst] [illegible] Murillo, [illegible] berg, H[illegible] comment[illegible] masterpi[ece] [illegible] the world [illegible] pense.

The [illegible]

has left us
future full
ty. All things
brighter still in
World prospect,
of war trail their
the nations, porten-
nching of blood.

peer through the fresh-
rtals of Eighteen Hundred
ety-Eight and view a sky
ugh clouded to "temper the
the sun." May we seize all
alth of national opportunity
ch and strong in the benisons
of a generous providence, "go on prospering and to prosper," moving forward with proud and victorious tread to the highest destiny of nations.

Vale '97! Salve '98!

son why China should
n eclipse.

ALL its readers THE SENTINEL
es greeting for the new year.
May no misfortunes be repeated and may all blessings multiply many fold. The year just gone has been full of good and the new year promises to be better. For each and all THE SENTINEL wishes the achievement of every good purpose, the fruition of every worthy hope.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, Colonel Taylor, of Fort Wayne, Judge Baker, of the United States district court, Attorney General Ketcham, Congressman H. U. Johnson, Will Cumback and Governor Mount, if Lieutenant Governor Haggard can bring it about, are all casting sheep's eyes at the seat in the United States senate now occupied by Senator Turpie. And yet, if Turpie is not his own successor, ex-Governor Matthews will be elected. The next Indiana legislature is tolerably certain to contain a democratic majority.—Terre Haute Gazette.

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22			
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n Small,
urch.
Hickory
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Cross;
No. 27.—
Queen Esther,
bekah; Deborah
of Rebekah.
—Attractions for
ew York success,
oneymoon."

has not only
n, but it seems
fright on the

re Haute Gazette ob-
Sam Small is in Fort
nd is giving Old Nick a
he place that Ingersoll says

inese fear of the eclipse is
tinctly superstitious as it
ere is abundant and sub-

Vale '97—Salve 98.

At midnight 1897 dropped into the great void of the past and the stars led to dawn the virgin morn of 1898. Let barren regret be entombed with the dead year in the sepulchre of the ages and let buoyant hope, firm courage and high resolve, glowing with fresh inspiration, greet the new.

The year just closed brought many blessings to this land. The country passed through the twelvemonth spared the visitation of great calamity, at peace with all the world and reveling in the abundance of glorious harvests. The rasping grip of hard times was broken, business felt the hopeful pulsing of revival and industry awoke from panic-bred sloth to new strength and activity.

Your Money

Buys more goods now than it would a week ago, in certain lines, because winter goods must be sold.

Your Life

Can be made pleasanter by the consciousness that you are dealing in the very best and economical way.

LEHMAN

Will Save You

Many dollars on desirable bargains in Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers and Trousers.

The Old

New

Stock must be moved at nce to prepare for Spring rade. Here

d You

pecial bargains in Win- Fabrics that will be st the thing.

You

ited For.

See what $5.00 will buy in the Overcoat or Ulster

AT THE TEMPLE.

Robert Mantell Coming Monday Night—Yale's "Twelve Temptations."

Robert Mantell will be at the Temple next Monday, presenting a new romance by W. A. Tremayne and entitled "A Secret Warrant." The scenes are laid in Paris during the regime of the Regent Duc d'Orleans. Mantell is a picturesque actor, who has a strong sense of such dramatic effects as are to be produced from a study of the beautiful in dress and appropriate details. Besides this he manages his situations with unusual skill. He is not loud or melodramatic, but achieves his strong points by a well advised development of artistic methods. He has always favored the romantic drama and especially the French historical works, and it is safe to say that he is unexcelled in these productions. To present such plays the ensemble must be in keeping with the star, and we have every confidence in Mr. Mantell's surroundings. His leading lady, Miss Charlotte Behrens, is a clever actress, and the company, now under the management of M. W. Hanley, will surely be a select and competent one. The equipment will also be perfect, in short, the lovers of romance will doubtless be more than satisfied at the presentation of "A Secret Warrant."

CHAS. H. YALE'S "THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS."

Chas. H. Yale's magnificent spectacle, "The Twelve Temptations," a product, it is said, that leaves all other spectacles a long way behind it, comes to the Temple on Tuesday next.

It is said by far to be one of the most sumptuous and amusing entertainments now before the public, and is made up of such varied and novel elements as to prove a series of genuine surprises from the rise to the final fall of the curtain. It has a store of expensive and beautiful scenery and costumes. Hosts of grand ballets interpreted by famous premier Signoritas Forrero and Basseggio, who have the assistance of a truly remarkable ballet troupe made up exclusively of young and charming ladies especially chosen by London's celebrated Maitre de Ballet, Signor Aurelio Coccia. There are also specialties by the Rosaires, acrobats, singers and dancers; Rose Kesner, eccentric character commedienne.

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

"October is one of the peculiarly dangerous months in which to speculate in stocks. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February," says Pudd'nhead Wilson. The months in which it will please you to meet "Pudd'nhead Wilson" are twelve in number, beginning with January and ending with December. "The Latch String is Always Out" at Dawson's Landing, Missouri, and the folks Mark Twain has introduced to the world as citizens of that village on the Mississippi, and who Edwin Mayo and his excellent company of players will make you personally acquainted with, will be as glad to see you, as you will be to see them. The coming of this play with its Missouri flavor will no doubt make its appearance at the Temple, Thursday, January 6th, one of the most enjoyable theatrical events of the season.

REAL ESTATE SALES

As Reported by the Dreibelbiss Abstract Company.

William Schrader, commissioner, to Henry Hatfield, north 55 acres in northeast quarter, section 29, range 13, and part southeast fractional quarter, southwest quarter, section 20, range 13 east, for $3,920.

Henry Brinkmann to Frederick and Sophia Rodenbeck, lot 15, Skinner's addition, for $1,200.

Simon Weisser (by will) to Magdalena Weiser, lots 1, 4, 5, and 6, Pugh's subdivision (no consideration.)

George A. Whittern et al. to Charles Salway et al., part south half, northeast quarter, section 13, township 29, range 14 east, containing 26 acres, for $780.

Eliza Ulery to Charles F. G. Collins, lot 59, in the town of Cedarville, for $1, and love and affection.

Anna M. Christen to William and Frances M. Christen, west 40 feet lot 340, Lakeside park addition, for $850.

Joseph E. Whittern et al. to Lavinia M. Whittern, the south half, northwest quarter, section 18, township 29, range 15 east, containing eighty acres, for $3,500.

Joseph E. Whittern et al. to Cornelius Whittern, part northwest quarter, section 24, township 29, [illegible] east, containing twenty- [illegible] 750.

[illegible] Whittern et al. to La- [illegible] part section 18, [illegible] for $800.

acres, and 28 acres off south side south half, northeast quarter, section 13, township 29, range 14 east, $3,180.

Cornelius Whittern et. al. to Lavina N. Whittern, part northeast quarter, northwest quarter, section 13, toownship 29, range 15 east, containing ten acres, for $320.

The sheriff of Allen county, Ind., to Edward Seidel, lot 4, Bond's subdivision, for $2,137.

Orra J. and Julia A. Bowser to Catharine M. Conrad, lot 105, Archer's addition, for $1,200.

James and Ida Ormiston to Mary A. Hess, lots 131 and 132, Ormiston heirs' addition, for $175.

Orlando E. and Ella Bradway to Sebastian Entrodacher, lot 182, Eliza Hanna, sr.'s addition, for $610.

Christian and Charlotte Zeperning to William and Amelia Westenfeld, undivided two-thirds lot 37, College addition, for $875.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

Sash Ribbons and Made Sashes Are Becoming Popular.

DECLINE OF THE PUFFED SLEEVE.

New Silks and Ribbons—Evening Dresses Described—Tablier and Shawl Drapery For Light Dresses—Jewels and Ornaments For Evening Wear—Fur Novelties.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

Sash ribbons and made sashes are taking a prominence just at present that they have not had before within the recollection of the present generation. Some of the sashes are of plain taffeta, satin, moire or grosgrain ribbon. Some are of the most refined of the plaids. There are some where the plaid is more suggested than seen, and these have small but exquisite designs of flowers in natural colors set in the squares formed by the plaid lines.

One very new and striking design had a creamy white ground, with faint green lines across the ribbon, while through the center lengthwise was one line of green and two narrow ones of maroon. The tiny bunches of roses were in the white blocks. Along each edge of the ribbon there was another line of green, bordered on each side with a thick beaded line of white cord. The whole was a delicate green and white plaid, with the mites of pale pink roses, and one could scarcely bear to leave it.

The late Henry Ward Beecher used to buy half yards of ribbon and dainty silks and also rich silks by the quarter of a yard just for the pleasure of looking at them in intervals of sermon writing. Mrs. Beecher once showed me perhaps a hundred pieces of fine brocades and printed silks which he had bought just to look at. His taste was only for those with floral design. These she afterward gave to friends to make up into pincushions and things. There is a design of new ribbon that would have delighted the famous preacher. This is offered in two widths—viz. four and six inches. The ground is a soft ivory and the ribbon of close, fine taffeta, crisp and firm. On it at regular intervals are the most exquisitely designed and colored bunches of violets with their foliage in almost natural size. The shading of bud, blossom, leaf and stem is the work of a true artist. One looks twice to see if they are not real flowers. Field daisies are also represented and are almost as beautiful. I think violets and daisies lend themselves better to the weaver's art than most other flowers. But these ribbons are too beautiful to wear. They are, however, intended for sashes to evening dresses and for the bows and loops that are now massed together on the shoulder in place of sleeves.

The puffed and elbow sleeves were never as pretty as the strap sleeves. They hid the graceful round slope of the shoulder and destroyed its outline and covered the most beautiful part of the upper arm. Now that is to be seen, and if the lower part of the arm is not all that it should be, why, there are the mousquetaire and half a dozen other styles of glove to mask the defect. There are still some puffed sleeves to evening dresses, but fewer and smaller than they were before.

A ball gown for a young married lady was of very light tan colored brocade, the pattern being in a light brown. The skirt was in demitrain, with a binding of brown fur around the bottom. On the right side this was lifted above the bottom and held with three pink roses with their foliage. The bodice was brought down in a sharp point and slightly draped on each side and fastened with amber ornaments. The upper part was opened a little in V shape over a vest of white satin edged at the top with lace. There were two small revers made of the brown fur, and over this fell a bertha of point lace. The sleeves were very short puffs, with triangular bits of fur set on the front to hold back the satin. The neck was thus in something of a pompadour shape. The union of the tan and brown and white was an unusual one, but a very pleasing one. A high dog collar made of pearls was worn with this. Long white glace kid gloves were worn and showed two rai[illegible] and quite heavy gold bracelets [illegible] every-body wears neck c[illegible] jeweled dog collars [illegible] earrings, and next t[illegible] favorites, emeralds [illegible]

Tablier and shaw[illegible] es is a new thing, [illegible] ready become pop[illegible] med in this way w[illegible] over sulphur colo[illegible] was full and had [illegible] phur satin ribbo[illegible] inch apart all up [illegible] a small front of satin ribbons. On the left shoulder was a spray of cloth of gold roses.

There are some stiff ribbons made on purpose to wear around the neck to form a foundation for the jewels, slides and fancy ornaments now so fashionable for evening wear. The ribbon is richly moire, and, though some is shown in colors, those most in demand are black or white. Unquestionably the jewels show up better on black and white. All sorts of fancies are shown in the designing of this jewelry. There are frogs, snakes, lizards, dragon flies, holly sprays, with garnets for berries, flowers of various kinds, and fruits, such as currants and blackberries. These all have leaves, blossoms and fruit in the one jewel. Precious stones and enamel go to make up these ornaments. Heavy chains and chatelaine belts, with no end of jingling ornaments, are in vogue. Heart shaped lockets attached to thick link chains are worn around the neck outside of street blouses. Many are jeweled, though whether with real or imitation stones it is difficult to say in these days. Even muffs and fur garments have clasps and buckles set with sparkling stones. It appears now as if the long repressed love of gold and jeweled ornaments for street wear has broken its barriers and gained the sanction of fashion for their use. Hearts are evidently trumps among the new jewelry all the way through.

Some of the fur novelties for this week are quaint and odd, and even in some cases almost grotesque with their multitude of tails and ridiculous little heads. Some capes are made so that the fur lies up in ruffles and plaits. It is odd, but cumbersome. There are very warm and useful gloves offered of dogskin lined with different furs clear through, fingers and all. There are gauntlet tops to some. Half patterns have stripes with [illegible] drils and blossoms between. [illegible] ill be striped ginghams, seersucker[illegible] striped momie cloth, and all of them [illegible] in rather subdued colors. Silks for next season also promise us a quantity of stripes, dainty and delicate in color. MATE LEROY.

Blind-fold.
A woman has no right to "go

it blind" in matters of life and health. She has no right to shut her eyes to the plain facts of her physical being and the consequences of neglect. She has no right to be wretched and ill when she might be happy and free from pain.

Women who drag through life weighed down by some torturing, dragging weakness or disease of their sex are not doing their full duty to themselves. They are not taking the means which enlightened science affords them of being well and strong and capable.

These special complaints from which so many women suffer are not necessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively cures even the most severe and obstinate cases.

It is not a haphazard medicine. It is not a "cure-all." It is a scientific remedy devised by an educated and experienced specialist for the one purpose of curing the special diseases of women.

Tens of thousands of women have been restored to perfect health by this wonderful "Prescription." In many instances they were actually given up as hopeless by physicians and family doctors.

"I have taken both your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' for chronic inflammation of the uterus and bladder," writes Mrs. M. A. Scott, of Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn. "I also had stomach trouble which was terribly distressing. I have been cured of all. I had suffered untold misery for four years previous to taking your treatment, but began to feel the good effect at once."

Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" contains information of priceless value to women. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps.

NOVELTIES IN FURS AND HATS.

A COWBOY ARTIST.

Timberline Is a Picturesque and Giant Genius of the Colorado Mountains.

Colorado has produced a unique and picturesque genius in the way of a cowboy artist who is known as "Timberline." He recently appeared in Denver with some remarkably good water colors, and was at once made the lion of the studios and art students. His artistic ability is wholly natural, for he has never had an hour's training.

Timberline's real name is G. G. Keplinger. He was born in Sidney, Ia., where his parents still live. But 15 years ago, at the age of 12, he left home and has since lived among the peaks of the Colorado mountains, haunting the altitudes where the timber leaves off and the snow and rocks begin; hence his nickname. He has become an expert with horses, and for years has made a business of training and breaking them. He is a handy man with his gun, has exhibited his bravery on more than one occasion, and at present is marshal of a camp called Dillon, not far from Breckenridge.

In appearance he is decidedly picturesque, for he stands 6 feet 4½ inches in his stocking feet and wears the dress of the typical mountain cowboy. Timberline must have inherited the soul of an artist, for, with no better materials than a shingle and a sharpened piece of lead ore, he tried to depict some of the rugged beauties of the canyons and mountain peaks and with such success that his rough companions looked upon him as a genius, although they chaffed him about his "picture making" as much as was safe.

One day last summer a young woman from Denver happened to be up in the

TIMBERLINE, THE COWBOY ARTIST.

mountains and made the acquaintance of Timberline. She as an art student, and when he found that she, too, drew pictures his confidence was won. He showed her some of his drawings. She praised them and gave him some water colors, with a few instructions as to their use. Then she went back to Denver and heard nothing more from the mountaineer until Timberline recently stalked into that city with some of his work. He was made much of by the Colorado Art club members and was induced to stay a few days and received some instruction. His drawing is good, his perspective accurate, and his coloring true to nature, which is remarkable considering his limited experience.

THE SWISS FIGUREHEAD.

President Ruffy Has but Small Power In the Little Republic.

Eugene Ruffy, the new president of Switzerland, is a native of the French canton of Lausanne. He is a lawyer by profession, and for many years has been considered the head of the Left or Radical party. Last year he was elected vice chairman of the federal council, the second highest office in the little mountain republic, and this year, in accordance with the usual custom, he becomes chairman of that body, a post which comes as near to that filled by our chief executive as any in the Swiss government.

It should be understood, however, that the president of Switzerland is really a very unimportant official. The functions of the office are few and the honor connected with it small. Practically he is only the chairman of the bundesrath, a federal council corresponding in a measure to our cabinet. By courtesy he is called president of the republic. He has no rank, either civil or military, has no power of veto and cannot even so much as pardon a criminal. He is not bothered by office seekers, because he has no offices to distribute. Although purely a figurehead he is a hard worked official, for besides acting as chairman of the federal council he is ex officio the minister of state and the minister of foreign affairs.

The members of the federal council are chosen by the national council and are always members of the upper branch of that body. This branch is known as the stainderath, and is something similar to our senate, while the lower branch is called

EUGENE RUFFY.

the nationalrath. These bodies are elected every three years by direct vote of the people. The members of the two chambers are simply good business men who have won a commercial standing in their cantons and are thus thought worthy to be intrusted with the business of the nation. A mere posing orator would stand no chance at all of election in Switzerland, and most of our political methods would fail there.

At the first meeting of the national council the members of the federal council are chosen. In most cases the old members are elected without regard to party, the aim being to give representation to the chief cantons and to all the parties.

Quite Different.

Caller—Sir, I am reliably informed that you have been insinuating that I was a liar and a thief, and I have called to demand an immediate retraction, or, in lieu thereof, your worthless hide, sir.

Editor (The Bugle)—All The Bugle has said about you, Major Gore, has been political way.

"[illegible] your pardon! I was under the impression that you had been attacking my character."—Indianapolis Journal.

"LOVIN 'LIZA ELLEN."

Well, I hev hed th' mumps an itch
An fever'n ager'n grip an sich,
An onst er twice a felon,
But nuthin quite kerflummuxed me
So's my anat'my wouldn't gee,
Like lovin 'Liza Ellen.

Th' symptoms kept a-foolin 'bout
A right smart while an then broke out
Immense one night at spellin.
Fer months—well, I jest lost myself,
Put everything up on th' shelf,
'Cept love an 'Liza Ellen.

My head jest whizzed! I couldn't sleep
At nights. My ideas spread like sheep
You've seen without a bell un.
Panrammers warn't a circumstance
To how her face'd slide an dance.
Th' air wuz full of Ellen.

I couldn't eat, an jest th' sight
O' vittles floored my appetite.
No use o' my rebellin,
Fer I wuz soaked plumb through an through,
Wished everything in Kal'mazoo,
'Cept me an 'Liza Ellen.

On mem'ry farm things wouldn't set.
I'd go t' town an clean forget
T' ask how eggs wuz selling,
Remember'n jest t' not be late
A-hustlin home t' keep th' date
I'd made with 'Liza Ellen.

All nature peared t' wear store clothes,
An't seemed t' me like every rose
About th' place wuz smellin.
I never did care shucks for birds,
But when they'd sing they'd jest say words
T' me o' 'Liza Ellen.

I'm mixed, but things get mixeder still—
Grass wuz a carpet; ditch, a rill,
An every squash a melon.
I talked so dad 'lowed I'm a fool
An ought t' be caged somewhere in school
Fer carryin on 'bout Ellen.

I molted round an fed on air,
But got so thin on thet blame fare
A change wuz jest compellin.
It came—quite suddent—in th' fall,
When I—she—well, no matter, all
Flipflopped 'twixt me an Ellen.

I didn't die's I 'lowed I would,
But in a week wuz feelin good.
Th' rest 'tain't worth while tellin.
Last week she planted "number three."
I s'pose they all tuk worse than me
A-lovin 'Liza Ellen.

—Paul L. McKendrick in Atlanta Constitution

A Phrase That Fascinated.

After a long period of silence, Meandering Mike raised himself on one elbow, pushed the hay from in front of his face and in a matter of fact tone said:

"Hooray!"

"What's de matter wit yer?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"I've been intendin ter do dis fur a long time. An I come ter de conclusion dat dere was no use o' puttin it off no longer. It's a debt o' gratitude ter a great man, an I'm goin ter pay up. Hooray!"

"But who are you hoorayin fur?"

"Speaker Reed."

"But he never done nothin fur you."

"Not personally. But he expressed my feelin's. I understand he's de man dat come out flatfooted fur a do nothin policy."—Washington Star.

Who can measure the influence of a

Mother!

It lasts through all ages and enters the confines of eternity. With what care, therefore, should she be guarded and how great the effort be to make her life happy.

Mother's Friend

makes child-birth easy, assists nature in its sublime effort, leaves the Mother stronger after than before confinement, and robs the trying hour of its terror. No Mother can afford to neglect its use.

Of druggists at $1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for book containing valuable information for all Mothers, mailed free.

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex, may consult me free of charge at my office, 13 W. Wayne Street. Telephone 245.

DRUGGISTS.

GROSS & PELLENS, DRUGGISTS, Corner Calhoun and Wayne Streets. Phone

BANKS.

HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK.
Capital $200,000. Surplus $225,000.
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on certificates of deposit if left four months.
President—Charles McCulloch.
Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

White National Bank,
CAPITAL $200,000.
SURPLUS $50,000.
Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits.
Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum.

INSURANCE.

JAMES E. GRAHAM, ...LAWYER.
ABSTRACTOR OF Titles, Insurance, Collecting and Loan Agent.
Rooms 26 and 28 Bank Block, Fort Wayne, In

S. C. LUMBARD.
Insurance, Real Estate and Loans.
Aveline House Block.

D. C. FISHER.
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans.
No. 32 East Berry Street, Fort Wa[illegible] Indiana

The Perfume of Violets
The purity of the lily, the glow of the rose, and the flush of Hebe combine in POZZONI'S wondrous Powder.

AS SURELY AS SPARROWS FLY TO THE SHOTGUN

So surely will sleeplessness, nervousness, [illegible] appetite and similar troubles, shatter the constitution, make it the prey to all life destroying diseases. Bicola Pills, the new discovery, cure all nervous and blood troubles. Bicola Pills make the heart right, nerves right, because they make the blood right. As a female regulator Bicola Pills are invaluable, furnishing pure blood to the brain and spinal cord. Bicola Pills, Discovered and Perfected by THE TURNERS of Philadelphia. THE TURNERS also make

PO-MELIA—The Infant's Friend, the Invalid's Benefactor. A perfect food. A new discovery for the little one and for the weak.

TARZINA—The only ointment for skin troubles. Cures Piles.
TURNERS' LITTLE LIVER TURNERS—A very small pill. Turns your liver.

Fort Wayne Agents the well-known druggists: Freese & Ranke, H. G. Somers, Gross & Pellens, Otto Klinkenberg, Wm. L. Moellering & Bro., Mertz & Son, Adolph Foellinger. Dreier & Bro., Distributing Agents.

SOMETHING NEW

5¢

Large package of the world's best cleanser for a nickel. Still greater economy in 4-pound package. All grocers. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

D. D. & W. E. WEISELL
36 Calhoun St.,
DENTISTS
Painless Extracting by our own Safe Method.

J. F. ZIMMERLY & CO.,
Practical Plumbers,
Gas and Steam Fitters.
NO 135 CALHOUN STREET

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker and Embalmer.
17 West Wayne Street.

IN VIEW OF THE FACT

That people are looking for good things, we have determined to help them in their search. Our stock of Rockers, Parlor Goods, Couches and Christmas Novelties bristle with temptation for thoughtful buyers. Few of us have more money than we need, and to make it buy all that we need, economy is necessary. Our values and prices are calculated to please and surprise every purchaser; it is the unexpected prices that are most appreciated. We carry the largest assortment of Holiday Furniture in the city. A hand sled will be given Free with every $5.00 purchase this week.

Indiana Furniture Co.,

166 Calhoun St., and 28 W. Main St.

Roger Bros.' 1847 Triple Plated Silver Knives and Forks, $3.25 per dozen.

10 Piece Decorated Chamber Set, only $2.00.

ASTONISHING PRICE

Haviland's Genuine Decorated China Dinner Set of 113 Pieces,

Worth $50.00, Only $34.98.

Decorated Lamps and Shades, 79c.
Dorflinger Cut Glass.
112 Piece Decorated Porcelain China Dinner Sets, only $7.50.
Gold Banquet Lamps, only $2.25.
We give you these prices to enable us to retire from business.

WARD'S CHINA STORE, Sign Big Iron Dog.

REGULAR SPANISH

This is the exact size and shape of the Regular Spanish Cigar The only 10c Cigar that sells for 5c. Made by KASTEN & KOHLMEYER, 248 Calhoun Street.

WONDERFUL MEDICINE FREE!

PROMPTLY SENT TO EVERY MAN WHO NEEDS A GENERAL BRACING UP.

IT BRINGS PERFECT MANHOOD TO ALL.

The Greatest Discovery of the Famous PHYSICIANS' INSTITUTE, of Chicago, Ill.

GRATUITOUSLY, GLADLY SENT to all men who need it and who will write for it.

A large percentage of the men of today are sadly in need of the right kind of medical treatment for weakness peculiar to men. In most cases are due to early vices, others from excesses, while many of the cases are due to overwork, worry and general nervous debility. No matter, however, what the cause may have been, the fact still remains that they all require proper medical attention IMMEDIATELY.

Write us at once, giving a description of your case, and we will prepare you a course of treatment specially adapted for your condition, and send it to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, in plain sealed package. We can develop every portion and organ of your body, stop all drains and losses, and restore you to PERFECT MANHOOD. Failure is impossible with our method. We have thousands of testimonials from all over the world.

READ WHAT THESE PATIENTS SAY:

BLANCHARD, WASH., Mar. 28, 1898.
Physicians' Institute, Chicago:
DEAR SIRS,—I have nearly finished my course of treatment and find myself a different man in every respect. Yours gratefully, [illegible]

LOUIS, LA., June 19, 1898.
Physicians' Institute, Chicago:
MY DEAR FRIENDS.—Please accept my thanks for the kindness you have done me. Unnatural drains have entirely stopped and vigor restored. I am all O. K. [illegible] have been for 12 years. [illegible]

HAVANA, N. D., Jan. 29, 1898.
Physicians' Institute:
GENTLEMEN.—I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for the result of your treatment. [illegible]

Monday, Ja[...]uary [...]

This store opens its doors wi[...] for the event of the year to Fort Wayne Shoppers. . . . . . .

[...]TS ANNUAL COST SALE.....

AND THE

ANNUAL HOUSEKEEPING LINEN SAL[E]

In its magnitude and low prices—we intend eclipsing any sale eve[r] [he]ld in the store. No goods during this January Sale will be sold a[...] [fro]m above cost, and many lines will be sold at much less than cost.

[Th]is Sale will be Strictly for Cash.

[N]o Charges will be Made to Any One.....

The extreme littleness of price for which all classes of goods will be sold, makes this an imperative necessity. . . . .

IN THE CLOAK ROOM

All goods will be sold at less than cost. Capes, Jackets, Tea Gowns, Coats, Wrappers, Furs, Men's House Coats, etc.

IN THE CARPET ROOM

All goods will be sold at PRIME COST.

AT COST--And less than cost—Silks, Dress Goods, Velvets, Velveteens, Trimmings, Linings.

AT COST--All Notions, Corsets, Underwear, Blankets, Comfortables, Flannels, Cotton Goods, Sheetings, Prints, Ginghams, Gloves, Umbrellas, Laces, Embroideries, White Goods.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods......

Look over the Linen Chest. This annual Linen Sale will be a beneficial one to every housekeeper. . . . . . .

Root & Company.

THIS WEEK

LADIES' 50c TEN-BUTTON OVERGAITERS

25 Cents.

THING & CO., = No. 32 Calhoun St.

ANNUAL

COST SALE....

ON ALL OUR

Stiff and Soft Hats, Underwear AND Colored Shirts

....Until February 1st....

See Our Superb Line of

SHIRTS, TIES, GLOVES, ETC., FOR FULL DRESS WEAR.

We are making a specialty of these goods.

Wm. Meyer & Bro.,

Exclusive Gents' Furnishers,

80 and 80 1-2 Calhoun Street.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By Depositing it With the

Allen County Loan & Savings Association,

32 East Berry Street.

Try our New Plan. Shares $1.00 each per month. Matures in seventy-seven months.

No Fines or Membership Fee.

THE COATITORIUM

Is the cheapest place in the city to have your clothing repaired, cleaned, pressed and dyed. Goods called for and delivered. All work guaranteed. Home phone, 436.

FRED C. LUBS, Prop.,

30 Harrison St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, Rooms 6-7. Bass Blk. 2tf

For a winter suit or overcoat, at the lowest price, call on Schmidt, the tailor, 70 E. Main street. Fit guaranteed. 3tf

FOR SALE—Entire stock of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware and Musical Instruments. Invoice, $7,000. Make me an offer. Inquire 20 Calhoun street. 12-30 tf

Fine Trouserings.

At this season of the year your ward robe needs replenishing. A new pair of trousers are absolutely necessary and we want to call your attention to our superb line of all-wool worsteds in neat stripes and checks which we will make to your order and make them to fit at

$5, $6, $7, $8.

I. MAUTNER & CO.,

Up-To-Date Tailors.

POPULAR PRICES.

52 Calhoun St.

We have given you better values this season than you have ever gotten before in first class tailoring, and we propose to keep pluging away un[...] [g]et your trade, and when [...] HOLD IT. Just

[...] Evening Sentinel.

[S]ATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

[O]UR TELEPHONES.

[Busine]ss Office . . . . No. 173.
[Editor]ial Rooms . . . . . . No. 050.

NEWS NOTES.

[Mr.] and Mrs. R. W. T. DeWald [have] returned from Peoria, Ill.

[Mis]s Anna Trentman, of Auburn, [I]ll., is the guest for a few days of Mrs. C. F. Muhler, sr.

Mrs. W. A. Evans gave a thimble party yesterday afternoon for Mrs. E. G. Evans, of Toledo.

Miss Pearl Foster and Miss Mary Walton kept "open house" today at the home of Miss Walton.

The Owl and Crescent club gave a pleasant hop at their hall, in the White block, last evening.

Mrs. G. L. Greenawalt gave an afternoon company yesterday for her niece, Miss Mary Walton.

Miss Hazel Harrison and Miss Mary Makemson, of Columbia City, are visiting Mrs. W. E. Davis.

Miss Janet Humphrey gave a thimble party yesterday from 2 to 5 o'clock for fifteen young ladies.

Fort Wayne Lodge of Perfection kept an open house today and many Masons enjoyed a fraternal visit.

Professor Adams, of the College of Expression, returned today from his visit in Cleveland and Medina, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. O'Neil have returned from their wedding tour and are at home to their friends at 84 Brackenridge street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McDonald gave a brilliant dancing party last evening for their daughter, Miss Mary, and their sons, Donald and George.

Senator T. E. Ellson has received copies of the Reflector, a new publication by the young men of the Indiana refromatory at Jeffersonville.

Miss Adah Louise Higgins was at home to a number of her young friends yesterday afternoon at a thimble party from 2 to 5 o'clock.

The Independent Five club entertained their friends in a charming manner last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Luly, on High street.

The Misses Maude and Jeanette Muhler and Miss Katherine Muhler have returned from a visit in Auburn with Mrs. F. J. Trentman and Mrs. Steele.

Miss Fannie Steinbrunner gave a "watch party" last evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. E. Barnes. Miss Flora Mack, of Joliet, Ill., was the guest of honor.

The board of public safety held a meeting last evening, at which little beside routine business was transacted. The resignation of Detective George Coling was accepted.

The firm of Grindle & Weatherhogg was dissolved yesterday by mutual consent, Charles R. Weatherhogg, the junior partner, retiring. The business will be continued by Alfred Grindle.

Young Otto Strieder, aged 10 years, a victim of somnambulism, left his bed Thursday night and ran several squares before he was discovered. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Strieder, of Barr street.

The Home Telephone company yesterday closed a five year contract with the superintendent of the Reformed Orphans' home, agreeing to string wires and place an instrument in the institution at once.

Mrs. Carl Siemon, of Egg Harbor, N. J., will soon be the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Curdes. Mr. and Mrs. Siemon will go from here to Springfield, Mass., to make their home.

The annual meeting and election of officers will be held by the Anthony Wayne chapter, Sons of American Revolution, at the Wayne club this afternoon. The anniversary of the birth of Anthony Wayne will also be celebrated.

The Fort Wayne Curling club is playing a game at their rink at the flats this afternoon for a points medal. This is one of the most important games of the season for this club. There will be no team playing in the contest for the medal, although there will probably be some matches after the principal contest.

The Lime Kiln club met last night and elected the following officers: President, Maurice Goldberger; vice president, William Reinewald; secretary, Ed. Withers. The following new members were taken in: A. J. Hoffman, Gust Woebbeking, Oscar Adams, Gottlieb Thiele, Edward Kollmeyer, George Gaffney, Carl Kessler, Louis Necker, Harry Smith, Samuel Headford, Michael Roth, Charles Egg, Charles Lapp, Fred Kaade.

Miss Esther McDonald's masquerade New Year's was the most brilliant of society events last night. The affair was held in the parlors of the New Aveline. Numbered cards containing the names of guests were handed to all, who selected their partners for the opening of the dance program, and guessed who represented the different characters. Miss Addie Diether guessed sixteen of the twenty-four. The costumes were original and many of them beautiful.

A unique reception in honor of [o]ut of town guests was given by [M]iss Edgerton yesterday afternoon, [in] compliment to Miss Mary Irwin, [of] Lafayette. The ladies were given [...] was printed in [...]

Miss Jennie Ha[...] Ossian.

Evan Link, of Aubu[rn, is visiting] friends in the city.

Judge Chapin went [...] ville this morning.

Cal Olinger, of Auburn, is visiting his brother on Horace street.

Lant Clark and wife are visiting friends at Ossian, and will return tomorrow.

Charles F. Schopf and Miss Celia Schoepf are spending the day at Huntington.

Miss Allie Carroll, of 95 Thomas street, is the guest of relatives at Bucyrus, Ohio.

Ralph Lane and Fred McCracken entertain at a stag party this evening at the home of Mr. Lane.

The E'Galentes entertained last night at the Sons of Columbus hall to celebrate the passing of the year.

Mrs. W. A. Current, of Buchanan street, has returned from Dunkirk, Ohio, where she visited her parents.

Mrs. S. A. Phillips, of Wallace street, has as her guest, Miss Minnie Longerneker, of Poplar Bluffs, Mo.

Homer Van Meter, of E. H. Dond's real estate office, has gone to Ohio to spend several days with relatives.

Mrs. North, of Ridgeville, Ind., who was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Clifford, has returned home.

Messrs. Hofheins and Beckschultz, of Horace street, are spending the day with relatives at Richmond.

Miss Maud Wiggins, of Hugh street, who has been ill for some time past, with typhoid pneumonia, is convalescing.

Mrs. Frank Jewell and baby, Nellie, will leave in a few days for DeKalb county, to visit with relatives until spring.

Miss Maggie Betts, of Riverside avenue, gave a watch party last night, a large number of friends enjoying her hospitality.

The young men of the Fort Wayne Club gave an informal dance at the club last evening. The First Regiment orchestra furnished the music.

Miss Alice Dolan, who had an operation performed at St. Joe hospital, some time ago, has recovered sufficiently to return to her home in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cairns, of South Broadway, entertained friends last night in compliment to Mrs. Burgess, of Danville, Ill., and Miss Burgess, of Chicago.

Master Johnnie Aubery, of Horace street, has returned from a visit with relatives at Brooklyn, N. Y. He was accompanied home by his cousin, Miss Louisa Meyers, who will remain here for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. A. B. Stevens, of Calhoun street, entertained her Sunday school class last Thursday evening. It was an occasion which will long be remembered with pleasure by the young folks who attended. The features of the evening were music, recitations, charades, etc.

Chauncey Griffith, of Chicago, who has been the guest of his father, Levi Griffith, several days, returned to Chicago today. He holds a responsible position with a contractor of that city, and is at present engaged in superintending the erection of a ten-story building.

The program of the joint installation of Anthony Wayne post, Sons of Veterans, and the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Sons of Veterans, will be ready to announce in the daily papers some time next week. The event will take place on the 7th inst., at Wayne True Blues' hall.

Unity lodge No. 491, Sexennial league, has elected the following officers, to serve a year: Past President, Chas. S. Hilton; President, Thos. F. Drake; Secretary, George A. Sthair; Treasurer, Mrs. T. F. Drake; Chaplain, Mrs. L. McDole; Marshall, Miss O. J. Magner; Guard, William Sthair; Sentinel, Henry G. McDole. Trustees, Edwin Crosby, J. J. Edelman, Maria B. Gorsline.

ELGIN'S FAME IS GROWING.

All the Medical World Talking About Its Latest Wonder.

Dr. W. A. Shepard has been compelled to stop his laboratory work in Elgin, Ill., and give his entire time to laymen and physicians who have come to see for themselves his work with consumptives. He contributes the information for the good of humanity and is so anxious that his discovery become of general use in the practice that he is inviting the most careful examination by members of the profession.

Elgin has never had a faith cure but it is being filled now with men and women who claim the work of Dr. Shepard is little short of the miraculous. There has been so much interest that it is probable a company will be formed for a series of sanitariums—one at Elgin, Ill., one on the Atlantic coast and one on the Pacific coast.

Elgin is talking of organizing a consumption club. It is composed of men and women who have graduated from the cure and gone back to work in sound health. There is barely a train that does not bring a patient or an inquiring doctor. Elgin, Ill., has long been noted all over the world and this country for its butter and watches, and the announcement of the success of the new industry keeps the name going.

There is barely a newspaper of importance in the country which has not printed word from the laboratory. The Associated Pres[s] [...] much of the li[...] [...]ctor and the [...] [pre]sent men to [...] and [...]

[...] THE LORD. [...] and Sermons [...] Fort Wayne.

Churches of the Ci[ty] and the Announcements of the Pa[s]tors for Worship Tomorrow.

Special New Year's services at the West Jefferson Street Church of Christ tomorrow morning and evening. P. J. Rice, pastor.

South Wayne Baptist Mission, Beaver Chapel.—Sunday school at 9 a. m., A. C. Beaver, superintendent. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. E. A. Knight.

Third Presbyterian church—Preaching by Rev. J. M. Boggs, at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:45 p. m.

Simpson M. E. church, T. J. Johnson, pastor—Sunday school at 9:30; sermon by Rev. Sam W. Small at 10:30; Junior league, 2:30. No evening service.

Baptist Tabernacle—Rev. L. L. Henson, pastor. Morning subject, "Resolutions for the New Year." Evening subject, "Turning a New Leaf." Fine music by the choir.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, West Washington and Fulton streets.—Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.; morning service at 10:30 a. m.; evening services at 7:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church—Sunday at 10 a. m., general class. Regular services in the evening and also every night during the week, beginning at 7:30. N. L. Stambaugh, pastor.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor.—Sermon, 10:30 a. m. Bible school with lecture by the pastor, at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 4:15 p. m. Teachers' class, 10 a. m.

Calvary U. B. church, corner Harmer and Lewis streets.—A. W. Ballinger, pastor. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Y. P. C. U. at 6:30 p. m.

Special New Years sermons in Plymouth church both morning and evening, and reception of new members at morning service. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. James S. Ainslie, minister.

The East Side Baptist mission, Vogely hall, Maumee avenue—Sunday school at 3 o'clock p. m. Dr. M. Harrod, superintendent. Preaching at close of Sunday school session by Rev. E. A. Knight.

Christ's Lutheran church, corner of Jefferson and Webster streets—Rev. A. A. Hundley, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m.

South Congregational church, Rev. E. E. Frame, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Sacrament of the Lord's supper at 10:45 a. m. Subject at 7:30 p. m.: "New Year Resolutions." Emerson quartet.

Bethany church, Nebraska, corner Boone and Fry streets, Rev. George F. Davies, pastor. New Year's services, 10:30 a. m. Text: "What Manner of People Ought Ye to be?" Sunday school, 3 p. m.. Y. P. S. C. E., 4 p. m. Subject evening sermon will be "Our New Year's Vows."

West Creighton avenue Church of Christ, John J. Higgs, pastor.—Services tomorrow at 11 a. m. This will be a special service. All the members are requested to be present. Preaching at 7:30 p. m., subject, "The Gospel of Christ." Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15 p. m.

A. M. E. church, corner East Wayne and Francis streets, Rev. W. Madison Simpson, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Christian Endeavor service at 7 p. m., sharp. Preaching at 8 p. m. Week of prayer beginning January 1; January 8, revival meetings.

At Westminster church a discourse, illustrated by the stereopticon, will be given by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper, D. D., on "The Christ Child In Art," at 7:30 p. m. At 10:30 a. m. the pastor will deliver a New Year sermon, "This Year Also." S. S., 12 m. Sr. C. E., 6:30 p. m. W. M. S. S., 2:30 p. m.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor.—Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching, 10:30 a. m., subject, "The Old and the New." Sunday at 3 p. m. Epworth league, 6 45. At 7:30 there will be a public installation of officers and teachers, and the pastor will talk on the subject, "Encouraging Words to the Christian Workers."

Bethel church of the Evangelical Association, corner DeWald and Clinton streets.—English preaching at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "Fleetness of Time." Evening subject: "Self Examination." Y. P. alliance at 6:45 p. m., led by Mrs. John Bandtel, and Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. S. H. Baumgartner, pastor.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Cass and Fourth streets, Edmund F. Albertson, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; subject, "Resolutions for the New Year." After the sermon the sacrament of the Lord's supper will be celebrated, and reception of members. A large chorus will sing. Free seats.

Wayne street Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. Henry W. Bennett, D. D., pastor.—9:30 a. m., Sunday school. 10:30 a. m., public worship. Theme for this service, "A Meditation Suggested by the New Year." Noon, class meeting. 6:30 p. m., a young people's service, conducted by the Epworth league. [...] worship and evening [...] topic, "Let Us Begin [...] a chu[...]

[...] evening service at 7:30 [...] subject, "Life of John A. [...]" Every Wednesday evening, p[rayer] meeting at 7:30; teachers' me[eting] at 8:15 p. m.; catechetical instruction every Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Berry Street M. E. Church, corner Harrison street; C. C. Cissell, pastor—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Sermon, 10:30 a. m. by Rev. T. J. Johnson. General class at 11:45 a. At 2:30 p. m. Rev. Sam W. Small will deliver his celebrated lecture, "The Letter D," to men. Epworth league devotional service at 6:30 p. m., which will include the public installation of the new officers. Sermon at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. Small, subject, "Moses and His Snake." Arrangements have been made for an overflow meeting and Mr. Small will address both audiences.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Cathedral square, Calhoun street. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, bishop; Very Rev. Joseph H. Brammer, V. G.; Rev. J. R. Quinlan, Rev. Charles B. Guendling and Rev. Frederick Dandurand. Sunday services, 6, 8, 8:30 (children's service), and 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital), Rev. Thomas Eisenring, C. S. S., chaplain. Sunday services, 8 a. m and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 8 a. m.

St. Mary's (German), corner of Lafayette and Jeffrson streets. The Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Gustav Hottenroth. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m

St. Patrick's, corner DeWald and Harrison. Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. Patrick Crowley, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass at 7:45 and 10 a. m.; children's mass at 9 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Paul's, (German), corner West Washington and Griffith. Rev. Edward Koenig and Rev. Joseph Bilstein, pastors. Services 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Peter's (German), corner East DeWald and Warsaw. Rev. Ferdinand Koerdt, pastor. Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

Emanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson street. Rev. C. Gross and Rev. Philip Wambsganss, jr., pastors. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren, Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m., 2 p. m., (in German), 7:30 p. m. (in English).

St. Paul's, on Barr street, Rev. Jacob Miller, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Trinity, corner of Huffman and Oakland, Rev. J. A. Bohn, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

German Lutheran Zion's Congregational church, Creighton avenue and Hanna street, Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sundays.

Grace church (German Evangelical), Gay and Pontiac streets, Rev. T. J. C. Stellhorn, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Mesdames James Fry and William Brackenridge returned last evening after a visit with relatives in Delphi, Ind.

Of all wares the most beautiful, sparkling Libbey cut glass. Sold everywhere. Distinguished from its imitations by this trade mark cut on every piece.

Water rents are now due. Pay and save discount. 1tf

DO YOU WANT

The finest of all

CANNED FRUITS.

Then get the J. H. Flickenger and the Premier Canned Goods.

I have a full line of them, bought direct from the packer.

Am selling lower than they were every sold before in the city.

Place your orders early—have them filled from the largest and best stock of Fancy Groceries, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Table Delicacies, New Nuts, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Spy Apples, Florida Oranges, Malaga Grapes, Etc.

Edam and Cream Cheese, the best in the city.

Poultry and Meats.

Fine Table Butter a specialty.

Let us have your order now.

JOHN N. PFEIFFER,

40 and 44 W. Berry.

Both 'Phones No. 378.

[...] remedy. [...] [Mey]ers & Pellens.

Ice Cream Soda Water at A. C. Aurentz's. 30t3

Classes will be organized for the winter term at the International Business College, Schmitz block, day and evening sessions, Monday, Jan. 3d. The attendance at this institution at present is very large, and only a limited number of new students can be accommodated. The president, T. L. Staples, will be in his office New Year's afternoon to see those who have not yet made arrangements. 31t2

Ice Cream Soda Water at A. C. Aurentz's. 30t3

Classes will be organized for the winter term at the International Business college, Schmitz block. Day and evening sessions, Monday, January 3d.

Notice of Election.

The West Jefferson Street Church of Christ will hold their annual meeting at 7:30 p. m. January 10th, 1898, for the election of trustees for the ensuing year. By order of
30t3eod JOHN DALMAN, Pres.

You Can Be Healed

Of throat or lung trouble if you will try the climate cure.

For reliable information write F. T. Hendry, 53 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich. 5-f9t6-s9t

Ice Cream Soda Water at A. C. Aurentz's. 30t3

AUCTION.

Wayne Hotel Furniture.

Commencing next week and continuing until all is sold. Furniture, carpets, table linens, 400 pair blankets, 400 pair pillows, 400 fine quilts, comforts, 1 fine piano, 1 large safe, 1 fine office clock, 1 cash register, stoves, toilet sets, lace curtains, silver ware, tables, dishes, glass ware, etc. 29tf

H. T. STAPLEFORD, Auctioneer.

Ice Cream Soda Water at A. C. Aurentz's. 30t3

THE FORT WAYNE SCHOOL OF ART

Opens Jan. 11, 1898.

Miss Otilla Hellensleben, from the Chicago Art Institute, has been engaged as resident instructor of drawing and painting.

TERM==Jan. 11 to June 11, 1898.

PRICES

Day Classes:

Adults, 1 lesson a week, $10.00.
Per term, 2 lessons a week, $18.00.
Per term, 3 lessons a week, $25.00
Per term.
Children, 1 lessons a week, $6.00.
Per term; 2 lessons a week, $10.00.
Per term.

Evening Classes:

1 lesson a week, $6.00 per term; 2 lessons a week, $10.00 per term.

For further information and registration of papils, please apply at the studio, corner Lewis and Barr street, from 3 to 5 p. m., on January 3, 5, 7 and 9; also from 7 to 8 p. m. on January 4 and 6.

We Lead, Others Try To Follow.

Greatest Holiday stock ever shown.

Chipperdale, Sheraton, Old Colonial and Dutch Inlay Furniture for Parlor, Hall, Library, Dining and Bedrooms in many quaint conceits, embracing oddity, beauty and practicability.

All the best Furniture Manufacturers of this country make us their Fort Wayne agents.

You can make that present New Years if you did not find time to purchase soon enough for Christmas.

FOSTER FURNITURE CO.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Do you want to borrow money?

The Tri-State will loan you money on the famous dollar monthly plan, pay fast or slow—$1,000 for $10.00 per month.

BEST PLAN IN THE WORLD.

INVESTORS

Should call at office for the best plan to save money. $325,000.00 of stock matured in five months.

Call at office for full particulars

COR. BERRY & COURT.

Tri-State Building and Loan Association,

[W]omen Hesitate

about taking medicines internally when they expect shortly to become mothers. Well may they hesitate. Think of the danger of swallowing drugs when in that condition!

MOTHER'S FRIEND

is the only safe preparation in the world for expectant mothers. It is not to be taken internally, but applied externally. The effects of its use are really wonderful. It softens the muscles and allows them to expand without discomfort—prevents morning sickness and headache—stops all danger of rising breast—puts the whole system in perfect condition for the ordeal—and makes the birth of baby an occasion shorn of all dread. Its constant u[se] [du]ring most of the period of pregnan[cy in]sures safety to both mother and chi[ld].

It is n[o] experiment. In thousands of home[s it is] a household word. Not to use it [is] the greatest mistake of a married woman's life. Sold at drug stores [fo]r $1.00 a bottle. Send for an illustrated [bo]ok about it.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA., Proprietors.

WHENEVER

The name of the Pape Furniture Company is mentioned in connection with Furniture [it] means the highest possible standard of excellence for the price paid. We have always been headquarters for Fine Artistic Furniture. A walk through our establishment will convince you that such is the case. Come in and see our stock any time. We have plenty of clerks to show you through.

28 & 30 E. Berry

NOTICE.

Chattle Mortgage Sale

--OF--

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS AND FELT FOOT WEAR.

Now is your chance to [get] good goods at low pric[es] stock must be sold.

For the next 30 days w[e] will make special low prices [...] for cash—we must have b[...] January 31. It will pay yo[u] to attend this sale if you want [...] Foot Wear.

MANUFACTURER'S SHOE STORE,

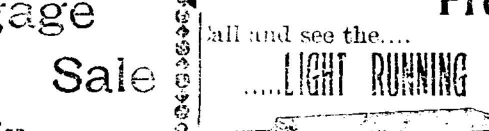
25 Calhoun Street,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

BEFORE BUYING

Christm[as] Presents

[C]all and see the....

.....LIGHT RUNNING STANDAR[D]



REWARD!

Is offered for buying a stove [or] anything else, at

176 Calhoun St., Goldstine's Pla[ce]

I buy everything; drop my a po[stal] card or telephone.

FORT WAYNE SHORTHAND BU[REAU]

Expert Stenographers furnished on call. Copying done to order. Nortary Publ[ic in] office. Hours 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Telephone 316. Home Telephone Co.

OFFICE: 12 WEST BERRY STREET.
ELIZABETH C. LINCOLN

TEMPLE THEATER.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Saturday, Jan 1, '9[8]

"BOW WOW"

New Year's Day

Afternoon and Evening.
The Hoyt Theater Succ[ess]

"A Batchelor's Honeymoon"

With John T. Sullivan and a g[reat] cast of New York Favorites.
Advance sale of seats open at [...] office Thursday.
Regular prices at night. Mati[nee] prices, 25c, 50 and 75c.

TEMPLE THEATRE.

MONDAY, JAN. 3.

The Eminent Romantic Actor,

Robert B. Mante[ll]

Accompanied by Charlotte Behrens and Select Company.
Presenting for the first time in this city, a N[ew] Romance, by W. A. Tremayne, entitled

"A Secret Warrant."

Sale of Seats Friday.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c $1.00.

TEMPLE THEATER.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4.

Charles H. Yale's Stupendo[us] Production,

THE [...]

OFFICE OF
O. B. FITCH, Proprietor,
HOOSIER SHOE STORE.

FORT WAYNE, JAN. 1, 1898.

TO OUR PATRONS:—

We wish to tender to our great host of friends our thanks for their generous patronage that has made the year '97 one of the most satisfactory and prosperous in our history.

Our old friends have remained with us and scores of new ones have been made.

We enter the new year with better facilities for pleasing our patrons than ever, and our constant aim will be to have the newest designs and best makes of FOOT WEAR.

Very Truly,

Globe

GREAT CLEARING SALE

OF

Holiday Novelties.

For ten days only we offer the remainder of entire line of holiday stock of

Smoking Jackets, Silk Suspenders, Initial Handkerchiefs, Umbrella and Cane Sets, Holiday Neckwear.

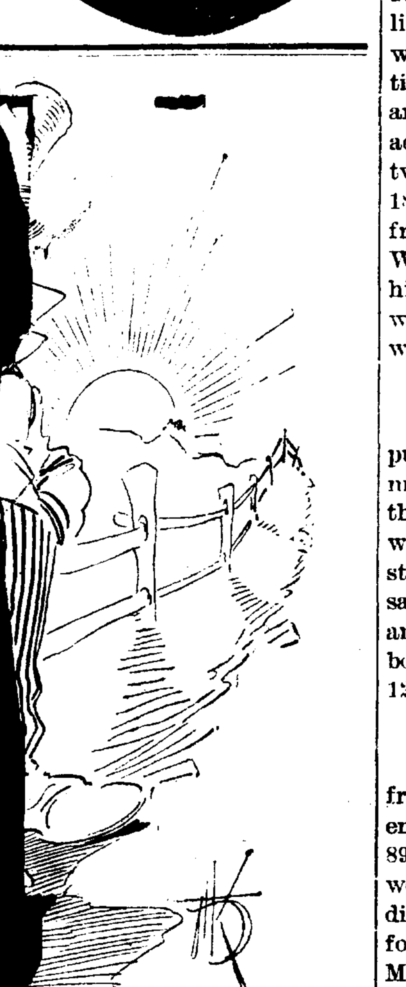
And all other Holiday lines at

1-3 OFF.

We still can show a very choice lot of these lines, so do not fail to take advantage of our liberal offer. Sale positively closes Jan. 8th.

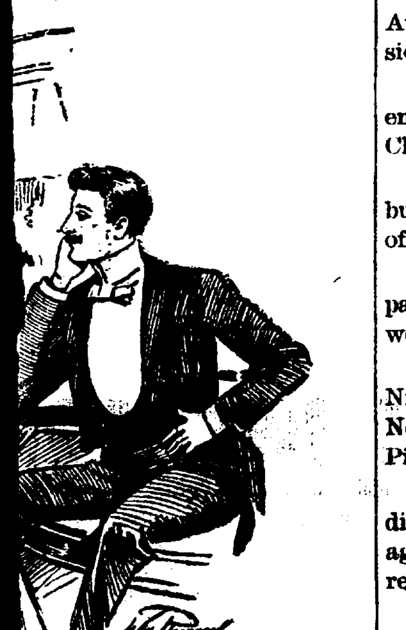
The Largest and Most Complete Men's, Boys' and Children's Outfitters in Fort Wayne.

GLOBE A. K. Hurst & Co. Proprietors.



look well, what's de matter? bed last night, an' I has a

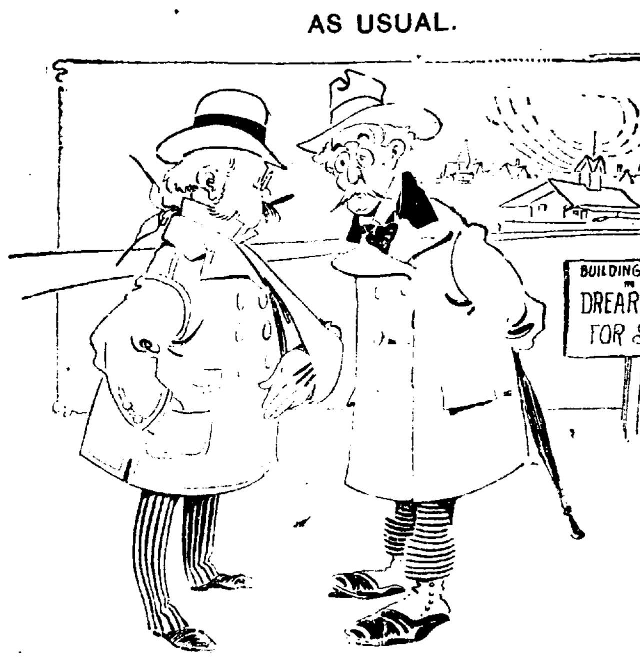
TION.



leaf to-day, Mr. DeTanque? nervous this morning that I

Broncho Bill—(of Skull Gulch, Arizona) I jest busted th' tip off my cue, pard, but I guess I kin make this draw-shot without it.

AS USUAL.



Bildad—There'll be prosperity in most lines of trade this winter, but not all.

Buzzfuzz—That's so; I expect there'll be great falling off in the toboggan business.

ABOLISHED

Is the Office of Road Foreman on the Nickel Plate.

Mr. Work Appointed Round House Foreman at Stony Island—Local Gossip.

The office of traveling engineer of the Nickel Plate has been abolished and A. S. Work, who up to last night filled that position, has been appointed round house foreman at Stony Island. He assumed the duties of his new office this morning. Thus will Fort Wayne lose two most estimable citizens, for Mr. and Mrs. Work will have to reside in Stony Island.

Mr. Work has been with the Nickel Plate people ever since the line was built. He ran an engine which hauled one of the construction trains on the eastern division and later was the engineer on an accommodation train running between Cleveland and Conneaut. In 1882 he was appointed to the office from which he has just retired. Mr. Work is very popular with all his acquaintances and particularly with the Nickel Plate employes, to whom he is best known.

A NEW TIME CARD.

The Pennsylvania company will put a new time card into effect tomorrow. The chief changes are in the Crestline accommodation, which will leave this city at 9:30 a. m., instead of 6. a. m.; the arrival of the same at 8:45 p. m., instead of 5:45, and the departure of No. 39, westbound, at 12:15 p. m., instead of 12:55 p. m.

EASTBOUND SHIPMENTS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—Eastbound freight shipments for the week ending December 31, amounted to 89,101 tons, against 76,245 for the week previous and 65,990 last year, divided among the different roads as follows: Fort Wayne, 16,761 tons; Michigan Central, 4,322; Wabash, 1,624; Lake Shore, 12,512; Panhandle, 14,857; Baltimore and Ohio, 7,324; Grand Trunk, 7,960; Nickel Plate, 9,217; Erie, 1,922; Big Four, 2,590.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Ferd Urbans, of Indianapolis, will be his brother's guest until Monday.

Nickel Plate Conductor Andy Anderson is off duty on account of sickness.

Robert John, the Nickel Plate engineer, is enjoying a visit with Chicago friends.

M. R. Hardendorf, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is the guest of his parents at Rome City.

Jacob Halderman, the traveling passenger agent of the Wabash, went to Muncie this morning.

C. H. Meek, chief operator at the Nickel Plate yard office, is spending New Year day with friends at Pierceton.

Merch Baldwin, a Nickel Plate dispatcher, who was hurt a week ago, has recovered and yesterday resumed his duties.

John Hughes, and operator who was working in the Nickel Plate dispatchers' office a few days, has returned to his old place in Q office.

Brakemen Cramer, Cavanaugh, Bitner and Raridon have resumed their train duties on the Nickel Plate, after an absence for various reasons.

... C. Collins and family, who had ... of Roo...

of repairs at Stony Island. Engineer Ed. Wolf and Fireman F. Longsworth compose the crew.

Trainmaster C. E. Wells, of the Wabash, was in the city this morning.

W. A. S. Parry, clerk at the Wabash freight house, received a baby daughter as a New Year's gift.

The snow storm which prevailed in eastern Ohio and Pennsylvania yesterday caused more or less delay in the running of trains. No. 5 on the Nickel Plate was over an hour late in reaching this city last night.

The men in the local freight service of the Pittsburg, and all the engines thus employed, are today out on the road hauling through freight trains. The traffic boom is still on, with no indications of any immediate abatement.

The Nickel Plate is now in the midst of a boom in freight traffic, such as it has not enjoyed for nearly a year. All the engines on this part of the line are constantly in service and the engine and train crews can scarcely find time to eat and sleep.

Notice was posted in the Union Pacific shops at Omaha, notifying all hands that after Monday next the full time of eight hours per day would be restored. About two weeks ago the time was cut to seven hours a day. The order affects more than 1,000 mechanics of all kinds.

Lon Evans and Miss Dasie Kenny were married last evening at No. 78 Howell street, Rev. Davies officiating. Mr. Evans is a locomotive fireman and is employed on the Nickel Plate. His bride is the daughter of highly respected people residing in South Whitley. The bride and groom will board for a week or two, when they will fit up quarters and go to housekeeping. Both are jolly, social people and a large circle of friends wish them a "long and happy married life."

CATS AND DOGS.

Many of Them Incinerated at the City Crematory.

Six Thousand Loads of Garbage Consumed the Past Year—Report of Superintendent Gocke.

The report of Superintendent Gocke, of the city crematory has been compiled. It shows that during the year 6,000 loads of garbage were consumed. The following animals were cremated: Dogs, 251; cats, 167; horses, 15. Collected by city wagons, about 4,584 tons and by other wagons, 584 tons.

Tomorrow, before the meeting of the International Brotherhood league the subject, "Women's Work," will be discussed. The rooms of the league are at 32 Calhoun street, Vodermark hall and are open to the public.

Dr. Davis' Anti-Headache Cures where all others fail. All druggists.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair

·DR· PRICE'S CREAM BAKING ...

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

HYPNOTIZING HER FATHER.

Charley Thought It Would Be Easy After Experimenting on Others.

Charley Horton is one of the best young men in this city, but it is barely possible that there may be found here and there somebody who knows more than he does—or did.

A few weeks ago when Charley was visiting Dollie Bidwell—these, by the way, are fictitious names—he and she got to discussing hypnotism. Dolly loves Charley very much, but she loves a joke, too, and when he proposed to hypnotize her she not only consented, but pretended to immediately fall under the force of his spell.

In fact, she was as passive as a little kitten even when he took a long, sweet kiss from her, and she meekly went through a lot of ridiculous performances at his command, finally coming out of the spell with a jerking of her pretty head and a blinking of her eyes when he snapped his fingers and said, "All right!"

Dollie told her sister Mildred of the joke, and when the latter's beau came, a few evenings later, Charley had to hypnotize the three of them. They all proved to be good subjects, and he had a mountain of fun. Then when he and Dollie were alone again she unfolded a noble plan to him.

"Why not," she said, "hypnotize papa when you go to ask him for me? You've been putting it off and putting it off from week to week because you were afraid he might get angry, but if we are to get married he ought to be told at once.

"Go up to him, cast your spell over him, or at least partly hypnotize him, and then the rest will be easy. What do you think?"

"It's a capital scheme," said Charley. "I'll do it tomorrow. By George, what a lucky thing it is that I have this wonderful power!"

So the next day young Mr. Horton walked into Mr. Bidwell's office, sat down opposite the old gentleman and began gazing at him steadily.

Anthony Bidwell gazed back, wondering whether the young man had been rendered speechless or what was the matter with him, and was about to say something when Charley raised his hands, pointed his fingers at the father of the girl he loved and then made several passes in rapid succession.

Mr. Bidwell arose, grasped the back of his chair, with an inward determination to sell his life dearly if the worst came, and then began slowly backing out of the office, with Charley following, making passes and gazing at him with an intensity that was almost frightful.

Finally Mr. Bidwell reached the door, grabbed the knob and slammed it shut after him as he jumped into the hall. Then he hung on, bracing himself against the wall, and began yelling for help.

The porter, the elevator boy and several tenants of the building ran to his assistance, but before they could decide upon a plan of action Dollie, who had desired to see the fun, appeared upon the scene and asked what was the matter.

Her father knew she loved Charley Horton, and he looked at her pityingly for a moment before telling her the awful truth.

Then she laughed a merry laugh, whispered something in the old gentleman's ear, and he relinquished his hold upon the doorknob, at the same time telling those who had gone to his assistance that it was all right.

Just what happened after Dollie and her father got inside she refused to tell, but she and Charley went away happy half an hour later, and he has decided to do no more hypnotizing.—Cleveland Leader.

One Sided Dueling.

Colombey, in his history of dueling, tells an anecdote of a certain noted duelist of his time. One day this man, Mr. B., was at Desenne's shooting gallery watching the pistol practice. There was one man who was shooting very well, and Desenne was threatened with the loss of all his glass balls and swinging dolls. Every shot was greeted by the spectators with exclamations of admiration. B. looked on for awhile, and finally in a calm voice made the remark:

"He could not do as well on the field."

The object of the slighting remark turned around, and in a loud and angry tone cried:

"Who are you to say that? Would you like to test the truth of your remark?"

"Willingly," replied the unrecognized duelist, as he led the way out to a secluded place.

After taking up their respective positions they drew lots, and it fell to B. to shoot last. He waited in silence for his adversary's shot. The man fired—and missed. B. lowered his pistol.

"What did I tell you?" he said, with a smile. Then putting his ... pocket ... away ...

...DE OBJECTS.

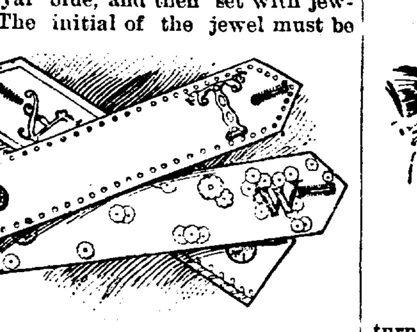
NOVEL NAPKIN RINGS AND EFFECTIVE SCRAP BASKETS.

Rings Made of Linen and Embroidered With Jeweled Initials Are the Latest Thing In Needlework—A New Idea In Scrap Baskets From Paris.

Something new in napkin rings has recently been devised by a clever woman. These rings have been illustrated and described in the New York Herald as follows:

The napkin rings under consideration are made of two thicknesses of medium or rather heavy weight round thread bleached grass linen. They are cut with one pointed and one square end, close to the required size, with a button and buttonhole, and have a small design of an initial jewel, or initial flower letter, or bird, or a tiny spray embroidered on the outside toward the pointed end.

Jeweled initial letters are much in favor. They are outlined in gold color or royal blue, and then set with jewels. The initial of the jewel must be



DESIGNS IN LINEN NAPKIN RINGS.

the same if possible as the letter in which it is set. R, for instance, calls for rubies, S for sapphires, A for amethyst, B for beryl or bloodstone, T for turquoise or green tourmaline, and so on. Flower letters are worked on the same principle. R calls for roses, F for forgetmenot, W for (sweet) William, wallflower, wild rose, wistaria, etc.

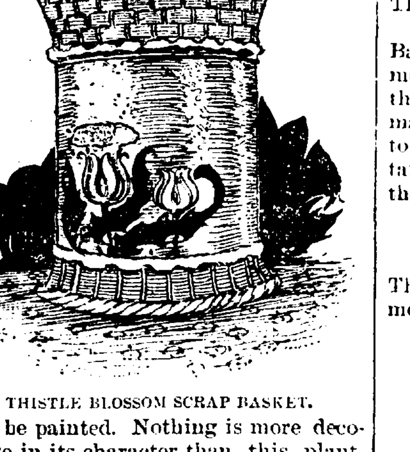
A very pretty variety can be obtained in this manner for half a dozen rings. The linen is cut into strips about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide and 8 inches long, which allows of one-quarter inch turnings all round. A true half square point is made at one end of each eight inch strip before the rings are made up. The embroidery is also done on the upper piece before putting together, and the design is placed near, but not too close to the pointed end, so that when buttoned the design will be uppermost.

The embroidered piece is then sewed to a plain piece for a lining, turned through the square end, smoothed, pulled in shape, the square end blind stitched up and a tiny trail of brier stitch of French dots carried all round the ring to keep the edges in shape. A buttonhole is worked in the point and the ring completed by a button at the other end.

If buttons with shanks are used, the shanks can be sewed in place, or an eyelet hole made at the square end of the linen and the shank put through and secured by a ring or small tape tie on the under side. This plan admits of easy removal for the laundry, and as no two buttons need be alike is a good way of using up odd buttons too handsome to throw away.

There is no end to the pretty odds and ends and knickknacks that a woman of taste can employ in adding to the comfort, convenience and ornamentation of her house. Even if not instinctively ingenious, suggestions are always to be had in plenty, and all she needs is a set of nimble fingers and the materials to work with. A second instance of a pretty bit of work to which the spare moments may be devoted is suggested by the authority already quoted. It is a new idea from the French capital, a scrap basket, which, properly made, will be an ornament to the daintiest boudoir.

The design is as simple as it is effective. Select a frame of fine wicker work. Then give it a light coat of white varnish, so that it will seem almost like openwork Chinese ivory. The basket is then encircled with a band of cream satin, embroidered with the blossoms of the thistle. If you prefer, the flowers



THISTLE BLOSSOM SCRAP BASKET.

may be painted. Nothing is more decorative in its character than this plant, with its barbed leaves and its needle armed petals. It produces a very striking effect on the white satin background.

This is only one of many decorations for which the thistle may be employed. The feminine mind will readily accept the idea as a most suggestive hint.

How to Make Egg Gems.

Egg gems are an acceptable way of using up very small pieces of cooked meat or poultry one may have at hand. Chop the meat finely and add to it half its quantity of stale bread crumbs. Season well with butter, salt and pepper and make the mixture slightly moist with sweet milk. Butter shallow gem cups and fill them three-quarters full with this mixture, and then carefully

"77" BREAKS UP COLDS The first day

More easily than if the Cold is permitted to run on.

Those who keep "Seventy-seven" handy, and take a dose at the first sneeze or shiver, never have a bad Cold and are saved from Pneumonia ... ry diseases. ... Grip, Influe... Soreness ...

...eak an egg upon the top of each. Sprinkle the eggs lightly with salt, pepper, some fine cracker dust, a few bits of butter and bake them eight to ten minutes in a hot oven. Serve at once.

STYLISH HAIRDRESSING.

Present Fashions In Coiffures and Fashions to Come—Evening Headdress.

It is whispered abroad that in the immediate future the hair is to be again worn down in the neck, but at the moment there is no sign of such revealed. Every one wears her hair on the top of her head, waving it slightly at the sides,

FASHIONABLE HEADDRESS.

turning it back from the forehead and decorating it during the evening with whatever jewels fortune has bestowed upon her or with whatever flowers, feathers or bows its want may have rendered possible to her.

The most attractive decoration for the hair is a diamond ornament of broad inclination and glittering surface, and failing the real article, of course, we can all fall back upon the imitation jewelry, for happily we live in the times when the setting of the imitation stone is studied with so much care that the least valuable becomes charming to the eye of the beholder.

Jewels, however, are not alone as hair ornaments. There is much predilection in favor of a twisted band of jet or velvet fastened at one side with a single ostrich feather. Then the old turban would seem to have returned to us in a fold of gauze tied into a knot at one side, with an ostrich tip nodding over the top. Parisians are all wearing Louis XVI bows, either of jet or of velvet ribbon in black colors, wired and shaped and bearing in the center knot an osprey of white or black. These bows may also be found in cut steel, and the luxurious will no doubt soon realize their charms in diamonds.

An evening coiffure fashionable at the present moment may be thus briefly described: The hair is frizzed in front, slightly waved at the sides and carelessly coiled up at the back under a jeweled comb. On the top of the head rests a soft roll, secured with another jeweled comb and an aigret.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that the same authorities who predict that the hair is to be worn down in the neck also predict that next spring the popular hat will be low in the front and trimmed high at the back, after the fashion of the directoire period.

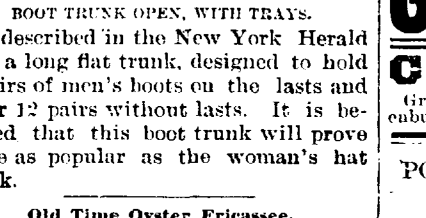
New Way to Make Marble Cake.

A new and simple way of making a good looking marble cake is to make a silver cake mixture, using all whites and no nutmeg. Divide this into two equal parts. Let one part remain plain, placing it in the cake tin, which you are supposed to have ready papered, and level it. The other part divide into three equal parts. Color one part pink, another yellow, another brown with chocolate. Place these three colored parts into three separate paper cones, fold them up and cut the ends off to leave an opening a little over a quarter of an inch in diameter. Take one of the cones, push the end into the mixture in the tin and force out the contents of the cone, moving it about so as to traverse the whole area of the plain part. When this cone is used, take another and use it in like manner, also the other and last one. The cake is now ready to bake.

When you cut this cake, says The Baker's Helper, you will find that this method gives a very superior cake, as the different colors worked in in the manner described give a better effect as to marble appearance than can be obtained by the old plan of dropping in the different colors.

A Novelty In Trunks.

Another new trunk has just come out. This time it is for the convenience of men and is a boot trunk. As illustrated



BOOT TRUNK OPEN, WITH TRAYS.

and described in the New York Herald it is a long flat trunk, designed to hold 3 pairs of men's boots on the lasts and 10 or 12 pairs without lasts. It is believed that this boot trunk will prove quite as popular as the woman's hat trunk.

Old Time Oyster Fricassee.

To make an old fashioned oyster fricassee put the liquor from a pint of oysters in a small granite pan with a heaping tablespoonful of cracker dust and set it over the fire. Place the oysters in another pan with 2 ounces of butter. Cover the pan and let the oysters cook over a slow heat until their edges are ruffled. Have ready a hot platter with pieces of buttered toast about two inches square, and when the oysters are done take them out with a wire spoon and lay them upon the toast. Turn the broth mixture into the pan where the oysters were cooked, season it with salt and cayenne pepper, and when it again comes to the boiling point stir in half a cup of cream and turn the mixture over the oyster toast.

"I suppose you took in the Bowery when you were in New York and listened to the delightful Chimmie Fadden dialect?"

"I did, but I didn't hear any of the dialect. I don't believe the illiterate creatures have read the book at all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perseverance Always Wins.

Smith—After trying for ten long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect.

Brown—Are you sure of it?

Smith—Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot.—Chicago News.

OUR Annual Cost Sale OF STOVES

Commences Monday, Jan. 3rd, 1898.

Great Bargains.

Seavey Hardware Co.,

19 and 21 West Main Street.

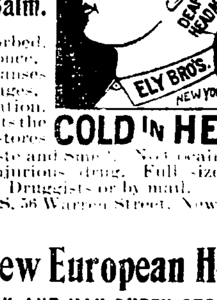
A LOCAL Disease, A Climatic Affection.

Nothing but a local remedy or a change of climate will cure it. Get a well known pharmaceutical remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm.

It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine, No Mercury, No Injurious drug. Full size 50c.; Trial size 10c., at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH



COLD IN HEAD

McCoy's New European Hotel

COR. CLARK AND VAN BUREN STS.

CHICAGO.

FIRE PROOF.

One block from C. R. I. & P. and L. S. & M. S. Railroad depot.

Improvements costing $75,000.00 have just been completed, and the house now offers every convenience to be found in any hotel, including hot and cold water, electric light and steam heat in every room.

Rates 75 cents per day and upwards. First class restaurant in connection.

WILLIAM McCOY, Owner and Proprietor.

LE BRUN'S G & G CURE FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy being injected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet. Cure guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, $1.00. Sold only by

Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun street. O. G. Klinkenburg, 33 E. Berry street, corner Clinton st.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY RECORDER.

EDITOR SENTINEL: Please announce that I will be a candidate for recorder of Allen county, subject to the decision of the next democratic nominating convention.

FREDERICK FRY, Jefferson Township.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL, CONSULT

DR. WENGER,

So well and favorably known as America's leading and most successful

SPECIALIST

For his many and wonderful cures in all

BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, sores, spots, pimples, scrofula, syphilitic taints, tumors, tetter, ECZEMA, and blood poison of every nature.

KIDNEY AND URINARY, weak back, pain in side, abdomen, bladder, sediment in urine, brick dust or white, painful urinations, Bright's disease and all diseases of the bladder.

PRIVATE DISEASES—Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Inflammations, Discharges, Strictures, Weakness of Organs, Syphilis, Hydrocele, Varicocele and kindred troubles quickly cured.

LOST MANHOOD and all its attending ailments, both YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED and OLD MEN. The ... indiscretions ...

WANTED.

WANTED—House cleaning of any kind. Address 149 Wallace street. 11tf

WANTED—A good girl for general house work at 99 East Wayne street. 27tf

WANTED—Roll top desk; also safe. Must be cheap, for cash. P. O. Box 134. 2tf

WANTED—If you want to borrow money, see "ad" on first page, first column. 7tf

WANTED—$30 weekly to give away Toilet Soaps. Samples free. Forshee Co., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—A lady attendant. Must have good references. Apply, Allen County Orphans' Home. 31tf

WANTED—Salesman; salary paid weekly, experience unnecessary, permanent. Brown Brothers Co., Chicago. s29-w-sa-3mo

WANTED—Private party will make small loans to ladies, school teachers, salaried people and others on satisfactory security. Room 23, Bass Block. 11-1m

WANTED—Horses to winter at the "Oak Lawn Farm," two miles north of the city; rates low; large warm barn; best of care. Address, W. B., care Sentinel. nov10eodtf

WANTED—To buy a couple of 2 or 3-light gas chandeliers, suitable for small dwelling. Must be cheap. Address, with description and price, "S.," P. O. Box 204, City. 31t2

WANTED—Agents; $4.00 to $6.00 a day to either sex; new goods; new plan; sells at sight; every family needs it; no capital needed. Household Co., Box 124, Cincinnati, O. Nol3sat6mo

WANTED—A partner with $500 who can devote all or part of his time in a good paying business. This is an opportunity of a life time to the right party. Address Box 11, care of Sentinel. 1t2

WANTED—To trade three houses in east end, near Lutheran College, and 4 doors from street car. Income $25 per month, for land west of city. Address, Sleepy Hollow, city general delivery. 1t2

WANTED—I would like the public to try my Lung and Cough Syrup. It is infallible in case of grip or hemorrhages; an old family medicine of sixty years standing. Call at 35 Fairfield avenue. o6-2m

WANTED—Men and women to work at home. I pay $8 to $16 per week for making crayon portraits; new patent method; anyone who can read or write can do the work at home, in spare time, day or evening. Send for particulars and work at once. Address, H. A. Gripp, German artist, Tyrone, Pa. Sept. 11-sa26

WANTED—Great inovation; new opportunities for young men; only eight weeks required to completely learn barber trade; good demand for graduates of this system; practice, instructions, lectures, examinations, diplomas, wages Saturdays from start; steady pay when competent; complete outfit of tools donated; illustrated catalogue mailed free. Moler System Barber School, Clark & Van Buren Sts., Chicago. Branches N. Y., St. Louis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis. 1t6

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—If you want money on household goods, see "ad" on first page, first column. 7tf

FOR RENT—The finest cottage in Lakeside. 101 Rivermet ave.; six rooms, $12. Inquire, 93 Rivermet ave. 15tf

FOR RENT—A brick house, 37 Wilt street, 7 rooms, natural gas. Inquire Hoffman Bros. 200 West Main street. 30t5

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms on East Taber street; modern improvements. Inquire Gilmartin Lumber yard. 4tf

FOR RENT—An 8-room house, bath room, artificial and natural gas, electric lights; $16 per month; No. 529 S. Calhoun St. 18tf

FOR RENT—Oct. 1, suite of rooms suitable for offices, now occupied by Dr. Younge, 107 Calhoun street. Apply at Sentinel office. tf

FOR RENT—Eight room house, centrally located, electric light and gas furnace, hot and cold bath. Inquire at 49 Harmer St. 27tf

FOR RENT—One handsome furnished room in private family, bath, electric light, furnace heat. Reference required. Address box 3, Sentinel office. 20tf

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, on first floor, all complete for light housekeeking; or suitable for two young ladies or gentlemen. 16 West Jefferson street. 31t2

FOR RENT—A very nice eight-room house, in first-class condition. No. 142 Columbia ave.; just vacated; rent reduced to $13.50. W. E. Dond, over Old National bank. 17-tf

FOR RENT—Seven room brick house, No. 211 Webster street, corner Highland. Has been newly papered and put in first-class order. Inquire in the morning or after 6 p. m., at No. 153 Broadway. 25tf

FOR RENT—Dwellings, No. 21 W. Creighton ave., 10 rooms, modern improvements; No. 228 Fairfield ave., 10 rooms, stable, bath, closet and furnace; No. 214 St. Marys ave., 8 rooms and stable; Nos. 232 and 234 St. Marys ave., 4 rooms each; Nos. 96 Franklin ave.; No. 73 Gay street, 5 rooms; No. 32 Maple ave., 8 rooms and stable; No. 220 West Wayne street, 6 rooms; No. 37 Wilt street. Schrader & Wilson, first floor, 7 Court St. 23tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—If you want money on personal security, see "ad" on first page, first column. 7tf

FOR SALE—House and lot, cheap, with small payment down, balance on small monthly payments; lot 55x150. Call on or address A. W. Irelan, No. 116 Chestnut avenue, north of new yards. 22-1m

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and Residence 26 Madison Street. Specialty:—Diseases of Women. Telephone 479. Office hours 9 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

DR. NISWONGER Makes a specialty of treating veneral diseases and skin diseases and has a new discovery for the treatment of catarrh and hay fever. Free trial treatment. Office at Post Office Drug Store.

Clairvoyant!

50c—And Up—50c.

Mrs. Idella ...

The wonderful ...

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART SECOND.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

This clause reads as follows:

There are, however, some restrictions which I consider it my duty to prescribe and to be, among others, conditions on which my bequest for said college is made and to be enjoyed—namely, * * * Secondly, I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purpose of said college. In making this restriction I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever, but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion among them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow creatures and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer.

Girard is generally supposed to have been a very parsimonious and close fisted man, without much love for his fellow men and solely engrossed in the accumulation of wealth, but a close glance at the details of his inner life, no less than at the provisions of the document creating his munificent charity, goes to prove the shallowness and falsity of this view.

One incident alone in his life is worth repetition at this time. In 1793 yellow fever broke out in a malignant form in the city of Philadelphia and grew to such proportions that the people of the town were panic stricken. Most of them fled from the city, and those that remained locked themselves up in their houses, being afraid to appear on the streets. Three of the daily papers were discontinued, and the death rate was so great that it was almost impossible to obtain a sufficient number of persons to care for the sick and to inter the dead.

In this grave crisis Girard proved himself a veritable hero. The minutes

THE MARBLE STATUE OF GIRARD.

of the proceedings of the committee appointed to attend to and alleviate the sufferings of those afflicted with the yellow fever contain this entry: "Stephen Girard and Peter Helm, members of the committee, commiserating the calamitous state to which the sick may probably be reduced for want of suitable persons to superintend the hospital, voluntarily offered their services for that benevolent employment. For more than 60 days Girard spent all of his time caring for the sick and attending to the last wants of the dying." The United States Gazette of Jan. 13, 1832, contains the following interesting paragraph told to the representative of that paper by a merchant who was hurrying by with a camphor saturated handkerchief pressed to his mouth:

"A carriage rapidly driven by a black servant broke the silence of the deserted and grass grown street. It stopped before a frame house in Farmers' row, the very hotbed of the pestilence, and the driver, first having bound a handkerchief over his mouth, opened the door of the carriage and quickly remounted the box. A short, thickset man stepped from the coach and entered the house. In a minute or two the observer, who stood at a safe distance watching the proceedings, heard a shuffling noise in the entry and soon saw the visitor emerge, supporting with extreme difficulty a tall, gaunt, yellow visaged victim of the pestilence.

"His arm was around the waist of the sick man, whose yellow face rested against his own, his long, damp, tangled hair mingling with his benefactor's, his feet dragging helplessly upon the pavement. Thus partly dragged, partly lifted, he was taken to the carriage door, the driver averting his face from the spectacle, far from offering to assist. After a long and suffering exertion the well man succeeded in getting the fever stricken patient into the vehicle, and then entering it himself the door was closed and the carriage was driven away to the hospital, the merchant having recognized in the man who thus risked his life for another the foreigner, Stephen Girard."

Thermopylæ.

The word Thermopylæ simply means hot springs, and the famous pass where the battle was fought between the Spartans and the Persians took its name from the warm springs flowing from the side of the mountain. Thermopylæ was in ancient times the only practicable route for an army between northern and central Greece. The road was only wide enough for a single vehicle. The morass to the east of the pass has now become an alluvial plain from the retreat of the Maliac gulf, an arm of the Ægean sea, and the deposit of the river Spercheus.

A Foul Tip.

[An] Englishman was once persuaded [to see a game] of baseball, and during [the game] he happened to look [...] a foul tip caught [...]

TWO NEW MINISTERS.

HAMILTON KING TO REPRESENT US IN SIAM.

William W. Thomas, Jr., Returns to the Post at Stockholm Which He Has Twice Filled Before—His Long and Interesting Diplomatic Career.

Professor Hamilton King, whose field of usefulness for some years past has been the preparatory department of Olivet college, and who is one of the best known educators in the state of Michigan, has been appointed by President McKinley to represent the United States at Bangkok as minister resident and consul general to Siam.

Professor King belongs to that large class of educators who owe their success in life entirely to their own exertions. He was born in Newfoundland in 1851, and his boyhood was spent in Auburn, Lewiston and Saco, Me., where he received his public schooling.

At the age of 18, having accumulated the sum of $40 as the profits of his ap-

PROFESSOR HAMILTON KING.

prenticeships at the trades of carpentry and engineering he divided his savings with a chum, and together they traveled west on an emigrant train. Landing in Illinois, 1,200 miles from home and with no friends, with but 50 cents between them on which to begin the struggle for existence, the two boys sat down on a stone and sang to keep up their spirits. Today Professor Hamilton King as principal of the preparatory department of Olivet college for 20 years is one of the best known educators in Michigan, while his chum, Professor F. H. Hall, occupies a similar position in Drury college and enjoys a like reputation in the state of Missouri.

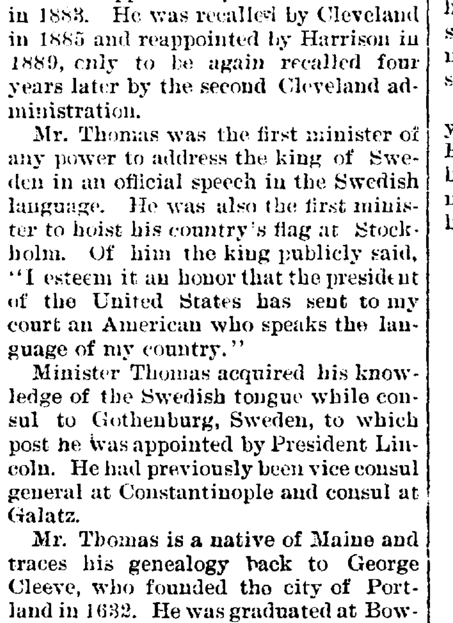
By the strictest economy two years of farm work yielded sufficient capital to begin a seven years' course at Olivet college. During the college year he supported himself by janitor work around the college buildings and by tutoring. His vacations were spent in hard toil. He was graduated in 1878 and was soon called to the faculty of the college as principal of the preparatory department and instructor in Greek.

Another important diplomatic appointment recently made is that of William W. Thomas, Jr., as minister to Sweden and Norway. Mr. Thomas has had long diplomatic experience and has twice before represented the United States at the Scandinavian capital. He was first appointed by President Arthur in 1883. He was recalled by Cleveland in 1885 and reappointed by Harrison in 1889, only to be again recalled four years later by the second Cleveland administration.

Mr. Thomas was the first minister of any power to address the king of Sweden in an official speech in the Swedish language. He was also the first minister to hoist his country's flag at Stockholm. Of him the king publicly said, "I esteem it an honor that the president of the United States has sent to my court an American who speaks the language of my country."

Minister Thomas acquired his knowledge of the Swedish tongue while consul to Gothenburg, Sweden, to which post he was appointed by President Lincoln. He had previously been vice consul general at Constantinople and consul at Galatz.

Mr. Thomas is a native of Maine and traces his genealogy back to George Cleeve, who founded the city of Portland in 1632. He was graduated at Bowdoin college in 1860 with highest honors, Thomas B. Reed being one of his classmates. Mr. Thomas has practiced law in Portland and has served in both branches of the Maine legislature, having been speaker of the house two terms. He has written much on Scandi-



W. W. THOMAS, JR.

navian subjects and was instrumental in founding the Swedish colony of New Sweden in Maine a number of years ago.

The wife of Minister Thomas is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a Swedish senator, and it is expected that her return to Stockholm will be warmly welcomed.

New Use For a Poodle.

A southern woman says that she never sees a white poodle dressed up with ribbons and bells and waddling along in apathetic content without being instantly reminded of a former pet of her own. This dog mysteriously disappeared, and although large rewards were offered for his return nothing was heard [...]

him?" she asked with a mixture of delight and disgust as the dog looked up at her with malicious, twinkling eyes from under a soiled drab fringe of hair.

"Oh," replied the man, doing his best to repress a chuckle, "I done found dat Mopsey 'bout a mile from yar, missus! You see, dere was a trifling niggah, he'd got Mopsey tied on to de end ob a pole, and he was projecking to swab all his windows wid dat dog, but I reckon he didn't get mo'n seben or eight done, missus."—Youth's Companion.

MRS. JOHN W. GRIGGS.

Probable Addition to the Ladies of the Cabinet Circle In Washington.

When Governor John W. Griggs of New Jersey goes to Washington as attorney general of the United States, the circle of cabinet ladies will secure a charming addition in the person of the popular wife of Mr. McKenna's successor.

Mrs. Griggs is the second wife of the governor. She was married about five

MRS. JOHN W. GRIGGS.

years ago and has one daughter, Elizabeth. She is now about 30 years old. By his first wife, who died seven years ago, Governor Griggs has six children, four boys and two girls. The eldest boy is just 21.

Mrs. Griggs is a particularly attractive woman and extremely agreeable in manner. All the children are jealously fond of her, and her love for them is unbounded. She is a splendid conversationalist and a very keen observer. She takes an immense interest in her husband's career and has a pretty good insight into things political herself. She enjoys his pleasure and watches his success with eyes brimming over with admiration.

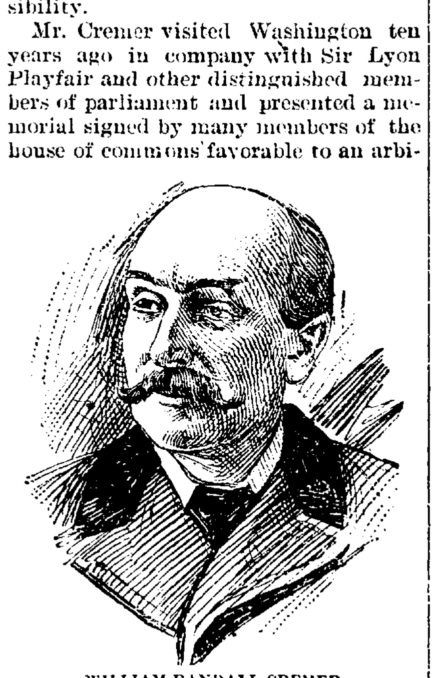
Governor Griggs, like Vice President Hobart, lives in Paterson, and the two families are on very friendly terms. It was due to the influence of Mr. Hobart that the governor is about to enter the president's cabinet.

A PEACE PROMOTER.

William Randall Cremer Is an Active Advocate of International Arbitration.

Arbitration is the specialty of Mr. William Randall Cremer, M. P., and it is in the interest of his hobby that he is now visiting Washington. It was his resolution which passed the house of commons strongly approving the plan of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and he has strong hopes of the success of the project, with similar treaties between all the leading nations of the world as an ultimate possibility.

Mr. Cremer visited Washington ten years ago in company with Sir Lyon Playfair and other distinguished members of parliament and presented a memorial signed by many members of the house of commons favorable to an arbi-



WILLIAM RANDALL CREMER.

tration treaty. Three years ago he again came here and presented to President Cleveland and congress a memorial signed by 354 members of the house of commons.

These steps served as the moral force to quicken the two governments to action, and out of it came the notable Olney-Pauncefote treaty, in which for the first time the two English speaking nations agreed to settle by arbitration such differences as diplomacy failed to adjust. That treaty was defeated [in] the senate.

Mr. Cremer is now here to urge that a similar treaty be introduced in the senate this winter and bears with him a memorial signed by 7,000 representatives of industrial organizations in Great Britain who are favorable to the project.

Rosa Bonheur's Mode of Life.

Rosa Bonheur, the famous artist, leads the life of a peasant, r[is]ing early and going to bed late. Every morning on getting up she takes a walk in her garden, invariably accompanied by her dog. From 9 o'clock until 11:30 she works in her studio. Then she has breakfast. At 1 o'clock work is resumed until 5, when Mlle. Bonheur goes for an excursion in the forest near her home. She finishes the day [...]ading.

The Shah Reveres C[ats].

The shah of Persia has a [...]erence for cats. He has 50 o[f them, an]d each one has an attendant [...] with a special room for [...] the shah travels, the cats [...] being carried by men [...]

COSTLY DIPLOMACY.

THE TRANSVAAL PAYS A FOREIGN MINISTER $85,000 A YEAR.

Sharp Contrast to Uncle Sam's Frugal Policy—American Ministers Must Have Private Fortunes—Advantages Which Money Gives In Diplomatic Negotiations.

Our state department at Washington must have read with astonishment the recently published report that Dr. William J. Leyds, secretary of state of the Boer republic, had been accorded the enormous salary of $85,000 a year for representing the Transvaal as minister plenipotentiary in the various capitals of Europe. Uncle Sam is so frugal in his expenditures for diplomatic purposes that such prodigality on the part of the puny South African Republic must have given the good gentleman a severe shock.

It is probable, however, that Oom Paul Kruger knows what he is paying for. No doubt the object in giving Dr. Leyds so large a salary as $85,000 a year is to enable him to represent the Transvaal in such a manner in the various capitals of Europe as to impress the people with whom he is brought into official contact with the importance of his government.

While much has been written about the uselessness of costly missions abroad in these modern days, when all the great capitals of the world are connected with one another by wire and when it is possible for a minister of foreign affairs to convey his instructions and orders to their destinations within a few minutes, without leaving any latitude to the discretion or direction of the envoy, there is no doubt that an embassador who is able to represent his country on a scale of grandeur and magnificence, who is able to entertain on a

DR. WILLIAM J. LEYDS.

large scale, has it in his power to serve the interests of his government far more efficaciously than a diplomat who for one reason or another can make no show.

Not one but dozens of treaties of the utmost international importance have been, so to speak, floated into port on a tidal wave of champagne, and this is even more the case nowadays, when alliances are announced in the shape of postprandial toasts than it was when Lord Elgin came to this country with Laurence Oliphant in the fifties for the purpose of concluding his commercial treaty with the United States. That is why Great Britain accords to her embassador at Paris a salary of $50,000, together with allowances to the tune of an additional $20,000, and the use of a handsome palace entirely furnished.

The embassadors of Russia, Germany and Austria in Paris have abodes which, if not quite so sumptuous, are still very grand and stately, and salaries of about $40,000 per annum, while England pays her envoys in the other capitals of Europe on the same magnificent scale, providing in almost every case an imposing palace or mansion furnished even down to the item of gold and silver plate, as at Paris. The English embassador at Constantinople has two palaces, one at Pera and the other at Therapia, together with a couple of steam launches, a state barge and a government steam yacht, commanded by a lieutenant and manned by 80 British tars, all being maintained for the official and private use of his excellency by the British government.

It will readily be seen from this that unless the United States happens to find a man of wealth willing to undertake the not always grateful task of representing this country as embassador abroad he must necessarily, with his $17,000 salary, convey to the people among whom he is sent to reside a less powerful impression of the prestige and of the grandeur of his native land than his fellow embassadors.

It is only fair to add that these highly paid embassadors of European countries devote conscientiously all the money which they receive from the state to the purpose for which it is granted, many of them, indeed, dipping heavily into whatever private resources they may happen to possess.

As a rule Boer ideas of remuneration are not particularly extravagant. the president himself receiving but $20,000 a year. Dr. Leyds is one of a body of six who form the executive government of the Transvaal, and he is the only non-Afrikander on that executive. He is a native of Java and was educated in Holland. He studied law at the Amsterdam university, where he was graduated in 1884.

During that year President Kruger visited Europe and offered the position of attorney general of his republic to the young solicitor. After some hesitation Dr. Leyds accepted the post and removed to Pretoria. In 1888 he was elected secretary of state by the volksraad and was re-elected in 1892 and 1896, the term being four years. Dr. Leyds is about 40 years old and is described as a person of nervous but urbane manner and a pleasant voice.

Her Suggestion.

It was at a Jefferson avenue residence, and the young man in the case had been going often and staying late until the maiden fair felt the monotony of it. Last Thursday [evening] about 11 o'clock the conversat[ion] flagged so that it al[mo]st palled th[...] out by the [...] be sai[d] [...]

"Ah, what was it?" and she brightened a bit.

"Um—um, let me see," he said, rubbing his head. "I can't just think what it was."

The light faded out of her face, then it came again.

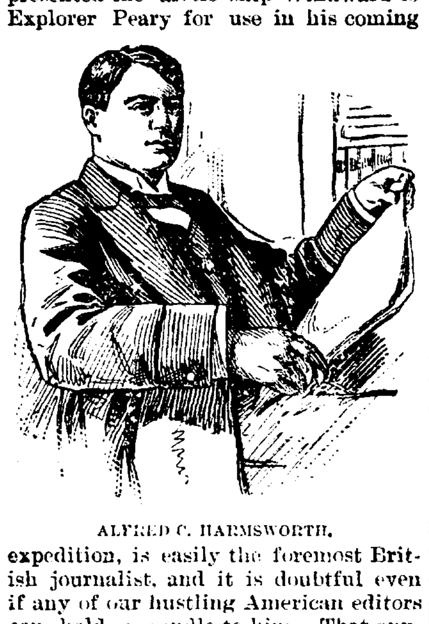
"Perhaps it was 'good night,'" she suggested quietly.

He looked at her for a full minute; looked at her as if she had said something by mistake, looked at her as if she might have an explanatory remark or two to add, but she never flinched. Then he got up and went away, and he never came back.—Detroit Free Press.

LIVELY FOR LONDON.

Harmsworth Is a Hustler and the Foremost British Journalist.

Alfred C. Harmsworth, who recently presented the arctic ship Windward to Explorer Peary for use in his coming



ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

expedition, is easily the foremost British journalist, and it is doubtful even if any of our hustling American editors can hold a candle to him. That anything lively or enterprising should come out of London journalism seems incredible, but it is true. Mr. Harmsworth is the publisher of the London Daily Mail and 16 other journals and prides himself that he prints more papers than any other man living.

When Harmsworth was barely out of Oxford, he decided to become a Napoleon of journalism. He straightway started, with no capital to speak of, Answers, a weekly paper that immediately caught the British heart. Before he was 23 years old he was printing over a million papers a week. He started more papers, capitalized his business, sold £500,000 worth of stock and retained a controlling interest himself. Then he bought daily papers in London, Glasgow, Portsmouth and other places, and finally in May, 1896, he acquired the London Daily Mail.

The Mail burst on London like a meteor. It was full of bright ideas and wakened people up in a manner that startled but pleased them. As a result the paper distanced all its competitors, and the total output of Mr. Harmsworth's various publications is said to be something over 7,000,000 copies a week.

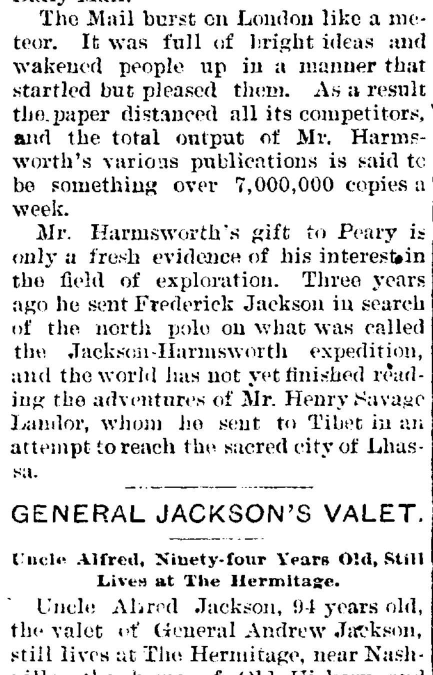
Mr. Harmsworth's gift to Peary is only a fresh evidence of his interest in the field of exploration. Three years ago he sent Frederick Jackson in search of the north pole on what was called the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, and the world has not yet finished reading the adventures of Mr. Henry Savage Landor, whom he sent to Tibet in an attempt to reach the sacred city of Lhassa.

GENERAL JACKSON'S VALET.

Uncle Alfred, Ninety-four Years Old, Still Lives at The Hermitage.

Uncle Alfred Jackson, 94 years old, the valet of General Andrew Jackson, still lives at The Hermitage, near Nashville, the home of Old Hickory, and acts as guide to visitors.

He has a wonderful memory, explains in detail the history of every object of interest in the building and introduces personal reminiscences of his old master. He becomes particularly enthused



UNCLE ALFRED JACKSON.

when pointing out a picture of the battle of New Orleans and tells with great gusto of General Jackson's reply when he heard General Pakenham's boast that he would eat breakfast in New Orleans the next morning. "If he eats breakfast at all, he will eat it in hell," was Jackson's comment. And Uncle Alf adds: "And he sho' did. He was killed before he eat his breakfast."

In his will General Jackson requested that his faithful valet be given a home at The Hermitage all his life. Uncle Alf chews, smokes and drinks, and thinks he is good for ten years more of life.

The Czar's Car.

The height of luxurious traveling has been reached by the czar and czarina. The empress' private car is upholstered in pale blue satin. The electric lamps are all in the form of lilies, and it contains writing and tea tables made of mother of pearl. The nursery is the next apartment and is as comfortable and handsome as the same rooms of any of the czar's palaces. There are dining rooms and drawing rooms and several sleeping apartments. In fact, this train is a miniature palace. The wheels are covered with india rubber tires.

[The] Princess' Favorite.

[The Prin]cess of Wales' favorite flow[er is the li]ly of the valley, and the [...]r of these flowers [...] [...]arden [...]

THE PRESIDENT'S PASTOR.

Mr. Johnston, Who Preaches Sensational Sermons, to Be Supplanted Next March.

The sensational reports that President McKinley was indignant at the character of the sermons preached by the Rev. Hugh Johnston of the Metropolitan Methodist church, where the chief executive attends

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

divine service in Washington, do not seem to be fully substantiated. The statements that the president had decided not to attend any more services at that church and that the present pastor would be removed for this reason likewise seem to have been without foundation. The latter is wholly improbable, for Mr. Johnston's five year term will expire in March next, and, according to the Methodist book of order, he must necessarily move on to some other pastorate. It has even been practically decided that his successor will be the Rev. Frank M. Bristol, now pastor of the First Methodist church of Evanston, Ills.

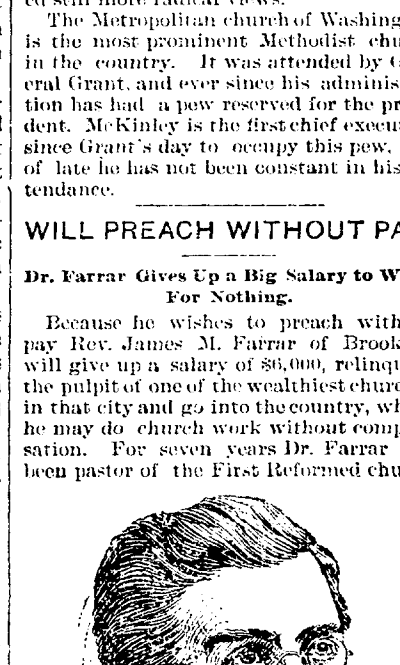
The Rev. Mr. Johnston indignantly denies the charge of sensationalism in the pulpit and is quoted as saying that he never preached a sensational sermon in his life. The fact remains, however, that some of them have touched on the border line, at any rate. They are always full of fire and force, and of late have been given a decidedly political and partisan flavor. Besides scoring Sunday newspapers, the Rev. Mr. Johnston has attacked Tammany Hall, "Jesuitism," and other alleged evils which sensational preachers are fond of denouncing. He prayed that the opponents of the Dingley tariff bill might be covered with confusion, he has talked about Cuba and Hawaii, and, in short, has given his flock advice on most of the topics of the day. His Thanksgiving day sermon caused wide comment, but since then he has preached another in which he expressed still more radical views.

The Metropolitan church of Washington is the most prominent Methodist church in the country. It was attended by General Grant, and ever since his administration has had a pew reserved for the president. McKinley is the first chief executive since Grant's day to occupy this pew, but of late he has not been constant in his attendance.

WILL PREACH WITHOUT PAY.

Dr. Farrar Gives Up a Big Salary to Work For Nothing.

Because he wishes to preach without pay Rev. James M. Farrar of Brooklyn will give up a salary of $6,000, relinquish the pulpit of one of the wealthiest churches in that city and go into the country, where he may do church work without compensation. For seven years Dr. Farrar has been pastor of the First Reformed church



REV. JAMES M. FARRAR.

of Brooklyn, which has many rich members. He has lived comfortably and enjoyed the good things of life. Now he feels that he has lived the life of a luxurious cleric long enough.

"I have built up this church until it has become strong and useful," he says. "Now I desire to give the rest of my life to building up souls, without money and without price. I have fully consecrated my life to my Master. Since I have been in the ministry I have constantly been called to larger and richer churches. I have gone from one to another, always bettering myself in a worldly way. It has struck me that we ministers count too much on the money we receive. We preach and instruct and advise, but we are well paid for what we do. In spite of our calling we give very little to the Lord. This is not a quixotic move or one prompted by undue enthusiasm. Neither do I wish people to think that I am making a sacrifice. I am country born and bred and prefer the country to the city."

Indeed it is evident that Dr. Farrar is somewhat discreet in making the change, for he says that he has saved enough money to give him a modest income for the rest of his life. Not long ago he purchased a handsome city residence near his church with a view to its being part of the endowment, so to speak, of his new venture. He also owns a pretty country place in Chester county, Pa., which he calls Idlewild. It is there that he intends to locate, and in that section will he give his labors to the people free of charge.

Dr. Farrar has not stated the exact amount of the income which his savings will bring him in each year, but he has told his friends that he calculates to be able to live on $500 a year. He has a family of seven—six boys and one girl—but two or three of his sons are almost old enough to make their own way in the world. Dr. Farrar is a most popular minister. He is tall, portly, well groomed and has the appearance of being well fed. Dr. Farrar does not intend to resign immediately, but will probably draw his $6,000 salary for at least another year.

"Mrs.-ipy."

A very little girl who had learned with difficulty the abbreviation "Mrs." was asked for the first time t[o spe]ll "Mississippi." Having co[...] first two syllables, as [...] sailed gloriously [...] word. She spell[ed] [...] pronounced [...]

"I thought you had a leaning toward a belief of that kind yourself," said Asbury Peppers. "I never saw another man with such a liking for unearthly ties."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A LAWYER AT SEVEN.

Precocious Kansas Boy Who Babbles Blackstone Like a Veteran Attorney.

A 7-year-old lawyer is among the wonders which bolster up the claim of Kansas to be the most progressive state in the Union. His name is Byron Howse Gilbert and his home is in Atchison. He has received from the supreme court of Kansas a certificate of admission to the bar of that tribunal. This does not allow him to practice law in knickerbockers, but is to take effect when he shall reach his majority.

The development of this legal phenomenon is due to the training given the child by his father, W. D. Gilbert, who is him-

BYRON H. GILBERT.

self a lawyer, and has served as prosecuting attorney and judge. Byron took his first lessons in law at the tender age of 2, or as soon as he began to talk. The first words he was taught to lisp were legal phrases, and he babbled sentences from Blackstone instead of rhymes from "Mother Goose." This practice, begun in fun, was continued until the boy's father saw the possibilities of beginning a legal education in the nursery. From that time on Byron has had an almost daily drill, and even if he does not understand the principles of law he can rattle off legal terms and definitions with the ease of a veteran attorney.

Byron has been sent to school, but on Saturdays, instead of playing marbles, he usually accompanies his father to court and listens with much interest to dry legal proceedings. The other day Mr. Gilbert surprised the supreme court justices by presenting his boy for examination and admission to the bar. They took it as a joke at first, but after Chief Justice Doster had asked a number of questions usually put to a candidate and Byron had answered them without a hitch, they opened their eyes in astonishment and instructed the clerk of the court to make out a provisional certificate, embellished with a huge gold seal, which was signed and handed over to the juvenile lawyer.

Among the questions answered by the boy were, "What is law?" to which he gave Blackstone's definition word for word. He also defined murder, homicide, arson, larceny, grand larceny, felony and misdemeanor, winding up by going through the form of administering the prescribed oath to a witness.

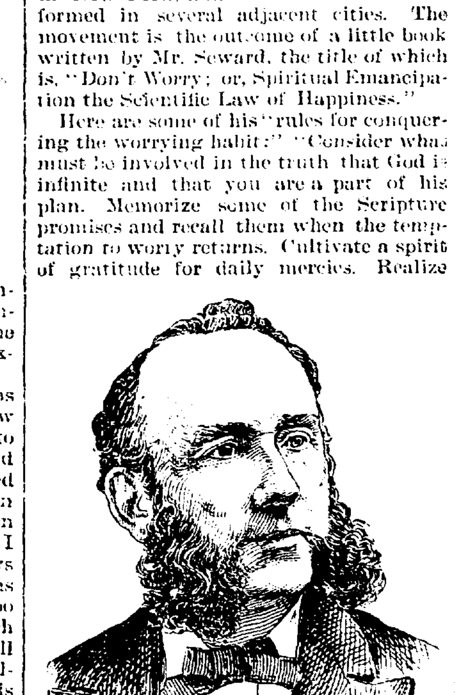
"DON'T WORRY" CIRCLES.

A New Movement Which Mixes Philosophy and Religion Most Comfortably.

A unique movement, which was started only a few weeks ago in a New York church, is already attracting considerable attention. The "Don't Worry" movement, it has been oddly named by its originator, Mr. Theodore F. Seward, and its aim seems to be to mingle a cheerful philosophy with religion in order that the mental tension of modern life may be relieved.

The first "Don't Worry" circle was formed at a meeting held in a private house on Nov. 3, and since then the movement has spread with surprising rapidity. There are now four "Don't Worry" circles in New York, and others are soon to be formed in several adjacent cities. The movement is the outcome of a little book written by Mr. Seward, the title of which is, "Don't Worry; or, Spiritual Emancipation the Scientific Law of Happiness."

Here are some of his "rules for conquering the worrying habit:" "Consider what must be involved in the truth that God is infinite and that you are a part of his plan. Memorize some of the Scripture promises and recall them when the temptation to worry returns. Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies. Realize



THEODORE F. SEWARD.

worrying as an enemy which destroys your happiness. Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort. Help and comfort your neighbor. Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions. Induce others to join the 'Don't Worry' movement."

This is not Mr. Seward's first effort as an ethical reformer. About four years ago he attempted to found what he called a Brotherhood of Christian Unity, in which he proposed to combine all Christian churches without respect to creed. It is hardly necessary to say that he was unsuccessful.

Mr Seward is an active little man of 62 years and has been an earnest worker in the propaganda of liberal religious views. He is a native of Orange county, N. Y., and is a cousin of the great secretary of state, William H. Seward. He is a musician and has devoted most of his life to teaching music and editing musical journals. He traveled with the original Fisk Jubilee Singers when they made their famous English tour about 20 year[s a]go and wrote down over 100 of their so[ngs, the] music of which had [never] befor[e been put] on paper. Later [...] instructor at t[...] of T[ea]chers [...]

ABOUT MISS CORELLI.

SHE HATES CRITICS AND TA[KES HER]SELF QUITE SERIOUSL[Y].

Some Personal Characteristics of the Au[thor] of Many Popular Novels—How He[r] First Book Came to Be Published—Sh[e] Poses as a Literary Recluse.

Marie Corelli is not, as seems to be popularly supposed, an assumed name, but is the real and legal patronymic of the author of "A Romance of Two Worlds" and other well known novels. Miss Corelli, for she is still "happily unmarried," is an interesting young woman of Italian birth, French by education and English by adoption. Her mother was the second wife of the late Dr. Charles Mackay, a writer of many popular lyrics, such as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and others of equal literary merit. She was taken into Dr. Mackay's family at an early age and still lives in the old Mackay home, on Longridge road, Kensington, London.

As a girl Miss Corelli was sent to a French convent and there imbibed the deeply religious sentiments which mark her works. From all accounts she was a most precocious and accomplished miss, being especially talented as a pianist, and it was Dr. Mackay's ambition to have her become a successful musician.

But when Miss Corelli was 20 she wrote "A Romance of Two Worlds" and thus marked out her own career. She sent her first novel to a big London publishing house, and if the opinions of the readers employed in that establishment had been followed it would never have seen the light. But their reports condemned it so unanimously and enthusiastically that the head of the firm read the manuscript himself and decided to bring it out. The critics treated it with contemptuous silence, but the reading public raved over it, exhausted edition after edition and still continue to buy it by the carload every year.

The big receipts did the business, and, critics to the contrary, the fame of Miss

MARIE CORELLI.

Corelli as an authoress was firmly established from that moment. Her later books—and she writes about one every year—have been equally successful.

I have said that Miss Corelli is an interesting young woman. She is interesting, but, come to think of it, she is hardly as young as she was once—somewhere between 30 and 35, I should judge. But all the women writers who go out to Kensington to interview her and drink tea with her speak of her as young and beautiful, gush over her "dresden china complexion," her "blue gray" eyes and her wonderful personality.

Miss Corelli's attitude toward the world in general is unique. Evidently she takes herself with much seriousness; but most successful writers do that. Toward the poor critics she fosters a very lively hatred. She never tires of abusing them, and they reciprocate by refusing to praise her books.

Society, which would like to lionize her, exhibit her at drawing rooms and quiz her about her fads, she affects to scorn. She does go out occasionally, but takes her cynicism along with her. But for people in the abstract and at a distance, especially novel buying folks, she entertains kindly regard, which is very nice of her, I am sure.

Miss Corelli's favorite pose seems to be that of a literary recluse. It is plain that she thinks you and I and a lot of other people take a deep interest in the way she lives and works, and she is willing to indulge us by doing both in a manner as original as she can. For instance, she tells us that while she was writing "Barabbas" she knelt down in her study and prayed every morning before taking up her pen. Surely this is a departure in literary methods or else other authors have not been so frank. She has also said that she makes the first draft of her stories in lead pencil and an absolute frenzy of composition. Then she rewrites them calmly and in ink. She is not fond of the theater, because modern actors are crude and self conscious.

Perhaps Miss Corelli enjoys her own success fully as much as anything else. A couple of years ago the queen read one of her novels and then telegraphed her London bookseller as follows: "Send complete set of Miss Corelli's works. V. R."

This message Miss Corelli carries constantly in a little chamois bag hung around her neck. Yet she indignantly denies th[at] she is patronized by the royal fam[ily]. "They know better," she is fond of sayi[ng].

As the apostle of romantic mystic[ism] Miss Corelli holds a place of her ow[n in] the literary world. The weird p[sycho]logical theories which she introduc[es are] not exactly new, but most of her [readers] are unacquainted with them. Som[e of the] incidents which happen to her c[haracters] are of the kind that make your fl[esh creep]. George Augustus Sala said that he [wrote] "The Vendetta" with a wet cloth aro[und] his head and his feet in a tub of ice wa[ter]. This is the story in which a man is e[n]tombed while supposedly dead, but com[es] to life, finds his friend making love to hi[s] faithless wife and takes his revenge by shutting her alive in the same tomb. It is not altogether a cheerful yarn, but there is a thrill in every page, and most novel readers like thrills, you know. So Miss Corelli is well within her rights when she sniffs at the critics and takes herself seriously.

ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

Justified.

[...] defense was made by [...] the city court: [...]ledge de cara. [...] born. [...] de sin? [...]

Evening Sentinel.
ATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

E SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 2.

Text of the Lesson, Math. iii, 7-17—Memory Verses, 13-17—Golden Text, Math. iii, 17—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Let me at the beginning of our study of the gospel by Matthew, in which we are to continue for six months, quote a few pregnant sentences from "Studies In the Gospels" by Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D.: Bible is a history of the contest be- ist and satan for man and his place; of redemption provided by proceeding from His love, with love determining the method and the end. The gospels are the history of that part of redemption which was wrought by the Lord Jesus Christ in His earthly life, death, burial and resurrection. The point of view of and the purpose in each gospel determine in every case what shall be inserted and omitted. The Old Testament closes with the Jewish nation looking for the fulfillment of the prophecies of a king who shall reign in righteousness, under whom the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. Matthew is the gospel of the Jewish king rejected, resulting in the rejection of the nation, until the church, His body, shall be gathered out of all nations. In the Old Testament God is for His people; in the gospels He is with His people; in the Epistles He is in His people. These three, God for us, God with us, God in us, are the method and the end of the Divine dealing, holiness eternal in the heavens, incarnate on earth, embodied in the saints."

7. "O generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come." Chapter i gives the genealogy of the King from Abraham to Joseph, the husband of Mary, who was of the royal line through Solomon, son of David. Luke iii gives the genealogy of Mary, who was also of the house of David, but through Nathan, the son of David. Math. i, 1, declares that Jesus Christ is the inheritor and fulfiller of all things promised to David and Abraham.

8. "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance," or, as in the margin, "answerable to amendment of life." Paul's preaching also was, "Repent and turn to God and do works meet for repentance" (Acts xxvi, 20). The teaching of all Scripture is that by nature we are away from God; God is calling us to come to Him, as He called Adam from his hiding place in the garden, and has ever since been seeking lost sinners. When we turn to Him, He receives us graciously, forgives us freely and makes us His children through Jesus' blood. Then He asks us to walk worthy of our calling.

9. "And think not to say within yourselves, 'We have Abraham to our Father.'" Even to our Lord Himself these people said proudly, "We be Abraham's seed," but He replied, "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham," and then He told them very plainly, "Ye are of your father, the devil" (John viii. 33, 39, 44). It will not do for us to say, "I am a member of the church, I have been baptized, my people are all Christians, I do the best I can," etc., as if any of these could save us. There must be a true reception of Jesus Christ as our own personal Saviour and a whole hearted reliance upon His merits only.

10. "Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Both in the Old Testament and in the New the believer is compared to a tree. See Ps. i, 3; Jer. xvii, 8, and compare our Lord's words in Math. xv, 13. "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

11. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." John sought no glory for himself, but he loved to point to a mightier than he, whose shoes he was not worthy to bear. We have not the glory we ever seek any glory for. Repentance and the forgiveness of sins are God's free gift and make us to be surely saved, but being saved we must be filled with the Spirit in order to serve Him and bear the fruit which will be to His glory and make manifest that we are His.

12. "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor and gather His wheat into the garner, but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." May there not be some reference here to the fire of the last verse? Compare the harvest time of chapter xiii, 40-43. I have heard people pray for the fire, and I have wondered if they were even ready for the Spirit.

13. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." Consider where He had been for the last 18 years since He said to His mother at Jerusalem, "I must be about My Father's business." He had certainly been about that business, but how and where? In the humble home and carpenter's shop of Nazareth, subject to Joseph and Mary, willing and obedient and waiting God's time for public work. We need to lay this to heart also.

14. "But John forbade Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me." So John was ever humble and ready to lay himself at Jesus' feet. When they told John a little later that all men were following Jesus, he replied, "I am not the Christ, but sent before Him; the friend of the bridegroom rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled" (John iii. 26-29). Just a voice; anything or nothing if only Christ is magnified.

15. "And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." This was His consecration to His public work, a life of constant and manifest death to self that He might glorify God, manifest and declare His Name and fulfill all that had been written of Himself in the law, the prophets and the Psalms. As His witnesses there is no other way for us than self renunciation.

16. "Lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him." Heaven is always witnessing what is going on on the earth, and, though there may be no outward manifestation as here, yet it is even so. I believe it firmly and have found great comfort in such assurances as II Chron. xvi, 9. At Pentecost the Spirit came as tongues of fire, for there was purification needed as well as power, but there was no sin in Christ.

17. "And, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It is written in Luke iii. 21, that Jesus was praying, and in John i, 32, that the Spirit abode upon Him. Here are very plainly the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The Spirit must have been always in Christ, but here is a new ministry of the Spirit at the beginning of His public work. Can we think of a month less?

LICIOUS CANDIES.

Simple Recipes For Making Some of the More Popular Confections.

Candies made at home are always enjoyed and appreciated and give pleasant employment for the young people in this holiday vacation. Following are a few recipes from the New York Sun for making confections:

A delicious confection in which nuts play a part is made thus: Chop together any kind of nuts you may have at hand, but do not have them too fine. Butter a bright biscuit tin and scatter the nuts over the pan. A[illegible] a little chopped can[illegible] lemon. Put in a [illegible] cherries, [illegible] of wa[illegible] and pat [illegible] squares while the candy is still soft. When it becomes cold, it can be broken apart in the lines.

To make cream candy place over the fire a vessel containing 2 large cupfuls of granulated sugar and half a dozen tablespoonfuls of water. Let the mixture boil until, when a little of the sirup is dropped into a cup of cold water, it will harden. The moment it will do this add 2 tablespoonfuls of vanilla and a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Then turn into a buttered dish, and when cool enough to handle with the hands pull it until it is white, cut into short lengths and set it away to get cold.

"Turkish delight" may be made as follows: Break an ounce of sheet gelatin into pieces and soak in half a cup of cold water for two hours. Weigh a pound of granulated sugar and put it in a granite pan with half a cup of cold water. Stand the pan over the fire, and, when the sugar is melted and comes to the boiling point add the soaked gelatin and boil steadily for 20 minutes. Flavor with the rind and juice of an orange, the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of rum. Wet a tin in cold water and turn this mixture in, having it about an inch in thickness, and stand away to harden. When it is jellied, cut into inch square pieces and roll them in confectioners' sugar. A few chopped nuts added with the flavoring are good.

To make chocolate almonds, blanch the almond meats by pouring boiling water over them and let them stand a few moments, then turn the hot water off and throw cold water over them. The skin may then be easily rubbed off. Break some sweet chocolate into small pieces, put them in a small dish and stand this dish over the fire in a pan of boiling water. When the chocolate is melted, put a blanched nut meat on the point of a flat pin and dip it into the melted chocolate, then lay it on oiled paper to cool. When the chocolate becomes set, the meats may be again taken up with a pin. Such a second coating of the chocolate will please all who are very fond of chocolate.

Chicken Timbales.

The following directions are from the Boston Cooking School Magazine:

Remove the meat from the breastbone of two raw chickens. Press it five or six times through a meat chopper. Season

TIMBALES DECORATED WITH TONGUE.

with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Beat into the mixture, one at a time, the whites of 3 eggs and then very gradually a pint of cream. Decorate some well buttered molds with a design cut from truffles or corned tongue of a red color. Fill two-thirds of each mold with the mixture, set them in a pan of hot water and cook on top of the stove or in the oven about 15 minutes. The water around them should not boil. Turn from the mold on to a hot platter and serve at once with a pint of white sauce into which a cup of chopped mushrooms has been cooking about ten minutes. Cut out papers to fit the bottom of the molds and put them in place before buttering the molds.

Decorative Hints.

For ordinary mantels in country houses a flower supplement, like those given away by the art magazines, can be framed in a delicate narrow band of whitewood and then placed just under the shelf. It is surprising how well they look. Decorator and Furnisher also suggests the following:

The ruffle which finishes a sofa pillow is often represented in different shades of ribbon carefully tree stitched on, forming some five inches in width, which when slightly gathered looks extremely pretty.

Things Women Want to Know.

Fancy bags of all shapes, sizes and kinds are among the most useful and acceptable of gifts to a woman.

The empire lamp shade, made of plain silk, lace or soft china silk, gathered, is the fashionable thing to have.

There is authority for the statement that many well dressed women are advocating and practicing home dressmaking.

Practical marketing—marketology—is a new branch of study introduced into fashionable schools for young women this season.

There is now made a platform scale specially designed for use in houses, particularly in bathrooms, and called a bathroom scale.

The latest thing is the old fashioned cross stitch in wool, with the high lights in silk, such as our grandmothers used to work. A cushion done in this material will last a generation.

Household Gods.

The ancient Greeks believed that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of today is Dr. King's New Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds and for all affections of throat, chest and lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at Dreier & Bro.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or $1.00 per bottle at Drier Bros'. Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guar[illegible]d to give perfect satisfaction [illegible] refunded. Price 25 [illegible] by Dreier

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

Handsome Designs In Corded Tailor Gowns.

POPULAR PLAID DRESS GOODS

Novelties In Various Fabrics—The Newest Colors—New Uses For Velvet—Modified Bustles In Use—Pretty Tea Gowns—Evening Costumes.

[Copyright, 1897, by American Press Association.]

One of the handsomest designs in tailor dressmaking is where the entire skirt and the full blouse waist are corded at regular intervals all over the surface in a round and round pattern. No color save the tint of the fine broadcloth was seen on one costume, but these little ridges, with stiff cord sewed in, seemed to give it all it needed to make a most elegant finish. No one but a postgraduate in the art of dressmaking should make an attempt at cording a tailor gown. The preferred color for fine cloth and venetian and also whipcord tailor suits are stone gray, tan, mode, biscuit and dark heliotrope. Some imperial and cadet blues are also seen. The dark, however, does not show up well when made, and the light is very delicate and soils quickly.

Overskirts and draped tunics are among the latest additions to the decoration of tailor costumes. These overskirts are precisely like those in vogue 10 and 11 years ago, the sole difference being in the braiding now put upon them instead of the Persian bands of old and the bordering of velvet or silk. These now are in shawl shape, in draped tablier and in long tunic form, caught up on one side in rich, heavy folds. A few are in the shape of a peplum, and are left open at the sides or in front and fastened across with some arrangement or other to match the trimming on the rest of the gown.

Just now the plaid dress goods are seen in unusually large numbers, but the clan plaids with their pronounced colors are for the most part relegated to children's wear and very stylish shirt waists. The darker, softer and more subdued colors are preferred for outdoor costumes, the dark blues, greens, browns and grays leading in favor. Velours and poplins are the leading plaids for very smart costumes, but cheviot, cloth, camel's hair and boucles are better liked by the conservative gentlewomen. The velours plaids are shown in enormous patterns of green and blue, with narrow lines of light silk upon them, like yellow and white or very pale blue and dark red or old gold. Velvet is, as it always was, the most suitable combination and trimming to use with plaid, but some of the dark and frouzy blouses now are garnished with braid in military loops and frogs.

There are some novelty woolen stuffs where the solid color is of twill in pale tints, overthrown with a raised design in black wool, which gives it the appearance of vermicelli design in braiding. Sometimes graduated stripes in bayadere design are woven on, and in still other cases the black pattern is woven in chevron lines. Still others are bordered with a design of alternate blocks of woolly black and the dress material. Some new zibeline and camel's hair stuffs have borders of deep wool astrakhan. Ottoman cloth is new to this generation and is a durable and handsome fabric and is most often produced in solid color. Ottoman of the best quality is used for fine tailor costumes. It has no luster, but a round stiffish corded surface. A few pieces of ottoman cloth have a mixture of threads in the weaving like covert suiting. Others again have knots and tufts of long silky black hairs. Browns with the black knots make up into most comfortably looking gowns for the winter. There are many novelties in zibelines, some of the newest having a mottled foundation in gray and black or gray and green, etc., but all with the soft filaments lying like natural hairs over the surface.

Among the newest colors are purples of every shade and reds from bright crimson to deep ox blood. Maroon, which has been out of date many years, and peacock blue are also among the new colors. Navy blue, yale, cadet and imperial are among the fashionable blues, but bluet, violet, sky and baby, besides ultramarine, are seen. Russian green, reseda green, rush and hunter's green are all seen in the cloths and velvets, besides the silks and ribbons.

Speaking of ribbons calls to mind a piece of new taffeta. It was three inches wide and had six stripes of brilliant scarlet and no less brilliant emerald green, with a fine line of cream satin between the two colors. It was too bright a contrast for ordinary eyesight, but it was only one of thousands of pieces quite as startling for millinery purposes. The roman stripes for sashes and in the silks for waists have colors quite as raw, but somehow they are arranged so that the general result is rich without being inharmonious. Some of the finest of the new Scotch plaid silks have the lines marking the outlines of the design made of black velvet. This gives an unusually rich effect, and this peplum absolutely require a little artificial support, and no skirt can be successfully draped without it. Draped skirts are surely returning to us. Several of the handsomest gowns of this season show decided attempts to restore the old shawl and wrinkled fronts. The shawl points in some cases are bordered with fur and have a head and three little fur tails at the point.

Tea gowns are very pretty and as a general rule not of such sumptuously extravagant style as they have been. I have seen but one of plush. That was of electric blue and had a band of creamy white mouflon all around the whole gown, down the front and around the bottom and sleeves, and also the enormous collar, which was of the plush, in a square sailor shape. The front of the gown was full and draped richly across the bust and again at the waist line. There was a loose belt of gold links, set with imitation turquoises. I should have said that the front was of china crape of a pink so faint that it was al[illegible] white. This was a superb gown. [illegible] is no dearer than that with [illegible] for street dresses, [illegible] blouses [illegible] requires [illegible] young [illegible]. Naturally the colors are carefully chosen, and the velvet is [illegible] in such way as not to interfere with the floating fluffiness of the gown. Swiss belts, draped sides and bodice points, leaving the upper parts to be swathed with the lighter stuff, in form of berthas or fancy yokes and collars, are all made of the velvet. Yellow velvet waists with tulle, lisse, silk mull or fish net in the same shade are beautiful and make the wearer look like a new kind of canary bird. Pink, blue and green are also seen. Not very much velvet is needed, but it certainly is effective when well arranged.

Nearly all the gowns now made look better for a slight distension in the back, and almost every handsome skirt has at least a tiny horsehair cushion set in the back at the belt. Many have regulation bustles reaching all the way down, only not very pronounced. The tunic overskirt and the The sleeves hung nearly to the feet, and the whole was lined with blush pink taffeta. The most popular tea gowns are made of cashmere or camel's hair in some delicate color and more simply trimmed. A gray one, with a little steel beading, or, if the maker is handy with her needle, a little embroidery of such flowers as would go well with the color, would be pretty. Fur, lace and ribbons are all suitable for the decoration of tea gowns. I notice, too, among those decorations many fancy theodora belts of metal, and also large, thick cords, with tassels, acorns or balls at the ends. Ribbons promise to be in better demand for trimmings than they have been, but only the fine satin or grosgrain ribbons are suitable for handsome gowns. The garter snake taffetas do well enough for everyday millinery, but only self colored ribbon is employed for the other requirements. Sash ribbons are sometimes in delicately figured taffetas and also roman stripes, but few care for them when so much daintier effects can be obtained by using wide moire or heavy satin ribbon edged with full ruffles of chiffon or silk muslin.

One tea gown for home wear on all ordinary occasions was of mauve cashmere. The back was watteau shape and the front falling full and loose from a pointed yoke. There was a rich purple ribbon belt to tie in front. An immense collar laid over the shoulders and the ends reached to the waist line. This was embroidered in dark green and gold floss, and was edged with a ruffle of lace. The lace ruffles turned to jabot folds and went on down to the bottom. This was pretty and graceful. There was a tea jacket of pale blue china silk. This had a deep hem and a row of dark blue baby ribbon run through the hemstitching. The sleeves were long and loose and bordered with double ruffles of lace with pale blue ribbons. The neck was finished with row upon row of alternate black and white lace. It was exceedingly tasteful. It was loosely belted with rather wide pale blue ribbon. These tea jackets are very popular. Many are made more like an empire coat or an outdoor open jacket, but the material, the lace and ribbons show plainly their intended use.

Evening gowns are just now the topic of greatest interest in fashion, as the most of the other garments have been already purchased. Two lovely dresses may well be copied. One is in pink taffeta with a silk mull overdress, with a gauffering around the bottom and a draped waist and sleeves. Marcen chrysanthemums and ribbon decorate the corsage. The other was of apple green taffeta, with 18 lines of white insertion running the length of the skirt. White lace ruffles are put on the bottom to form tabs. A similar arrangement is at the neck, with a puffing of white tulle at the top. A changeable crimson and cream taffeta silk sash was made to tie in the back. A sash was also put at the back of the pink dress, made, however, of the silk mull.

MATE LEROY.

SILK MULL AND TAFFETA EVENING GOWNS.

THE BOAT WAS LATE.

But Old Charon Had a Good Excuse For Pluto.

The day had faded into dusk, the furnace fires gleamed redly against the black background of night, and still there was no sign of the boat. Pluto, waiting at the slip, cursed Charon for a loitering old dotard and made a mental vow to replace him with a younger man on the morrow. Minutes slipped into hours, and day came again, but not the boat. Pluto's anger had given way to anxiety, and he feared that the funereal waters of the Styx now surged in requiem over the body of his trusted old servitor. Just as he was about to send out searching parties, however, the missing boat came round the bend with old Charon all safe and sound sitting at the helm. From stem to stern the boat was packed with people, and progress was of a necessity very slow. Pluto's face was hard and stern as he watched the people land, and it grew even more so when old Charon approached, with the passenger list in his trembling hand.

"Please, O master, it wasn't my fault!" he cried supplicatingly.

"It wasn't hey? Then whose was it?"

"Why, it was that trolley car conductor's. He kept insisting that there was room for one more."—New York Journal.

Serious.

Listener—And was the rescue attended by any serious results?

Narrator (concluding)—And as the result of the rescue I won a wife.—New York Journal.

A Bond of Sympathy.

"That new hired girl of ours goes out every night."

"I can sympathize with you. So does our furnace."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Millions NOW USE Pearline

SQUAN CREEK FOLKS.

JEP JONES TELLS OF A FIGHT WITH A BIG MOSQUITO.

Joe Hobson, Who Declared He Was No Liar, First Saw the Insect Which He Asserted Was as Large as a Goose—Every One Knew He Prevaricated.

During the palmy days of Squan Creek, when nearly every man in town prided himself on being a liar, a feller named Joe Hobson moved up from Barnegat and went into the lobster bizness. One of the first men he struck was Ebeneezer Higgins, and Eben shook hands with him and said:

"I never was down at Barnegat, but I hear you hev some awful liars there."

"Yes, some of the bustinest kind of liars," replied Hobson.

"Kin they beat our Squan Creek liars?"

"I dunno, but I guess they'd bust a lung in tryin."

"Are you much of a liar yourself?" asked Eben, with an anxious look.

"I'm no liar at all. I can't remember that I ever told one in all my life. I wasn't sot agin lyin down at Barnegat, and I'm not goin to be sot agin lyin at Squan Creek. It's jest my way not to lie. Them as wants to lie kin lie, and I'll be nayburly with 'em, but I shall keep right on ketchin lobsters and stickin to the truth."

"I dunno how you'll git along in this town if ye don't lie. We hain't got but one kind of society, and that's high society, and no man who hain't a liar is considered swell. Better jine us."

Mr. Hobson said he thought he'd keep on in the old way for awhile anyhow, as the doctors said he had heart trouble and he mustn't git no sudden shock. Ebeneezer put everybody on to the fact that the Barnegat man was no patriot nor patronizer of home industry, and he got the cold shoulder on all sides. If he'd bin willin to listen to other folks' lies, we could hev half respected him, but he wasn't. The minit that any one begun to tell of a shark 30 feet long, a sea turtle as big as a bathhouse or a one eyed whale cavortin around the bay and carryin an anchor in his mouth Mr. Hobson would take out his Testament and begin to read aloud. He had a nice wife and two children, but society in Squan Creek gin the fam'ly the cold cut, and all the grocers wanted cash down fur sugar and tea. Things was made mighty lonesome fur the truthful man, and at the end of three months Abraham Spooner met him one day and says:

"Mr. Hobson, are the lobsters walkin into the pots accordin to expectashun?"

"I can't say they are," replies Mr. Hobson.

"Do you find Squan Creek folks all you could wish fur?"

"I can't say that I do. No, I can't skassly say that and speak the truth."

"Take it all around, things is purty homesickish, I guess?"

"That's what they be, and I'm purty nigh discouraged."

"Mr. Hobson," says Abraham in a feelin way, "it ain't no use to hold out agin high society any longer."

"I'm sorter thinkin that way," says Hobson, "but my mind hain't fully made up yit. I'm rayther afeard of my heart, I am."

"Shoo about yer heart! Jest git up tomorrer mornin and begin to lie, and I'll warrant yer heart will be all right. If you want anybody to post you, jest call on me, as I'm one of the pioneer liars of this town. In fact, I told the fust lie ever shot off in Squan Creek."

Mr. Hobson wouldn't promise anything definite, but we begun to hev hopes of him. One mornin three or four days later he told about comin across the marsh at night and bein jumped on by a skeeter which he declared was as big as a full grown goose and had claws which rattled and teeth which chanked. When he told that, we almost wep' fur joy, and Moses Gubby put his arms around Mr. Hobson and cried out:

"Brothers, another liar has come among us and must hev our love and purteeshun. All hail the noble liar from Barnegat!"

"But I hain't no liar," says Mr. Hobson.

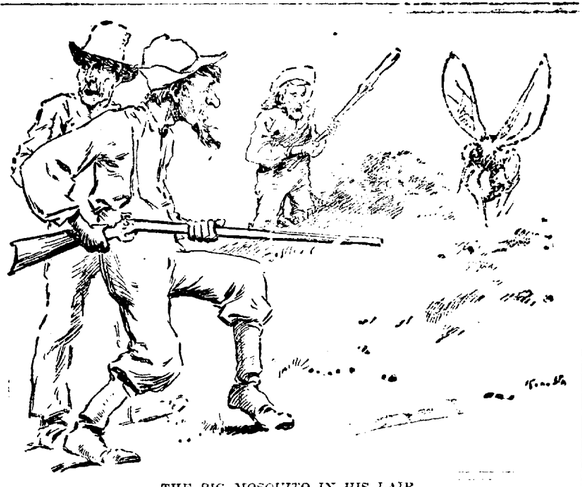
"But you must be."

"But I'm tellin the solemn truth about that skeeter, and I want you to believe me. If I'm a liar, then I be struck dead."

Then we rejoiced sum more. He lied, and we knowed he lied, and we j'ined hands and circled around him and took him into high society at once. That night he was out on the marsh ag'in, huntin fur a lost knife or sunthin, and next day he retold that same story about the skeeter. He did more. He showed us two places whar he had bin bit, the same as if a dog had put his teeth into him, and his coat was torn and his hat was chawed. He talked so airnestly and made so many moshuns that his wife and children believed he was tellin the truth. Nobody else in Squan Creek did. We fu[illegible] Hobson [illegible]

Things went on fur a week, and then one day Mr. Hobson was found dead on the marsh. He hadn't come home the night before, and he had bin bit and clawed to death within half a mile of his house. It was that 'skeeter that did it. We turned out with guns and made a hunt fur him and roused him out of his lair. He bit Ebeneezer Higgins in the leg and laid him up fur a month, and he clawed Abraham Spooner so bad that it took two doctors to save his life. He got away by swimmin across Porpoise creek, but more'n 30 of us saw him as plain as day. He was about the size of a gander, had wings like a goose, and his mouth was full of teeth an inch long. Thar was no mistake about his bein a skeeter, though he was the biggest one ever seen around Squan Creek. He was supposed to be about 100 years old, and it was purty generally agreed that he was blind in the left eye and as bobtailed as a rabbit. Everybody was disappointed that he got away, but what hurt us most was findin out that Joe Hobson hadn't gone back on the truth, as we allowed he had, but had stuck to it and offered up his life as a sacrifice. Nobody turned out to the funeral, and his grave hain't got no headstun to this day.

M. QUAD.



THE BIG MOSQUITO IN HIS LAIR.

A Rule.

"You have something of a reputation as a literary critic," said the deep man's confidential friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "That is easily attained. Whenever I find a book so interesting in plot that I can't lay it down"—

"You commend it?"

"No. I say it's rather clever, but it isn't real literature."

The Eternal Feminine.

"What did she want?" asked the cashier, as the feminine visitor flounced indignantly out of the bank.

"She asked for a New York draft," meekly responded the teller.

"Well?"

"She wouldn't take it because I told her we didn't give trading stamps."—Chicago Journal.

He Remained.

"When I saw you in Sing Sing," said the visitor, "you went by the name of Sam Swipes. Do you go by that name still?"

"No," said the prisoner sadly; "that is my name, but I don't go at all."—New York Sunday World.

A Composer.

Ethel—Who was that man you just bowed to?

Penelope—That was Dobson, the great composer.

Ethel—A composer, did you say?

Penelope—He manufactures soothing sirup.—London Tit-Bits.

Inured.

First Ibsenite—Ibsen has been burlesqued by a clown in Christiania. Could anything be more shocking?

Second Ibsenite—I believe I could stand to see it. I have heard him read by a 16-year-old elocutionist.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How He Acquired Them.

Ned—Here comes one of my sisters down the avenue.

Hal—Why, I wasn't aware that you had any sisters.

Ned—Oh, yes; I have three—by refusal!—Chicago News.

His Blunder.

"Ah, I see I have conveyed a wrong impression!" said the young man who had mistakenly kissed the young woman's maiden aunt in the darkened hallway as he came in.—Chicago Tribune.

Pertinent.

"Ah, yes," said the star, "I have been married for eight years."

"Continuously?" asked the critical one, but the query was deemed unworthy of reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Recognized It.

"One of the leading Czechs rejoices in the name of Czwrczek."

"Say, I recognize that. It's the machine the dentist bores out the cavity with."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Repeater.

Miss Bragg (proudly)—I had 14 proposals last season.

Miss Sharpe—Who was he, dear?—Illustrated Bits.

Plainly Honest.

"Honest?" he exclaimed. "Honest! Well, rather. He not only wouldn't steal from an individual, but he actually refused to steal from the government once when he had the opportunity."—Chicago Post.

A. [illegible]tersley & Son

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[illegible]M AND [illegible]

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[...] OF THE DEEP.

[...] Talmage Talks About God Amid the Coral Reefs.

The Wonderful Masonry of the Minute Marine Insects—Lessons From the Coral—God's Love of the Beautiful.

In the following sermon Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage leads his auditors through a rare channel of contemplation of God's wonders. The text is:

No mention shall be made of coral.—Job xxviii., 18.

Why do you say that, inspired dramatist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the onyx, which is used for making exquisite cameos, and the sapphire, sky-blue, and topaz of rhombic prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a transport of color to those who have studied it, is not worthy of mention in comparison with our holy religion. "No mention shall be made of coral." At St. Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum built by the chief citizen, as I examined a specimen on the shelf, I first realized what a holy of holies God can build and has built in the temple of one piece of coral. I do not wonder that Ernst Heckel, the great scientist, while in Ceylon, was so entranced with the specimens which some Cingalese divers had brought up for his inspection that he himself plunged into the sea, and went clear under the waves at the risk of his life, again, and again, and again, that he might know more of the coral, the beauty of which he indicates can not even be guessed by those who have only seen it above water, and after the polyps, which are its sculptors and architects, have died and the chief glories of these submarine flowers have expired. Job, in my text, did not mean to deprecate this divine sculpture in the coral reefs along the sea coasts. No one can afford to deprecate these white palaces of the deep, built under God's direction. He never changes His plans for the building of the islands and shores: and for uncounted thousands of years the coral gardens, and the coral castles, and the coral battlements go on and up. I charge you that you will please God and please yourself if you will go into the minute examination of the corals—their foundations, their pinnacles, their aisles, their pillars, their curves, their cleavages, their reticulation, their grouping—families of them, towns of them, cities of them, and continents of them. Indeed, you can not appreciate the meaning of my text unless you know something of the coral. Labyrinthian, stellar, columnar, floral, dented like shields from battle, spotted like leopards, embroidered like lace, hung like upholstery—twilight and auroras and sunbursts of beauty! From deep crimson to milk-white are its colors. You may find this work of God through the animalcules eighty fathoms down, or amid the breakers, where the sea dashes the wildest, and beats the mightiest, and bellows the loudest. These sea creatures are ever busy. Now they build islands in the center of the Pacific ocean. Now they lift barriers around the continent. Indian ocean, Red sea and coast of Zanzibar have specimens of their infinitesimal but sublime masonry. At the recession of the tides you may in some places see the top of their Alpine elevations, while elsewhere nothing but the deep-sea soundings from the decks of the Challenger, the Porcupine [...] Lightning of the British [...] announce them. [...] Gauls employed the coral to adorn their helmets and the hilts of swords. In many lands it has been used as amulets. The Algerian reefs in one year (1873) had at work amid the coral 311 vessels, with 3,150 sailors, yielding in profit $565,000. But the secular and worldly value of the coral is nothing as compared with the moral and religious, as when, in my text, Job employes it in comparison. I do not know how anyone can examine a coral the size of the thumbnail without bethinking himself of God and worshipping Him, and feeling the opposite of the great infidel surgeon, lecturing to the medical students in the dissecting room upon a human eye which he held in his hand, showing its wonders of architecture and adaptation, when the idea of God flashed upon him so powerfully he cried out to the students. "Gentlemen, there is a God; but I hate Him." Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out: "There is a God, and I adore Him."

Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never comes to human observation. Sunrises and sunsets He hangs up for nations to look at; He may green the grass, and round the dew into pearl, and set on fire autumnal foliage to please mortal sight, but those thousands of miles of coral achievement I think He has had built for His own delight. In those galleries He alone can walk. The music of those keys played on by the fingers of the wave He only can hear. The snow of that white and the bloom of that crimson He alone can see. Having garnitured this world to please the human race, and lifted a glorious Heaven to please the angelic intelligences, I am glad that He has planted these gardens of the deep to please Himself. But here and there God allows specimens of submarine glory to be brought up and set before us for sublime contemplation. While I speak, these great nations of zoophytes, meandrinas, and madrepores, with tentacles for trowel, are building just such coral as we find in our text. The diamond may be more rare, the crystal may be more sparkling, the chrysoprase may be more ablaze, but the coral is the long, deep, everlasting blush of the sea. Yet Job, who understood all kinds of precious stones, declares that the beauty and value of the coral are nothing compared with our holy religion, and he picks up this coralline formation and looks at it, and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of, and cries out in ecstacy of admiration for the superior qualities of our religion: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Take my hand, and we will walk through this bower of the sea, while I show you that even exquisite coral is not worthy of being compared with the richer jewels of a Christian soul. The first thing that strikes me in looking at the coral is its long-continued accumulation. It is not turned up like Cotopaxi, but is an outbutting and an outbranching of ages. In Polynesia there are reefs hundreds of feet deep and 1,000 miles long. Who built these reefs, these islands? The zoophytes, the corallines. They were not such workers who built the pyramids as were these masons, these creatures of the sea. What small creations amounting to what vast aggregation? Who can estimate the ages between the time when the madrepores laid the foundation of the islands and the time when the madrepores put on the capstone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guess through how many years the corallines were bu[...] ing the Sandwich and Society i[...] and the Marshall and Gilbert [...] But more slowly and wonderf[...]

c[...] in the [...] so[...] courage[...] up[...] the soul doe[...] no[...] on mo[...] idi[...] Why, you have all eterni[...] built[...]! The little annoyances of [...]e zoophite builders, and there wi[...] small layer on top of small lay[...] and fossilized grief on the top[...] fossilized grief. Grace doe[...]t go up rapidly in your soul, bu[...]essed be God, it goes up. Ten tho[...]d million ages will not finish yo[...] You will never be finished. On forever! Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise the reefs, the islands, the continents, the hemispheres of grandeur and glory. Men talk as though in this life we only had time to build; but what we build in this life, as compared with what we shall build in the next life, is as a striped shell to Australia. You go into an architect's study and there you see the sketch of a temple, the corner-stone of which has not yet been laid. O, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets! You do not scold the corallines because they can not build an island in a day. Why should you scold yourself because you can not complete a temple of holiness for the heart in this short lifetime? You tell me we do not amount to much now, but try us after a thousand million ages of hallelujah. Let us hear the angels chant for a million centuries. Give us an eternity with God, and then see if we do not amount to something. More slowly and marvelously accumulative is the grace in the soul than anything I can think of. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Lord help us to learn that which most of us are deficient in—patience. If Thou canst take, through the sea-anemones, millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or 50 years without complaint, without restlessness, without chafling of spirit? Patience with the erring; patience that we can not have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems slow fulfillment of Bible promises; patience with physical ailments; patience under delays of Providence. Grand, glorious, all-enduring, all-conquering patience! Patience like that which my lately ascended friend, Dr. Abel Stevens, describes when writing of one of Wesley's preachers, John Nelson, who, when a man had him put in prison by false charges, and being for a long time tormented by his enemy, said: "The Lord lifted up a standard when the anger was coming on like a flood, else I should have wrung his neck to the ground and set my foot upon it." Patience like that of Pericles, the Athenian statesman, who, when a man pursued him to his own door, hurled at him epithets, and arriving there when it had become dark, sent his servant with a torch to light his enemy back to his home. Patience like that eulogized by the Spanish proverb when it says: "I have lost the rings, but here are the fingers still." Patience! The sweetest sugar for the sourest cup; the balance-wheel for all mental and moral machinery; the foot that treads into placidity the stormiest lake; the bridle for otherwise rash tongues; the sublime silence that conquers the boisterous and blatant. Patience like that of the most illustrious example of all the ages—Jesus Christ; patient under betrayal; patient under the treatment of Pilate's oyer and terminer; patient under the expectation of His assailants; patient under flagellation; patient under the charging spears of the Roman cavalry; patient unto death. Under all exasperations employ it. Whatever comes, stand in and hold on; wait, bear up.

Take my hand again, and we will go a little further into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is hot the coral is wealthy. Draw two isothermal lines at 60 degrees north and south of the equator, and you will find the favorite home of the coral. Go to the hottest part of the Pacific seas and you find the finest specimens of coral. Coral is a child of the fire. But more wonderfully do the heats and fires of trouble bring out the jewels of the Christian soul. These are not the stalwart men who are asleep on the shaded lawn, but those who are pounding amid the furnaces. I do not know of any other way of getting a thorough Christian character. I will show you a picture. Here are a father and a mother 30 or 35 years of age. Their family around them. It is Sabbath morning. They have prayers. They hear the children's catechism. They have prayers every day of the week. They are in humble circumstances. But, after awhile the wheel of fortune turns up, and the man gets his $20,000. Now he has prayers on the Sabbath and every day of the week, but he has dropped the catechism. The wheel of fortune turns up again, and he gets $80,000. Now he has prayers on Sabbath morning alone. The wheel of fortune keeps turning up, and he has $200,000, and now he has prayers on Sabbath morning when he feels like it and there is no company. The wheel of fortune keeps on turning up, and he has his $300,000 and no prayers at all. For a leaf clover in a pasture field is not so scarce as family prayers in the houses of people who have more than $300,000. But now the wheel of fortune turns down, and the man loses $200,000 out of the $300,000. Now on Sabbath morning he is on a stepladder looking for a Bible under the old newspapers on the bookcase. He is going to have prayers. His affairs are more and more complicated, and after awhile, crash goes his last dollar. Now he has prayers every morning, and he hears his grandchildren the catechism. Prosperity took him away from God; adversity drove him back to God. Hot climate to make the coral; hot and scalding trouble to make the jewels of grace in the soul. We all hate trouble, and yet it does a great deal for us. You have heard, perhaps, of that painter who wished to get an expression of great distress for his canvas, and who had his servant lash a man fast and put him to great torture, and then the artist caught the look on the victim's face and immediately transferred it to the canvas. Then he said to the servant, "More torture," and under more torture there was a more thorough expression of pain, and the artist said: "Stop there; wait till I catch that expression. There! Now I have it upon the canvas. Let loose the victim. I have a work that will last forever." "Oh," you say, "he was an inhuman painter." No doubt about it. Trouble is cruel and inhuman; but he is a great painter, and out of our tears and blood on his palette, he makes colors that never die. Oh, that it might be a picture of Christian fortitude, of shining hope!

On the day I was licensed to preach the Gospel an old Christian man took my hand and said: "My son, when you ge[...] a tight corner on Saturday ni[...]hout a[...] sermon, send for [...]ll pre[...] for you." Well, [...] e[...]ncouragement to be [...] ch[...] good old minister, [...] I got into [...] and he came and [...] and it was the last sermon [...] ever preached. All the tears I cried at his funeral could not express my affection for that man, who was willing to help me out of a tight corner. Ah! my friends, that is what we all want—somebody to help us out of a tight corner. You are in one now. How do I know it? I am used to judging of human countenances, and I see beyond the smile and beyond the courageous look with which you hide your feelings from others. I know you are in a tight corner. What to do? Do as I did when I sent for old Dr. Scott. Do better than I did—send for the Lord God of Daniel, and of Joshua, and of every other man who got into a tight corner. "O," says some one, "why can not God develop me through prosperity instead of through adversity?" I will answer your question by asking another. Why does not God dye our northern and temperate seas with the coral? You say: "The water is not hot enough." There! In answering my question you have answered your own. Hot climate for richest specimens of coral; hot trouble for the jewels of the soul. The coral-fishers going out from Torre del Grecco never brought ashore such fine specimens as are brought out of the scalding surges of misfortune. I look down into the tropical sea, and there is something that looks like blood, and I say: "Has there been a great battle down there?" Seeming blood scattered all up and down the reefs. It is the blood of the coral, and it makes me think of those who come out of great tribulation and have their robes washed white in the Blood of the Lamb. But these gems of earth are nothing to the gems of Heaven. "No mention shall be made of coral."

I take your hand again and walk a little further on in this garden of the sea, and I notice the durability of the work of the coral. Montgomery speaks of it. He says: "Frail were their forms, ephemeral their lives, their masonry imperishable." Rhizopods are insects so small they are invisible, and yet they built the Appenines and they planted for their own monument the Cordilleras! It takes 187,000,000 of them to make one grain. Corals are changing the navigation of the sea, saying to the commerce of the world: "Take this channel;" "take that channel;" "avoid the other channel." Animalcules beating back the Atlantic and Pacific seas! If the insects of the ocean have built a reef a thousand miles long, who knows but that they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, and thus that by one stone bridge Europe shall be united with this continent on one side, and by another stone bridge Asia will be united with this continent on the other; and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel or the spread of a ship's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophecy: "There shall be no more sea."

But the durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for God. The coral is going to crumble in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer. Unmercifully criticised by brother artists and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for 25 years, and forced, on his way to Vienna, to beg food and lodging at a very plain house by the roadside. In the evening the family opened a musical instrument and played and sang with great enthusiasm; and one of the numbers they rendered was so emotional that tears ran down their their cheeks while they sang and played. Beethoven, sitting in the room, too deaf to hear the singing, was curious to know what was the music that so overpowered them, and when they got through he reached up and took the folio in his had and found it was his own music—Beethoven's Symphony in A—and he cried out: "I wrote that!" The house hold sat and stood abashed to find that their poor-looking guest was the great composer. But he never left that house alive. A fever seized him that night, and no relief could be afforded, and in a few days he died. But just before expiring he took the hand of his nephew, who had been sent for and had arrived, saying: "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Poor Beethoven! His work still lives, and in the twentieth century will be better appreciated than it was in the nineteenth; and as long as there is on earth an orchestra to play or an oratorio to sing, Bethoven's nine symphonies will be the echantment of nations. But you are not a composer, and you say that there is nothing remarkable about you—only a mother trying to rear your family for usefulness and Heaven. Yet the song with which you sing your child to sleep will never cease its mission. You will grow old and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here, and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullabies of this century will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet, do you suppose the rhizopod said: "There is no need of my working; I can not build the Cordilleras." Do you suppose the madrepore said: "There is no need of my working; I can not build the Sandwich Islands." Each one attended to his own business; and there are the Sandwich Islands, and there are the Cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great enterprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world see its close. I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal corallum I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. I pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the ocean's immortal gladness. Better be insignificant and useful than great and idle. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across the land and leave their skeletons through the strata, while the coral-lines went on heaving up the islands all covered with fruitage and verdure. Better be a coralline than a mastodon. So now I am trying to make one little coralline. The polyp picks out of the wave that smites it carbonate of lime, and with that builds up its own insectile masonry. So out of the wave of your tears I take the salt; out of the bruise I take the blue, and out of your bleeding heart I take the red, and out of them altogether I make this coral, which I pray may not be disowned in the day when God makes up His jewels.

Every minister feels that [...] cramped in his work in the [...]

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNAL.

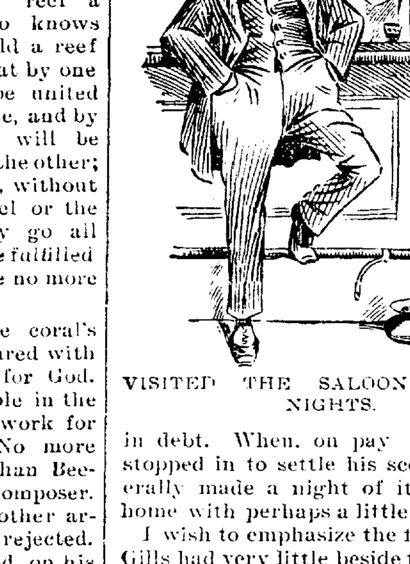
How Mrs. Gill Helped the Wests on Their Feet Again.

To my mind this story has a correct and fitting title because all interested were poor. The Gills were living—that was all. Had they possessed the income of the Wests they would have felt independent, but the Wests were by far the worse off of the two families. Besides the Wests were six—four of them children. The Gills constituted Mr. and Mrs. Gill—that was all.

To go back in the history of the Wests for a moment. West was a first-class mechanic, a machinist. He was a faithful workman and for that reason always had employment even in the hardest times. Up to two years before this story begins things had gone well with the Wests. They had bought a lot and built a home, a little, one-story brick cottage. The payments had been met promptly and it had been paid for. Then West contracted the grip and before he was well enough to work again there was a $200 mortgage on the house. Worse than that, the doctor who had attended West during his illness had been free in prescribing whisky and when West got about he found a little nip rather agreeable after work was over.

Mrs. West was a pretty girl when West married her and a good housekeeper. She was neat and pretty still when West was taken down with the grip, but the worry of the illness and the sleepless nights and another baby soon after his recovery, ran her health down to quite an extent. Her interest in her house and the color from her cheeks disappeared. Besides, a year had passed and not one dollar of the mortgage had been paid. West promised to reform and did his best, but the best he could do was fail.

The man who kept the corner saloon learned that West would pay his debts and was susceptible to flattery, therefore he used to tell him what a clever fellow he was and permitted him to run



VISITED THE SALOON ON PAY NIGHTS.

in debt. When, on pay night, West stopped in to settle his score, he generally made a night of it and went home with perhaps a little silver.

I wish to emphasize the fact that the Gills had very little beside their health, which was fairly good. No matter what Gill did to maintain himself and wife—that has nothing to do with this annal. Some one told her the story of the Wests. She asked a few questions, got the Wests' address and went home resolved. At supper she informed Gill that she wanted him to enter into some charitable work.

"I would like to know what with," said Gill.

"With me."

"But you know, my dear, in these hard times—"

"It won't cost a cent, only, perhaps, a few car fares."

Well, Mrs. Gill called on the West family and got the story of West's fall. She cheered Mrs. West up, said she would see to it that West paid the grocery bill and then read Mrs. West a severe lecture on the condition of the house.

"I can't do it all, you must help," concluded Mrs. Gill. "I'll be over to-morrow. Have the house cleaned up, won't you?"

Mrs. West promised. Then Mrs. Gill went to the grocer and gave him a lecture on business.

"Why don't you make West pay that bill? Don't you know that he pays his saloon bills? Don't you know that there is a mortgage on his house and that it may be foreclosed and you lose your bill?"

The grocer became excited—he was a nervous little man.

"I'm going to try and straighten that family out," said Mrs. Gill, "and I want you to help me by making West pay that bill. Threaten to garnishee his wages. Walk into him—make him."

The grocer promised.

The next night after Mrs. Gill's call he came home and found the house looking bright and cheery. It staggered him, but it also reached his heart. The supper was quite the best his wife had ever set before him—so he said. The children, clean and healthy, made him feel proud of them. The wife smiled often and brought him an evening paper to read while she was doing the supper work. Then she came in and sat down beside him, and, when he lay down his paper began to talk to him, not about his faults, but the happy days before they left England, when they were lovers. The hours slipped by and he did not speak of going out. At last, hours after the children had come and kissed him good-night—which was unusual—and had been put to bed, he said he believed it was bedtime. He looked up and saw tears in the wife's eyes back of their smile.

"What is it, lass?" he said, and she thanked him for staying home with her.

When Mrs. Gill called and heard how things were going she gave a few more orders and left.

West stayed in till pay night, then he fell, but he got home with most of his pay, and the next morning the grocer got five dollars on account. But the worst, according to Mrs. West, was to come—West would drink Sunday aft[...]noon. Then Gill was pressed into [...] work.

Mrs. West had told her husband that Mr. and Mrs. Gill were going to call Sunday.

"I have no clothes fit to be seen in," said West.

"That will make no difference to them," declared Mrs. West, and he stayed till the Gills came.

Gill had his orders. Inside of fi[...] minutes he had West talking as if they had known him years. For hours they argued the matter of slide and rolling valves and other mysterious things concerning engines. Gill had read up before he came.

The afternoon wore away and it was dark before the visitors le[...] toward the last Gill [...] that West ha[...] [...] "missis," as he called his [...] kind [...] let things run down, a[...] been going out quite a bit."

"Too nice a family to n[...] West," said Gill, "fine children."

"Well," said West, "of late the missis has brushed up a bit, and I'm going to."

Mrs. Gill kept Mrs. West's courage up, and the home brightened. West fought it out well. When he would begin to grow restless his wife would send word to the Gills, and the next evening they would drop in unexpectedly. The men would talk by the hour, and the women would sit near and feel hopeful. West confided to a certain extent in Gill, and told him how badly he wanted to go out sometimes, but how he fought it off. Gill, who was a bit of a student of human nature, would say: "You have a wonderful will-power, West. Why, do you know I would be surprised if you ever drank another drop." This would strengthen West's belief in himself, and bridge him over till the next call.

"It only took two months," said Mrs. Gill to me not long since, "and West was safe. The mortgage is paid off, and they are happy again; he never drinks a drop. I think we spent one dollar and five cents in car fare."—Paul Armstrong, in Union Signal.

ALCOHOL IN COOKING.

Thoughtlessness on Part of Housewives That Is Almost Criminal.

Shall we be required to answer for all sins of thoughtlessness? If so, a large number of Christian people will find a long score against them for tempting people who are trying to reform, or for creating an appetite for strong drink, by using alcoholic liquors in their cooking. Wine sauces, brandy puddings and cider-flavored mince pies have been the stumbling-block over which many a man, trying to reform, has fallen.

A young man who had been a hard drinker, and had been taken to his palatial home dead drunk many a time, decided to reform and make something of his life. He signed the pledge and fought bravely to keep it.

One day he said to a friend: "I do not think I can remain at home and keep my pledge."

His friend asked why, and he replied:

"I can make myself go past saloons. I can remain away from the club, but I must go to the dinner table at home, and there often I find wine sauces; and the very smell of them stirs up my old appetite so it seems as if I would go wild."

The mother was told of her son's trials, and replied, as so many other women have done: "O, it's all nonsense; a little wine or brandy in cooking can't hurt anyone; it's just an excuse."

The writer knows other men who have given up strong drink, who never dare taste of a mince pie or any kind of pudding away from home, for fear they might find some flavor of strong drink that would make it a hard fight for them to keep the pledge.

And yet women, when their attention is called to these facts, will say: "Men have no business to be so weak," and go on cooking with the recipes themselves, and recommend them to their neighbors, forgetting what the Bible says about making one of these little ones to offend.

If some voice or pen could only arouse these thoughtless women, and get them to banish wine, brandy and cider from their pantries, it would not only be a blessing to the men who are trying to reform, but would save many others from forming an appetite for strong drink at their mother's table.—Golden Censer.

IS VERY INJURIOUS.

A Respiratory Symptom Noticed in One Poisoned by Tobacco.

Dr. Morrow reports several cases of tobacco poisoning in which a certain peculiarity of respiration was noticed. In each case reported the patient was an excessive user of the "weed," and all presented about the same symptoms. The patients would take a deep inspiration, and then there would be no further breathing for a considerable interval, when there would again be a deep breath, attended with a sigh. Chapman reports cases of a similar nature, where the breathing is described as irregular, consisting of several short, shallow respirations, followed by a deep and gasping one.

Experiments made upon rabbits which had been poisoned with tobacco gave results as follows: 1. Slowing of respiration. 2. Quickening to beyond the original rate. 3. Slowing again and shallowing. 4. A change in type, in which expiration became absolutely passive, and the breathing consisted of an infrequent deep respiration, gasping in character. Next the pneumogastric nerves were cut and the experiment repeated as before with practically the same results.

The poisoning seems to act principally on the respiratory center, paralyzing the expiratory division of it and rendering the whole center insensitive to afferent nervous impulses.

He concludes by stating that a fairly common symptom of tobacco poisoning is a deep, gasping inspiration, occurring at intervals and sometimes quite audible. This may be practically the only symptom complained of. It is probably due to the paralyzing action of the drug on the respiratory center, affecting especially the expiratory division, but also diminishing the irritability of the whole center to afferent impulses. This symptom may persist from a few days to some months after the poison is discontinued. — British Medical Journal.

LITTLE TEMPERANCE TALKS.

An acquired taste frequently results in an acquired headache.—N. Y. Journal.

The liquor traffic blocks the way of every honest reform.—National Temperance Advocate.

The best tonic and blood purifier is nature's own medicine—pure spring water.—Good Health.

When every teetotaler becomes an earnest Christian, and every professing Christian an aggressive teetotaler, the days of the liquor traffic will be numbered.—National Temperance Advocate.

It is reported that 50 per cent. of the young men of Switzerland who would otherwise be eligible for military service are rendered unfit for it, owing to the marked physical deterioration produced in them by excessive drinking.

A year ago not less than 43 total abstinence mayors were elected in England. Twenty of these were entertained recently by the lord mayor of London and gave their testimony to the benefits of total abstinence.—National Temperance Advocate.

By the increased flow of blood through the brain and by the contact of alcohol with the brain substances important changes are gradually brought about in the brain. The cells of the gray matter become fatty and [...]ken, and as a result there is a [...]ge of the cere[...]

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name."

We are Thy children; prone to go astray,
Wandering, self-guided, from the narrow way;
Help us to learn that only Heaven is home;
And present life prepares for life to come;
That love to Thee, fraternity with men,
Doing the good we would receive again,
Will help our common prayer to be the same.
Father—"our Father, Hallowed be Thy name!"

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in Heaven."

"Thy will be done;" Thy will is perfect peace;
That war and bloodshed should forever cease;
That innocence should take the place of crime,
Error be overcome by truth sublime;
That charity and kindness should succeed,
Rather than envy, selfishness and greed;
That all Thy creatures should unite as one,
In the petition: Let Thy will be done.

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Thy bounty feeds us; earth at Thy command,
Supplies our wants with ever liberal hand;
And we, Thy debtors, hopeless to retrieve,
Must ask to be forgiven, as we forgive.
Fearful the thought that pardon may depend
On that which to our debtors we extend:
Bankrupt are we, and crying in our need,
"Forgive our debts" and "Give us daily bread."

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Along our path many allurements lie,
Prompting to wrong in forms seductively;
Evil attends us still without, within,
Our good intents opposed by present sin.
Lead Thou us on; be Thou our guard and guide,
Through dangers that beset on every side;
Defenseless else; for none but the All-powerful,
Is able to "deliver us from evil."

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Thine is the kingdom;" Over all supreme!
"Thine is the power;" Almighty is Thy name!
And "Thine the glory;" Heavenly hosts adore,
Veiling their faces as they bow before
The presence of Thy awful majesty;
Forever saying: "Glory be to Thee!"
Maker, Preserver, Ruler, hear us when
We join with reverence in the grand "Amen."

—J. H. Cloyes, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

SACRED SILENCE.

It Is Helpful to Often Get Away from the Noisy World.

What a noisy world we are living in! For even the most retired it is impossible to get away from the clatter of machinery. The push and rush of the age is affecting us all. At no time have nervous diseases been so numerous as now, and those who are making it a study say that insanity is alarmingly on the increase. Is it not time to call a halt? Is not this incessant activity crowding out, to our great loss, the contemplative, meditative and reflective part of our nature and life?

The same activity is observable in religion. The church is a beehive compared with what it was a century ago. Societies of many names are found in every well-organized church. All is bustle and stir. It is the Martha age. To sit still like Mary at the Master's feet seems impossible. The two dispositions, however, suggest what ought to be found in every follower. The fully-sphered Christian life consists of halves, which fit each other and which ought never to be separated, the active and the meditative. "Let all the earth keep silence before Him," cries the prophet. What for? That they may hear the voice of God.

God is heard in the stillness. Ages ago God purposed to reveal Himself to Elijah. He was not in the tempest; He was not in the shock of the earthquake; He was not in the fire; but in the still, small voice. As in Eden, He was known by the zephyr. The voice of conscience can best be heard, approving or disapproving, when the soul is silent.

The highest and best life alternates between great activity and silence. The Saviour left us His example. He frequently separated Himself from the crowds and sought a place of seclusion for meditation and communion with God. He withdrew into sacred, holy silence. Meditation is mental and spiritual digestion. By taking the truth and turning it over and over in our thoughts till our affections cling around it is to assimilate it and turn it into character. Activity is growth upward, meditation is growth downward; the one is the growth of trunk, limbs, leaves and fruit, the other is the growth of roots. Both are essential. The active and the contemplative cannot be separated. A separation of tree and roots means death to both; a complete separation of the active and the reflective in Christian life is equally fatal.

"Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."

—E. J. Blehkink, in Christian Work.

SPEAR POINTS.

Sharp and Pithy Sayings from the Columns of the Ram's Horn.

A lie, like a note, must be met at last.

The creed will not be wrong if the life is right.

If you wish to know a man's character learn his thoughts.

He who casts stones at others makes of himself a target for their return.

Reading should teach us how to seek for truth, meditation how to find it.

Whoever will do good will find life too short for the work he will find to do.

The development of the best within us is oftener due to our failures than to our successes.

He who always complains of the clouds, receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

Many a loud amen is nothing more than a brag by the man who makes it.

When the X rays are so perfected as to reveal a man's thought there will be a radical change in thinking.

Never hope to hold a neutral position towards an evil, that which you do not positively discourage you encourage.

It is the shadow on the dial that proves the sun is shining, so with our lives, affliction may show the presence of a Guiding Hand.

A Good Deed Done Is Capital.

He is well armed who goes into any of the conflicts of this life having in his hand the token of a good deed already done, a proof of former victory. Boys and girls who hope to achieve victories in the years to come will do well to remember that their future successes depend largely upon their present successes in the smaller places of responsibility that they hold now. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."—United Presbyterian.

Character.

Man decides the question of character. If God had made it impossible to [...] [...]uld have been no character, [...] would have been a ma[...] [...]tue nor he[...] [...]ssibi[...]

GOOD COURAGE.

Needed to Cope with Difficulties and Discouragements.

Every Christian worker needs to have the secret of good courage. Courage is no more necessary to the soldier that fights his country's battles, than to the soldier of Christ who wages warfare against the evil of the world. The need of it is constant and urgent. To lose it is to lose power to overcome. Without it Joshua would have been but poorly equipped for the great task thrust upon him, after the death of Moses. No doubt he was dismayed when he saw what was expected of him. He was to lead Israel into the Promised Land. They had been rescued from slavery in Egypt, brought to the borders of Canaan, and were ready to enter upon the inheritance promised to Abraham and his seed.

But Moses, that prophet whom the Lord knew face to face, whose equal was not to arise in Israel, was dead, and Joshua was no such man of might, or leader of men, or prophet of the Lord, or prodigy of personal power. The greatest distinction he had was as the minister of Moses. He knew how uncertain was the loyalty of the people; he had seen them rebel again and again under Moses. It seemed that a man of great courage, wisdom and power was needed to show them how to enter in and take possesion. He distrusted his own capacity and fitness, as well he might.

He would not have been able to cope with the difficulties and discouragements before him if God had not promised to be with him. Go over with the people, said the invisible Divine Leader, every place your feet shall touch I will give you, obey faithfully the law given by Moses, be of good courage, no man shall be able to stand before you, I will be with you, I will not fail you or forsake you, and you shall have good success.

Joshua went forth, not in the pride of his own power, but in the strength of the Lord, counting on His continual presence and guidance, and confident that He could and would redeem all His promises, deliver from all distresses, and establish His church on sure and lasting foundations and in aggressive power.

The instructions to the disciples were not unlike those given to Joshua. Bereaved of their great Head, they were to lead men out of the bonds of slavery to Satan, which Christ had broken forever, into the spiritual Canaan. Like Joshua, they felt their weakness and insufficiency; and like him, they were compelled to rest in the promise of the abiding presence of the Spirit of God. They were to be of good courage, because He was to be their Guide and Strength and Wisdom. Like Joshua, their first act was one of obedience. They prepared to go over in faith in the Divine promise.

The wisdom of men is indeed foolishness, but the wisdom of God is an everlasting and invincible power. The foundations of the Christian church were not laid by human hand, but by the Son of God; and the Divine equipment of the builders upon it was given directly, in complete fulfillment of promise, on the Day of Pentecost. Much unpromising material had the Apostles out of which to mold a holy nation. If the plan had been their own it would surely have come to naught, as have the human plans which the heathen world accepted at that time. To the eye of human wisdom it had no future. Its founder, claiming to have power over death, failed ignominiously to save his own life. His disciples were but ordinary men; they were not at one among themselves; some of them had even deserted the Master in His hour of need; what they preached was foolishness to the Jews and a stumbling block to the Greeks. Where was the hope of success?

There is but one answer. Christ set it forth as God's plan, and God, in the event, justified His Son's statement. He declared that it should withstand all assaults, overcome all opposition; the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Its history is a signal verification of the Divine promise. There have been rebellions and mutinies, idolatries and wickedness, with perversions and corruptions of the Gospel; but the church has triumphantly survived them all. What is the secret of it?

This: No plan or system is of any avail without God. The Gospel would be a mockery, stripped of the Divine life. With His Spirit to justify, regenerate, sanctify, the Gospel is life and power and purity and peace, and honor and glory; and men endued from above are Joshuas and Johns and Peters and Pauls, able to go over and possess. That is the secret of good courage.—N. Y. Independent.

OUR DUTY TO OURSELVES.

Indiscriminate Unselfishness, Though Genuine, May Be Mischievous.

A popular conception of duty to one's self is that it involves getting all which one can and keeping all which one gets. This, of course, is selfishness unadulterated. On the other hand, there are those who insist that utter disregard of self is the only proper rule of life. The truth lies between these two extremes. Of the two the latter often is claimed to be in accord with Christian teaching, and certainly is safer, nobler and more promotive of personal and general welfare than its opposite. But it must be understood with some qualification.

Sheer selfishness, strongly although it makes its appeal, always is ignoble and evil. There is no need of arguing to prove its indefensibility. When, then, is its opposite, entire unselfishness, susceptible of doing harm? When it tends to defeat its own purpose, we may answer. Parental self-denial for the sake of promoting the good of children is as honorable and creditable as it is beautiful in itself. But in many an instance it causes the children who are its objects to become indolent, selfish and inefficient. Everything being done for them at whatever cost of parental effort, they learn to depend more and more upon others instead of themselves, and usually grow increasingly grasping and blind to the sacrifices which are made in their behalf.

Unselfishness which is thus indiscriminate may be genuine, yet it is mischievous. That alone is commendable unselfishness which studies the highest good of its objects. The obligation to illustrate it is not the only one resting upon us. We also are bound to consider ourselves in some degree. As individuals we have inalienable rights, to claim which is quite consistent with our duty to others. We may not always yield our judgment to that of others. We may not always regulate our conduct by the convictions of others, still less by their prejudices or whims. We may do them lasting harm by failing to resist the domineering spirit which prompts them to insist that we deny ourselves, or by neglecting the opportunity to show them in our practice that their opinions are mistaken. The weak brethren, whose weakness often proves a tower of strength to them, frequently receive [...] much deference. The apostle's injunction must be interpreted in connection with his other teachings and his [...] and not [...] itself.

DUCK RAISING.

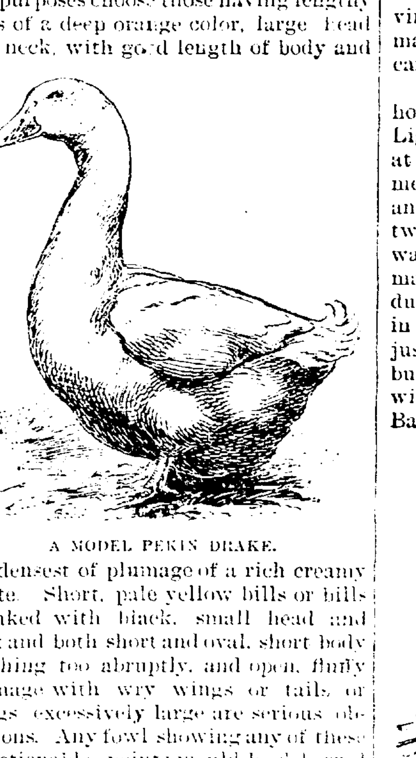
Points of Information Concerning a Profitable and Growing Industry.

A correspondent of The National Stockman gives the following valuable information concerning duck raising:

"Few people are aware of the magnitude of the duck trade in the cities, which has grown within the last ten years from a very limited demand to one of vast proportions. For years 'spring lamb' was the crowning dish on every well regulated table, and choice chops went up to a price almost fabulous. But it seems that this kingly dish is to be pushed aside for the tempting, savory duckling. A single duck farm on the Atlantic coast furnishes over 20,000 ducks annually for the New York market, aside from an immense sale of stock and eggs to breeders, and this is only one of many of these mammoth concerns. The supply which has grown so enormously each year is met with an increasing demand at prices which give a better return to the producer than any other class of fowls.

"They seem to be absolutely healthy and hardy—free from cholera, gapes, roup, vermin, frosted feet and many other ills which are so common among other fowls. They are of quick growth, and as egg producers they are without equal among fowls, to say nothing of them as feather producers. I raise Pekins exclusively. While they are not quite as large as some other breeds I prefer them on account of their domestic habits, white plumage and superiority as a table fowl, both in fineness of texture and flavor of flesh.

"In the selection of Pekins for breeding purposes choose those having lengthy bills of a deep orange color, large head and neck, with good length of body and



A MODEL PEKIN DRAKE.

the densest of plumage of a rich creamy white. Short, pale yellow bills or bills streaked with black, small head and neck and both short and oval, short body finishing too abruptly, and open, fluffy plumage with wry wings or tails, or wings excessively large are serious objections. Any fowl showing any of these objectionable points would be debarred from entering my breeding flock, and a duck that lays green eggs is unworthy of a place among Pekins.

"For water a running brook is the most desirable, but they can be raised successfully when watered artificially. Where water is carried to them a basin can be dug out of convenient size and lined with broken stone or loose gravel pounded down firmly and cemented. This can be used for a plunge bath and washed out and renewed as often as necessary, and water for drinking purposes can be kept in a fountain or stat[...]ted trough.

"We have the best success with ducks during the laying season by allowing them to roam at will over the farm during the day and putting in a lot at night, turning them out in the morning after they have laid, as they always lay early in the morning. Our earliest [...] set under chicken hens. We kee[...] 20 turkey hens and sell their [...] after the laying season we use all spare ones as incubators to hatch du[...] Turkeys are good, reliable 'sitters' a[...] the most watchful of mothers—alwa[...] on the alert for hawks.

"Eggs for hatching should be kept [...] a room of even temperature and turne[...] every other day until they are set, and ducks should not be allowed to lay in the water, as the eggs may chill and fail to hatch. I prefer to set the eggs of all water fowls on the ground in a nest almost bare, as I think the moisture taken from the ground aids in securing a good hatch. The mother duck in a natural way makes her nest on the bare ground, and she makes a daily trip to water and often returns to the nest dripping wet, and that alone should tea[...] that duck eggs will bear a grea[...] moisture. Young ducks are [...] market by the time they a[...]ered, say from 7 to 10 wee[...] year we were offered 12½ c[...] at 10 weeks old by huckste[...] and old ducks sold for 8 c[...] at t[...] lowest all fall and winter, and the[...] there are never any culls on account of age.

"They can be picked every six weeks except from January on through the early laying season, giving good returns in the choicest of feathers. Again let me say, if you wish something hardy and profitable keep a flock of ducks."

One Variety Enough.

From what little experience the writer has had on the practical side alone, to say nothing about the fancy part, which is a much harder task, is enough to convince anybody that it is more than one man can do to successfully breed and care for many varieties.

When I first obtained the Brown Leghorns, I soon found that the feed I fed the Light Brahmas was not the right kind at all. So I had to have two different messes in order to get the best results, and I find I don't know it all yet after two years' experience. The Leghorns want a warmer house than the Brahmas, as a frosted comb stops the laying during winter, and they want to roost in the skies, while the Brahmas would just as soon have mother earth for a roost, but for all that I don't think the Leghorns will get to heaven first.—Emery E. Banks in Poultry Advocate.

He Forgot Himself.

Customer—I want some stockings for my little girl.

Shopwalker—Yes, madam. What size—infants or—

Customer—This [...] l.

Shopwalker—Oh, [...].—Ally Sloper.

Day and Night.

"Gib us dis day [...]
Thus prayed [...] White
"Wiv [...] to eat, I [...]
Myse'f mos' any n[...]

Wa[...] Star.

FRUIT HOUSE HOLIDAY PRICES

For Christmas, 1897.

The holidays will soon be with us as in former years. We have [illegible] our customers, and in consequence have laid in a large supply of Christmas and New Year's goods. The times have affected the prices of a great many goods, and holiday goods are about the same as last season. But groceries are some cheaper, especially Rio Coffee, which is four cents lower. The very best Golden Rio, now selling at 12c lb. Fair Rio, price 10c lb.

Not much change in Sugars. Granulated, 5[illegible] lb. Coffee A, 5c lb.

Our holiday goods consist of imported Toys, Dr[illegible], Dolls, [illegible] Albums, all the latest styles, at 50c, 75c and $1.00 each. Extra nice at $1.25 each. [illegible] Bohemian Vases, high color and all styles, at [illegible], 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.25 each. Smoking Sets, pretty styles to suit the most fastidious, 50c, 75c and extra fine $1.00. Small toys for the little ones, in an endless variety, such as Firemen, Hook and Ladder, Express Wagons, Drivers, Locomotives, Trains of Cars, [illegible] Horses, Cups and Saucers, Tea, Coffee and Dinner Sets, Jumping Jacks, [illegible], Lions, Wolves, Tigers, Cats, Elephants, Guns, Swords, and many other pretty toys for the little ones. Also Christmas Trees and Christmas Tree Candles. Trees we sell at 15c, 25c, 40c and 75c for extra large ones. Christmas tree candles are very cheap this year, cheaper than they have ever been before. This year we will sell them at 7c per box, all sizes. Last year the price was 9c per box.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

The toy candies and all varieties, such as animals and fruits, we are selling at 15c per pound. Pure Stick Candy, 8c lb. Pure French Mix Candy, 7c lb. French Bon Bons at 10c and 15c lb. French Chocolates, 15c. Very Best, 20c lb. Cinnamon Imperials and Jelly Beans 10c lb. Kisses 11c lb. Gum Drops, 6c lb.

We have a large assortment and please all who favor us with a call.

COFFEES DOWN.

The Best Rio in Market, 12c lb.
The Best Roasted Rio in Market, 15c lb.
Old Government Java, Roasted, 30c lb.
Best Roasted Mocha, 30c lb.
Good Rio, 10c lb.
Old Government Java, Green, 25c lb.
Best Mocha, Green, 25c lb.

SUGARS.

Best Granulated, 5[illegible] lb.
Standard A, 5c lb.
Cut Loaf and Powdered, 5[illegible] lb.
Choice Yellow Extra, [illegible] lb.
Choice Yellow Extra, [illegible] lb.

TEAS.

There is little change in Teas [illegible]. They are some higher, [illegible] not enough to change our quotations. Our immense trade in Teas keeps up for the simple reason we are bound to hold our reputation for selling all goods at the lowest possible price.

We purchase direct from the importers and sell direct to our customers, thereby [illegible] them the price of the middle man, which is at least 15c to 20c lb.

Good Young Hyson, 20c lb.
Very best Young Hyson, 45c lb.
Japan Tea, 30c and best 50c lb.
Tea Dust, 1-lb package, 15c.
Extra good, 30c.
Gunpowder, good, 30c, best, 50c.
Best Imperial and English Breakfast, [illegible].
Oolong Black, best, 50c lb.

SYRUPS AND MOLASSES.

Best Golden Drips, 50c gallon. Good New Orleans, [illegible] gallon. Extra Nice, [illegible] gallon. Rich Yellow Sorghum, 30c gallon. Maple Syrup, best Vermont, [illegible] gallon.

OILS ALL KINDS.

Harness Oil, 50c gallon. Neatsfoot Oils, 70c. Boiled and Raw Linseed Oils, [illegible] gallon. Fish Oil, 60c. Castor and Lard Oil, 70c gallon.

CALIFORNIA DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS.

California Peaches, nice, 10c lb.
California Prunes, good, 5c lb.
California Apricots, 10c lb.
California Prunes, best, 10c lb.
California Peaches, [illegible] can.
California Apricots, [illegible] can.
California Green Gages, 12c can.
California Egg Plums, 12c can.

FOR CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Leghorn Citron, per lb, 12½c.
Zantee Currants, per lb, 7c.
Layer Raisins, per lb, 10c.
Soft Shelled Almonds, per quart, 10c.
Best Filberts, per quart, 10c.
Mixed Nuts, per quart, 10c.
Shelled Almonds, per lb, 25c.
Seedless Raisins, per lb, 12½c.
Orange and Lemon Peel, per lb, 11c.
Brazil Nuts, per quart, 10c.
English Walnuts, per quart, 10c.
Texas Pecans, per quart, 10c.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Artistic Cigars, 65c box.
Boys' Delight, 45c box.
Pearl Beauty, 70c box.
Battle Ax Plug, 25c lb.
J. T. Plug, 32c lb.
Pay Car Fine Cut, 43c lb.
Durham Smoking, 45c lb.
Mail Pouch, 35c lb.
Home Made Cigars, $1.00 to $1.50 box.
Royal ¼, 15c box.
Flor d'Amelia, 45c box.
Horse Shoe plug, 43c lb.
Briar Pipe, 30c lb.
Extra Choice Fine Cut, 40c lb.
Sweet Conqueror, 18c lb.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL USE ONLY.

Sweet Catawba, 70c gallon.
Port and Sherry, 80c gallon.
California Muscatal, 80c gallon.
California Angelica, 80c gallon.
Whiskies—$1.00, $1.25, $1.40, $1.75 and $2.50.
Kummell, $1.50 gallon.
Scotch Ale, Imported, 20c bottle.
Wines, all grades, bottled, 30c.
Gin, per gallon, $1.75.

CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUM, CHINESE & JAPANESE MATTING, LACE CURTAINS & PORTIERES

The whole corner room is set apart for these goods, and a most excellent assortment we have. Our Fall and Winter supplies are now laid in at extremely low prices.

We are selling a most elegant Rag Carpet, at 20c per yard; quality [illegible] last years' 25c. Number one Ingrain Carpet, 18c. Best All-Wool Ingrains, 50c yard. Choice Brussels, latest styles and patterns, 45c yard. Best Moquette, $1.00 yd. Tapestries, 58 and 70c yard. Good quality Carpet, 23c yard. Rugs in many styles and patterns from 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00, $1.50, $2.50 up to $5.00 each. Floor Oil Cloth, one yard wide, 20 and 30c yard. Yard and half, two yards and two and half yards.

Window Shades, nice ones, 10c each. Other grades, 25 and 35c each. All above goods are in stock, and we desire you to call and see them, even if you do not purchase. We can save you at least 10 and 25c on the dollar.

[...]ORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE

Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

A BLACK LION'S SKIN.

A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE IN ALGIERS BY FRED A. OBER.

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The best shooting in Algiers may be had about New Year's, and if one starts out early in January, armed with a permis de chasse—a legal permit to hunt—a good guide and an Arab stallion he may bag partridge, snipe and woodcock and in certain districts chance upon a panther, perhaps a lion.

[illegible] is more or less of good hunting [illegible] but the "Tell," between the coast range and the sea, but the cream of it is to be found in the province of Constantine, not far from the great desert and among the foothills of the Aures mountains. In this province resides a mixed race of people, with the blood of ancient Byzantines, Romans and Vandals in their veins and boasting the most stalwart men and the handsomest women in all Africa, perhaps in the world.

While even the Bedouins, those fierce sons of the desert, have been subdued by the French and are now governed by cadis appointed by the conquerors, these north African Vandals have maintained

SHE WOUND HER BARE, ROUND ARMS ABOUT MY NECK.

their freedom and their ancient village rights. Among them even now falconry, that rare sport of the middle ages, is pursued with vigor, though only the high caste chiefs are allowed to indulge in it.

Coming down from Constantine, that famous city of the early Christian bishops of Africa, four of us, all Americans, dropped off at Guelma, once the stamping ground of Gerard the Lion Killer. Hardly 40 years have elapsed since this intrepid Frenchman, Cecile Jules Basile Gerard, an officer of the Algerian army of occupation, slew, single handed, scores of lions in this very district.

The king of beasts even now occasionally ranges the hills and ravages the herds and flocks of this section. He is seen just often enough to give a spice of adventure to the pursuit of smaller game and to send a nervous chill up and down one's spine when he hears an unusual rumpus in the woods. And this brings me around to my story.

We had put in a good day's shooting and were gathered at the little inn, half cafe and half fondouk, comparing notes and awaiting impatiently the coming of our dinner. The proprietor of this "hotel de l'oasis" had once lived in New Orleans and was more than delighted to entertain his erstwhile countrymen who had come to shoot far from the land he loved so well and where he had spent the days of his rollicking youth, and so he served us with the best he had.

It was with the consciousness that we had in prospective a dinner which could not be duplicated between Guelma and Paris and with a most bountiful supply of crude material in reserve that we sent for the commander of the irregular spahis stationed at this point. And that he appreciated fully the courtesy and the dinner we discovered long before the cloth was removed and the cigars and coffee brought in. How could he serve us most acceptably, he asked. Why, we answered, by telling us a story, of course, some tale of adventure, of skirmish with Bedouins, moonlight meetings with African lions or something of that sort. We had often heard that the life of a spahis commander was full of adventure and trusted his had been no exception.

"No, messieurs," he replied thoughtfully, even sadly, "I have not been spared adventure. 'Tis true I have interrupted many a razzia, have chanced upon some few lions. Indeed I have met the lion of Guelma."

After this brief statement, made in a low tone, as if communing with himself, the captain of the spahis leaned his head upon one hand and remained for a space lost in reverie. We then noticed, showing through the close cropped hair of his head, a long, semilunar scar, which seemed to glow with the intensity of his emotions, and at sight of it we all clutched at the idea that in some manner this reminder of a terrible wound was connected with our friend's experience with the lions.

None of us, however, dared ask the question that might elicit a solution of the mystery, but we had hopes, for, though this veteran of many wars was by nature discreet and reticent, yet our wines were the very best to be had in Algiers, and we did not spare any efforts to have him drink them. Under ordinary circumstances you couldn't have drawn a story out of him with a corkscrew, but this New Year's dinner was not an ordinary occasion, and the champagne that followed the last portion of woodcock on toast was the finest the Widow Clicquot ever sent out from her caves.

"Long live the widow!" we all ejaculated with fervor, which awoke our captain from his reverie, and he joined in, "Oui, vive la veuve!" We primed his glass anew, and he began his tale of adventure:

"It was about 15 years ago. I was then newly appointed to this post, and, being a young man, full of fire and nerve, my blood was boiling over with a desire to fight and also, perhaps, with a desire of another sort, and so of course, being young and ardent and there being no other damsels here than the fair Vandalese, it fell out that one of them captured my heart, or at least my inclination.

"She was (you have seen the type and know it to be beautiful in a wild, barbaric way) a handsome, spirited woman, and the fame of her beauty was wide throughout the region from here to [illegible]. Why she favored me wa[illegible] love me in a savage, uncontrollable fashion, and the greater portion of my pay was spent in purchasing for her those gewgaws and golden ornaments the women of her tribe are so inordinately fond of.

I was surely in her toils, her most willing, even abject, slave, for she had fascinated me and I thought I loved her. Perhaps I did love her. Truly my passion was strong, and for the sake of keeping her love an exclusive possession I had fought three duels with sword and spear before I had reigned three months as her lord. My last opponent, a fine young Arab, I mortally wounded, though I had not so intended, but his onset was fierce, and he was so rash and headstrong I had to meet him on the point of my lance. He fell from his horse, and as I bent over to raise him he gasped out: "Think not I am the last. The real favorite of Fatima is Abdul Said. He has sworn to kill you. Beware of him." Then the blood poured from his mouth and he died.

I did not mind fighting with Abdul Said, whom I knew by sight, but he was a slippery rascal, who always avoided an open encounter, and I soon became aware that he was awaiting a good opportunity for sticking me in the back. Thus matters stood at the opening of the winter of 1882. The height of the hunting season was near, and on Christmas week I prepared to have a foray in the fields. My mistress observed my preparations without comment, but when finally, just as I was ready to be off, I asked her what I should bring back from the hunt worthy of her acceptance she brightened up and showed a genuine interest in the affair.

"There is one thing I desire of all things on earth," she said, speaking slowly and steadily, "but it is something you dare not attempt."

"Dare not?" I asked, with a show of indignation. "Have I ever shown fear of danger since you knew me? But why 'dare' not? What is there to fear?"

She shrugged her shoulders, smiled an inscrutable smile, and turning away her head so that I could not look into her eyes she said, "I know—you have proved to me—that you fear not man, but what I desire is guarded by one whom all men fear."

"Name it!" I cried. "You shall have it, though fiends and devils guarded it, my beloved!"

She wound her bare, round arms about my neck and whispered in my ear, "Bring me, then, the skin of the black lion of Guelma."

Behind that ridge, my friends—you can see it without leaving your seats—is a broad plateau known as the Lions'

LANDED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF ME.

Pleasure grounds. There roamed the kings of the plain and the forest, and conspicuous of them all was the great black lion of Guelma. I had often heard of him. His fame was widespread, for he had killed more than a score of Arabs within the twelvemonth past.

There was something in her manner that piqued me, but before I unwound her arms from about my neck I pressed a fervent kiss upon her lips and then said: "Very well. You shall have what you desire. Two days hence at this hour I shall bring it to you."

She remained silent, but looked at me incredulously, and this vexed me so that I strode away without another word. Within the hour I was on my way across the plain with two trusty spahis attendant and mounted upon a white Arabian noted for his fleetness.

It was a moonlit night, but cloudy. Along about 2 in the morning one of my men, who was watching, stretched on the slope of a rock, his long gun pointed toward the forest beyond, thought he saw a great form creeping through the underbrush and heard soft though heavy footsteps. He drew back and crept to the spot where I was sleeping, my head on my saddle, and touched me with the butt of his gun. I was awake and erect in an instant.

"Master," he whispered, "the lion—he comes!"

Hearing nothing, I was about to chide him for his fears when the air was rent by a roar that shook the earth as though all the thunderclaps of heaven had united in one grand outburst. Yes, the very earth trembled, and I am afraid I did also, but I reached for my carbine—which was a repeater of very large bore—girded my saber about me, loosened my revolvers in my belt and crept toward the rock behind which my spahi had been cronching.

The man followed me tremblingly and unwillingly, poor fellow, but his companion luckily ran the other way. I had nearly reached the rock when, suddenly leaping out of the gloom beyond, came the form of the beast we were hunting and landed directly in front of me. Raising his enormous head, he emitted a roar that seemed to split the sky.

I was for the moment transfixed, but my spahi began to crawl back on the trail. I quickly recovered myself, however, and for the life of me, though I knew my life was at stake, I could not resist taking a shot at the terrible beast towering above me there, his nose in the air. To tell the truth, there was nothing else to do, as running away would be as dangerous as lying still, for the lion can overtake at running anything but the swiftest stallion.

So I pointed the muzzle of my carbine straight at his throat and drove a bullet into him. The effect was startlingly instantaneous, for almost without deigning to crouch for the spring the lion launched himself directly into the air. As he passed over me I sped another bullet into his belly, but he kept on and landed flat upon my spahi, crushing him to the ground. The poor wretch cried out in smothered tones for help, and I had not the heart to run away and leave him there without at least an attempt at rescue. So I crept forward, intending to press the carbine against the lion's heart and kill him on the spot. I reached his side and thrust out the weapon, but as I fired the raging beast reached out a paw and swept it across my head, tearing the scalp away and leaving a flap of it hanging over my forehead.

I was blinded by the streaming blood and became unconscious before I could drag my man from his perilous po[illegible] When I regained my senses, it [illegible] find the surviving sp[illegible] by my s[illegible] the forest illumined [illegible]

sition and bandaged it, the flow of blood being already stanched. I insisted upon following up the trail, and, as I expected, we found the lion and his victim just within the forest verge, both dead, the man mutilated beyond all recognition. Following my directions, my spahi stripped the lion of his skin and placed it across the horse which had borne our dead comrade to the fatal spot. I sent a detachment to bury the soldier later, but hastened with my trophy to the fort, where my wound was soon dressed, and the skin became the center of a wondering throng of very grateful Arabs.

The French commander hid his face in his hands. When he looked up, there was in his eyes an expression of hate. The crescentic scar was crimson.

"No," he replied to our eager, questioning looks, "Fatima did not get the skin of the black lion of Guelma.

"Why did she not get them? Oh, she had eloped with Abdul Said!"

A Reminder.

Fred—What under the sun do you suppose my tailor means by sending me a copy of Pollock's "Course of Time?"

Jack—Mean, old boy? Why, it must be a reminder for you to settle then. He can't expect us fellows to pay before.

PARDONED.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FROM THE FRENCH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

Every one in the huge block of workmen's dwellings in the Rue des Lambes, where Tony Robeck had occupied a room for six months, believed him to be a widower, though it was not supposed he had been one very long, since his little boy, hardly 6 years old, with whom he lived alone, was always as well dressed as if he were cared for by a mother. However, neither father nor son wore crape on the hat or sleeve.

Early every morning Tony Robeck, who worked as a compositor in a printing establishment in the Latin quarter,

HELD OUT TOWARD HIM HER CLASPED AND SUPPLICATING HANDS.

used to set out with his little son, who was often so tired that he fell asleep upon his shoulder ere they reached the school in the neighborhood where Adrian was left for the day.

In the evening, when his day's work was finished, Tony would call for Adrian and then go shopping, leading the little fellow by the hand. The purchases necessary for their dinner would be carried in Tony's basket to his lodging, and he would be seen no more till the next day.

Tony Robeck was not yet 40 and still a good looking man.

Every Sunday father and son, clean as new pins, used to take a walk. They had been met at the museums and the zoological gardens, and they had been seen also before dinner time in a little cafe in the neighborhood, where Tony allowed himself his single debauch of the week—a glass of absinth, which he sipped, while Adrian, sitting beside him on the settee, would look at the pictures in the papers.

"No," the concierge used to say sentimentally to the neighbors, "the widower will not marry again. The other Sunday we met in a path in the Mont Parnasse cemetery. It is doubtless there that his wife is buried. It was painful to see him with his orphan son by his side. He must have adored his dead wife. He is inconsolable."

Alas, yes, Tony Robeck had dearly loved his wife and was inconsolable at having lost her, but he was not a widower. His was a sad and simple history.

Tony lost his heart to a little [illegible] cial flower maiden of 19, good [illegible] but poor [illegible] Tony [illegible] loved one another! They had two rooms on the fifth floor in the Boulevard Port Royal, with a small balcony, from which there was a view of all Paris.

They were so comfortable at home that they rarely went out. A nice breakfast in the summer time, with the window open upon the town and the clear blue sky, and then, while Tony was lingering over his coffee and smoking a cigarette, Clementine would water the flowers in the boxes on the balcony, often being surprised by Tony with a kiss.

After a time they were blessed with a little one, but it lived only a year, dying at its nurse's at Maigenay. They were consoled, however, by the birth of Adrian, whom Clementine brought up herself, quitting the workroom in order to do this and taking in work at home. She earned only half as much as previously, but still she dressed as well and gayly as ever, playing the lady as far as possible when she went for a walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg with Adrian in his little wicker perambulator.

Gradually this costly finery was the means of leading them into embarrassment, and it was in vain that Tony worked like four men, on day and night shifts as well, to prevent their getting seriously into debt. The growing child was sent out to a day nursery, and the mother, often unoccupied at home, got into a state of ennui and dangerously idle habits.

One evening Tony, carrying his son, whom he had brought from the day nursery on his way home from his work, found upon the mantelpiece a letter, from which, when he opened it, fell Clementine's wedding ring. In the few lines she bade him and Adrian adieu and besought their pardon.

Tony was crushed by the blow. He felt more pain than anger at his loss and wept bitterly.

Clementine had fled in the first days of May, just as the odor of the lilacs was abroad.

Often Adrian asked: "Where is mother? Will she come again soon?" And Tony could only kiss the little one and say, "I do not know."

When the term Tony had taken the apartments for was at an end, in July, he sold the greater part of his goods to pay the debts and went to live in the Rue des Lambes, getting as far away as he could from the old associations.

He heard no more of Clementine till New Year's eve.

On this day for several years he had had the habit of going with his wife to place a modest wreath on the tomb of little Felix, their firstborn. For the first time Tony had only his little Adrian to accompany him. Entering the gate of the cemetery under a dull winter sky, his thoughts more than ever reverted to his absent wife. "Where is she now?" thought he. "What has become of her?"

They had some trouble to find the little tomb, and on arriving before it he started, surprised, for there upon the stone lay three or four new toys, such as would be given to children—a trumpet, a punch, a dog and a whistle.

"Ah! Toys!" cried Adrian joyously, while his father hastily read the writing in a hand he knew so well on a small piece of paper pinned to one of them, "For Adrian, from his brother Felix." Then he felt his son press against him and heard him murmur in a frightened tone, "Mother!" And some space away, kneeling by a group of cypresses, he saw a woman, poorly dressed, with pale sunken eyes, who held out toward him her clasped and supplicating hands. Quivering in pity at the forlorn and miserable condition of the woman he had so fondly loved, he gently pushed his little son toward her, saying, "Adrian, go and kiss your mother."

Clementine seized her child in a wild embrace, kissed him twice, then rose and turned toward her husband with an imploring look.

"How good you are!" she murmured.

But he was already near her and answered in a dry and almost harsh manner.

"Don't speak. Give me your arm."

It was not far from the cemetery to the Rue des Lambes, which they quickly reached. Tony felt Clementine's arm tremble upon his. The child walked near them, his mind filled with his toys.

The concierge was standing at the door of Tony's lodgings.

"Madam," said he, "this is my wife, who has been in the country for some time, and who has now returned."

Mounting the staircase, he had almost to carry the unhappy Clementine, who was bursting with sobs and nearly fainting with emotion and joy.

Arrived in his poor chamber, Tony made his wife sit down on the only armchair, placed his son in her arms and then opened a drawer and took from it a small cardboard box. Drawing from it Clementine's wedding ring, he put it upon her finger, and without a bitter word for the past silently, gravely, with the large generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her upon the forehead, that she might be sure that he had pardoned her.

Perfectly Oblivious.

"Sammy Snagge," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction?'"

"Noun," replied [illegible]

"What gend[illegible]

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

THE OLDEST AND MOST WELCOME OF ALL HOLIDAYS.

The Philosophy of Good Resolutions. Present Giving — New Year's Calls — A Better Wish Than "A Happy New Year." A Touch of Sympathy.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

New Year's day is the oldest holiday that we know anything about. It has been celebrated by the Jews, the Egyptians, the Chinese and the ancient Romans in different ways, of course, but it has always been more or less a festal occasion. The day, commemorating what was supposed to be the first day of the year, has varied as to date, Christmas day, the Annunciation (March 25), Easter day and March 1 having been observed at different times. It was not until after the middle of the fourteenth century that Jan. 1 was universally accepted as the opening of the year. The celebration of New Year's has been observed by all religions from time immemorial, long antedating history. As a holiday it is thought to be at least 8,000 to 10,000 years old. What first gave rise to it is beyond knowledge, but it is conjectured that it had its origin in superstition connected with the sense of newness, which has appealed to the mind in all ages as emblematic of hope, expectancy and desirableness.

The custom, so common in this country, of making good resolutions on New Year's day, only to break them later, is by no means peculiar to Americans. It is characteristic of the average weakness of mankind. All of us prefer to do what we want to rather than what we ought, and we compromise with our consciences by declaring that we will reform at the beginning of the year, though we usually have no reason to believe that we shall, as if the mere declaration were a kind of virtue. Many men resolve to do better, to be better, regularly at the recurrence of every Jan. 1, nor do they appear to be in the least discouraged that they have returned after a few weeks to their old ways, to their objectionable habits. They still keep up the assumption of reforming, imagining that a promise to themselves is more likely to be kept if made on New Year's, notwithstanding their continuous disproval of the likelihood. This is sheer superstition, as are the ill luck of Friday and the propitiousness of Sunday. Jan. 1 is doubtless associated with a deal of superstition, even in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which is far worse in its effect than any amount of pleasure seeking.

Fifty years ago it was the general custom in the United States, particularly in the west and south, to give presents (the old name for them is handsels) at New Year's to kindred, friends and even ordinary acquaintances. The custom had come down from ancient times and is still preserved in many parts of the old world, but in the new it has grown obsolete, because present making here is carried to excess and has become a serious tax. Its discontinuance is to be commended. All present making should be voluntary, nor in any manner binding, as it is apt to be if regulated by fixed dates. Christmas is an exception, but to give presents again the week following is excessive, wearisome, often inconvenient. It wholly spoils the spirit of what should be a pleasant surprise, a delicate attention, an unexpected courtesy.

In no quarter of the globe is so much made of New Year's as in China. There its observation occupies several days, sometimes a whole week. It is the most popular and noisy of festivals, surpassing that of the Dragon Boats, the Feast of Lanterns, the Fishermen or any other public parade and national rejoicing. The people are very fond of shows and processions, and on that special occasion they carry thousands of lanterns, burn fireworks, explode crackers, play all sorts of pranks and games in the narrow streets, beat gongs, shout and sing in their high, shrill voices until they make of every sizable town a perfect pandemonium. They are ordinarily so reserved and quiet, like orientals generally, that New Year's impresses foreigners as if the entire population had suddenly and irredeemably gone mad.

New Year's calls by men on their woman friends continue to be made in most of our cities, though they almost entirely and suddenly ceased in the metropolis some 12 years ago. They will not probably be revived in this generation at least. They originated there, so far as this country is concerned, at the time of the Dutch settlement of the town, and yet New York was the first city to relinquish them. Old Knickerbockers were not, as many suppose, the first to introduce the social custom, importing it from Holland. It has been in existence for hundreds and hundreds of years and in lands that we consider uncivilized.

The smart set of New York, who first frowned down New Year's visits, refusing to receive on that day, now emphasize their opposition by closing their town houses and going to their country seats for a week or two. This has become the fashion.

Although most of us feel when we are wished "a happy New Year" that it sounds a bit satirical we know that it is polite, even if it means nothing. And then as we wish those who wish it to us exactly the same thing we are conscious of having discharged a courtesy. Even if we knew we were to be miserable we should relish kind wishes, so fond are we of deceiving ourselves. Self deceit is what the mass of us live on.

Wouldn't it be better for us instead of wishing our friends "a happy New Year" to wish them "a happier New Year than the old one has been?" That we might easily have, and as happiness in any strict sense does not come to the human family it would seem sincere, less like an empty phrase and would convey a touch of sympathy.

PAUL R. CLEVELAND.

He Was There.

Smithkins—I thought you were going to see the old year out at Clubberly's last night. I w[illegible] there at 12, bu[illegible]

HE SENDS IT FREE.

A Never Failing Remedy That Makes a Man Young Again.

True Manliness Quickly Replaces the Worn Out Nerves and Vigor.

When a man's strength and vigor is slowly wasting away from nervous weakness, the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mental suffering day or night. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of nervous debility, emissions, lame back, and the various other troubles of sexual weakness, until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all of his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that completely restored his general health and enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man, young or old, who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have free full particulars of this wonderful home treatment which quickly restored me to my full strength and vigor of youth. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

There are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth although they cost nothing to get are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box C, 170 Masonic Temple, Kalamazoo, Mich., and the information will be mailed in a plain, sealed envelope.

[illegible] appeared more strongly to our "rude forefathers" than songs in praise of wine and the vine. They knew little of Bacchus perhaps, but of the power of strong drink they were not ignorant. The word temperance in its modern signification did not exist, and as they stood about the festal board at New Year's, forgiving their enemies, and swearing renewed allegiance to their friends, they lifted the foaming beakers and sang in strong, lusty voices:

Wassail, wassail, over the town!
Our toast it is white; our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree:
We be good fellows all—I drink to thee.

THE LONE BACHELOR.

What He Thinks He Knows About Men Women and Affairs.

Adam's first thought was probably that Eve was only intended as a joke.

Happiness in married life is like a piece of soap in a bathtub. You always know it was there when you got in.

Most men would just as lief see a woman wear a nose ring as earrings.

Never believe a man who says he loves you or a girl who says she doesn't.

The woman that hugged a burglar till the police came probably wondered why he objected to getting arrested.

The first year a woman is married she thinks most of her husband, the second of her baby and the third of her teeth.

When a girl first tells a man she loves him, she generally says his hand seemed to her like a touch out of another world.

The only man who keeps on making a fool of himself in the same way to the same woman is the jealous man.

The habit married women have of collecting china or teaspoons is probably a relic of their habit of collecting men.

When a woman feels intimate enough with a man to get careless about the way she dresses for him, he is liable to feel too intimate with her to marry her.

When a woman goes to get a check cashed, she always acts as if she was buying something and wasn't sure whether she liked it.

When a woman goes to a party, when she isn't wondering whether the men like her she is wondering whether the women like her dress.

The pleasure the average woman gets out of getting Christmas presents is generally balanced by the fear that she may not be able to find out just what some of them cost.—New York Press.

LITTLE JIMMIE'S ESSAY.

The Subject Was "Hearts" and He Did It More Than Justice.

Hearts is located in yur insides in the rejun of yure stummicks. The fizzeology says they works like pumps, which is the milkman's best friend. The heart is a very importunt organ, but it don't make no musick.

My brother, which is a poick, says, "What harmny when two hearts beets like 1." I wish pop wood take a lessing from 2 hearts. He beats like 60.

Pop tole me once his heart was back in the old town where he was born, but I am afrade he is a lyre, becos when Kate was married he said, "My heart is 2 full 2 say much," and he didn't get no telefone from his birthplace. Bymeby he fell under the tabul and some wun sarkastically remarked that it was very full.

King Richard had a lying heart but I have got a busted heart which is worse. Dere reader ain't a girl heartless to give me the shake becos my hare is red? Can I avert the dekrees of the fates which has got a cinch on mortals?

I am a cynick now, which meanes every one is a fool butt me.

The heart is connected with the leg, becos when a feller gets his leg pulled he generuly has a heartake. But a heartake can't hold a candle to a stummick ake for pain. This is a heartrending topick. I have not the heart to continue this assay.—Jimmie in San Francisco Examiner.

Her Gentle Hint.

"You may not kiss me, Jack," said she,
While dimples dotted saucily
Her cheeks of blushing red.
"You may not kiss me, Jack, until"—
I felt my heart with rapture thrill—
"It grows quite dark," she said.

But there—confound my luck!—on high
The sun amid the azure sky
Poured forth its golden light,
But—I wished each piercing ray
Would, fading, put an end to day
And hasten on the night.

From yonder west, where ocean rolls
Her foaming waves on sandy shoals,
A darkening stormcloud blew.
The bright sun faded soon away,
While blacker grew the autumn day.
Still there I sat with Sue.

Alas, I saw the storm full well
[illegible] as from the cozy dell
[illegible] the hours we whiled.
[illegible] shed and bent her head.
"[illegible] Jack," she sai[illegible]

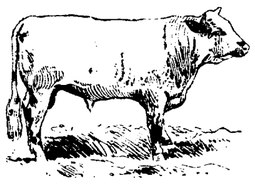
LIVE STOCK

SHORTHORNS.

Illustrations of Favorite Sires on Both Sides of the Atlantic.

Perhaps one of the most unaccountable fads in connection with pure bred cattle was the Shorthorn color craze, which began over 20 years ago and found its gratification in boycotting all white animals of this breed. Nothing but dark red or dark roan Shorthorns would do, and if they could be bred all red so much the better.

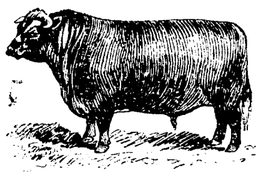
The craze never invaded England to any great extent. It was an American



LIGHT COLORED SHORTHORN.

fad, and British breeders continued to rear Shorthorns dark red and light roan, brindled and white. If a bull or heifer was large and well fleshed and of the proper type, that animal took the prize, though it had not a hair other than white upon it. This season the prize Shorthorn sire at the royal agricultural show was almost white, a little roan being about his legs and the lower part of the body. The illustration represents him and his color. His ears were red.

The champion bull at the royal show at Dublin was pure white. It is a sign of return to common sense on the part of American breeders that the champion



RED SHORTHORN.

Shorthorn heifer the present season at the New York state fair was a white one.

The second picture shows a deep red roan bull of western American breeding and pedigree. He is of the Cruikshank family and belongs in Illinois.

This bull is of perfect Shorthorn shape. His short, straight legs and immense body are particularly characteristic of the fine beef type. The depth and width of his body are notable.

Watering Stock In Winter.

While farm animals do not require as much water in winter as in summer, yet what they do need they need just as badly at one time as at another. Stock should not only have all the water they want, but have it when they want it.

It is not good economy to compel stock of any kind to drink ice cold water. The animal heat must come from the food, and chilling the blood with ice water increases the cost of maintaining animal heat.

Usually water drawn fresh from a well is several degrees warmer than that in ponds, tanks or even running streams. It will pay to take a little trouble to pump or draw up the water from the well and let them drink while it is warm and fresh. This is especially necessary for the milk cows.

All stock should have water twice every day at least. Of course it would be still better if water can be kept where the animals can help themselves at any time, but on most farms this cannot be done without exposing the stock on some days at least to needless cold and storms.

It is true that sheep and hogs can live several days without water, yet they will thrive better and keep healthier if given a supply every day. When the most it is to be made out of them at the lowest cost, watering regularly daily is an important item. If the weather will permit, it is best to let the stock out and allow them plenty of time to drink all they want, taking care that it is pure, fresh and not too cold.—St. Louis Republic.

Young Ewes.

This year my ewe lambs are bred to wean from April to July. It is a matter of age and development. I am speaking of Dorset sheep, although the same things are true of Shropshires, as I know by experience. Now, briefly, the advantage of this early breeding is that it develops the maternal instinct and character in the ewe, while were she left virgin another year she would perhaps develop a mutton character, a tendency to fat and self appropriation of food nutrients that were meant for the lamb. It is not always that the first lambs are of great value. I do not keep them for breeders, but fatten and sell as early as I can.

Make no mistake by stinting the young mother in amount of grain food after she has weaned her lamb. It ought to be rich and in unlimited amounts. I use this mixture: Cornmeal, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; oil meal, 50 pounds. Then all the best hay that she wants, and no fear but that she will raise the lambs and grow herself at the same time. However, I suggest weaning the lambs early to give her a good chance to recruit after suckling them. Do not understand me as advising the giving of large rations of rich food to the ewe before she has become gradually accustomed to eating it. The second breeding of the young ewe should be done earlier, so as to have the lamb drop not later than May.—Cor. National Stockman.

HORSE'S HOOF.

From Birth to Death It Requires Faithful Attention.

From the birth to the death of the horse, says a fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, the hoof requires attention if it is to be kept in a healthy condition. It is before the hoof is shod that the feet are generally neglected, and the animals suffer accordingly, because they are young and immature, and the bones and other tissues are soft and could be easily distorted to suit the conditions under which they are kept. The feet of foals and growing horses should therefore have attention given to them, since neglect at that period often sows the seed of continuous trouble. The hoofs should be kept clean by being "picked out" as often as possible to prevent any dirt or hard substance being buried in the fissures of the feet. They should be examined from time to time (say every six weeks) to detect any defects of [illegible] might be taking place. If [illegible] growing level [illegible] retlock joint bending over toward the outside. On no pretense whatever should the front of the wall be interfered with, for the glazed coating of its surface protects the horn beneath it. It should therefore be left untouched.

It would be as well to [illegible] people's minds of a very popular fallacy—viz, that wet, soft grass and even manure yards are the best places to keep young horses, and some would even have the frogs and sole pared thin to allow the moisture to penetrate more easily. No greater mistake could be made than that, for the preservation of the hoof depends to a great extent upon the soil the animal was reared on. The best footed horses are bred on dry soils, and that is undoubtedly the kind of ground best adapted to the healthy growth of horn.

Young horses require plenty of exercise, and unless they are allowed it the growth of the horn, etc., is sure to be defective. Then the question rises, When ought a horse to be first shod? The answer is, when the work required of the animal wears the horn away faster than it is formed or grows down, or, in other words, so long as the horn of the foot can stand the wear required, it will not need protecting (shoeing). Moreover, if the young horses are not shod so early they will not be worked so hard, and fewer would be ruined in their youth, as is too often the case at the present time.

Stock Hogs In Winter.

Inexperienced swine breeders make the mistake of either keeping their breeding hogs too fat or too [illegible] during the winter. It requires [illegible] and good judgment gained by [illegible] observation or long experience [illegible] when breeding stock is in [illegible] condition. If too fat, the sows will have weak pigs, and so they will be [illegible] thin, and besides not have enough milk to nourish them. An exclusive corn diet tends toward fatness of the sows and a poor development of bone and muscle of the pigs. Corn is an unbalanced ration, and a long feeding of it makes the system feverish. Corn fed breed sows often eat their pigs because their system craves different food.

The aim should be to maintain the breeding stock in a healthy growing condition and with just flesh enough to keep them warm and make them good and strong at farrowing time. Oats make an ideal ration and may be fed without grinding. Wheat or any of its by-products is good. A little linseed meal does not come amiss. Rye is also an excellent feed, but be shy of corn and give only a few ears a day. Roots are probably the cheapest food that can be fed and one of the best. They keep the bowels in order and the system in good working shape. Turnips, beets, apples, potatoes or carrots may all be fed whole, and the hogs will eat them greedily. If you have silage, feed freely of it. There is nothing better. A ration of clover hay two or three times a week is also relished.

In addition to sensible feeding give a warm bed in a dry, tight pen and a yard or field for plenty of exercise. When handled in this way, the pigs can be carried cheaply through the winter and the sows will come to farrowing-in the best possible condition and drop strong, healthy pigs ready to grow from the start.—National Stockman.

Live Stock Points.

We have heard of a race horse named Dress Goods. A man who would feed a horse such a name as that ought to be pursued and kicked every night by enraged nightmares.

A good horse feed is a mixture of ground corn and oats fed with moistened cut clover hay. It is a nitrogenous food making feed and easily digested.

At recent sales in Kentucky horses of blood and training have brought excellent prices. There will be henceforth good market for all horses that are worth the name, but they must be of a much higher order than those offered for sale half a dozen years ago. The scrub horse in America must go, is going rapidly. Every man cannot raise a race horse or fast trotter, but every man can raise a large, fine carriage horse or a first class saddler or noble, gentle draft horses of size and beauty. The man who puts any or all these on the market will not go to the poorhouse. If they can be broken and trained at home, so much the better if the training is perfect.

The prize carload of fat steers at the Chicago show were Aberdeen Angus and sold for $6 a hundredweight.

The national congress of stockbreeders will be held in 1898 in St. Paul. It will commence Jan. 17 and end Jan. 22. The promoters of this worthy association are hoping for a gathering of stockmen from all parts of [illegible] Mr. David McGin[illegible] St. [illegible] utive manager.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R. R.
FORT WAYNE, CINCINNATI
—AND—
LOUISVILLE R. R.
(Natural Gas Route.)
NORTHERN OHIO R[illegible]
WILL SELL FOR THE
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS,

Excursion Tickets between all Stations on its own and connecting Lines, at the very low rate of

One and One-Third FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Tickets will be sold on December 24, 25 and 31, 1897, and January 1, 1898, limited going to date of sale, and good returning up to and including January 4, 1898.

For tickets, rates, [illegible] general information, call [illegible] agent of the above [illegible]

C. F. DALY,
General Passenger Agent.

GEO. L. BRADBURY,
Vice-President and General M'g'r.
Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUNG WOMEN desiring to make their home at the new
Y. W. C. A. Rooms,
49 and 51 W. Berry Street.,
Should apply at once. Miss Johnson has charge of the rooms to be rented and may be seen after 5 o'clock at the association house West Berry Street.

The Pennsylvania Station.
Pennsylvania Lines.
Trains Run by Central Time
AS FOLLOWS:
*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

FROM FT. WAYNE TO — LEAVE — ARRIVE

Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

East Bound.	West Bound
*5 30 a.m.	*3 35 a. m.
†6 00 a.m.	
*7 00 a.m.	*5 10 a.m.
†1 10 p.m.	†7 30 a.m.
*7 45 p.m.	†12 55 p.m.
*9 25 p.m. Limited	* 4 30 p.m.
*10 45 from Chi	* 5 25 p.m.
From Crestline	6 45 p.m.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
In effect Nov. 28th, 1897.
NORTH BOUND.
*For Grand Rapids and north 2 40 am
† 9 00 am
† 2 55 pm
*From Richmond arrives 8 25 pm
SOUTH BOUND.
*For Richmond and Cincinnati 12 35 am
† 5 45 am
† 12 35 pm
*From Grand Rapids arrives 7 15 pm
*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILROAD.
Trains from Fort Wayne as follows.
Effective Nov. 14, 1897.

No.	GOING EAST	DEPART.
2.	N. Y. & Boston Lim., daily	5 38 a.m.
20.	Toledo Local Express ex. Sunday	6 55 a.m.
6.	N. Y. & N. Eng. Flyer, daily	11 50 a.m.
4.	East Mail & Ex., ex. Sunday	6 30 p m.
10.	Decatur Accom. arrives ex. Sunday	8 45 p.m.
	GOING WEST.	
11.

THIS PAPER IS A MEMBER
—OF—
THE · ASSOCIATED · PRESS.
It Spans the World.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

THE LARGE CIRCULATION OF
THE SENTINEL
Makes it Most Valuable as an Advertising Medium at this time.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898. [PART FIRST.] PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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TABLE LINENS
At Low Prices,
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ANY
PERSON
TEMPORARILY
EMBARRASSED,
CAN BORROW ANY AMOUNT YOU WISH,
FROM $10 UP ON THE FOLLOWING SECURITY.
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE & PIANOS, HORSES, WAGONS, CARRIAGES, ETC.
THE PROPERTY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED
IN YOUR POSSESSION; YOU CAN GET THE
MONEY THE DAY YOU MAKE APPLICATION
NO PUBLICITY, NO DELAY, LOWEST RATES
IT PAYS TO BORROW OF US.
We claim to loan money cheaper than any other loan company in the city, therefore if you fail to get our rates and terms before borrowing elsewhere you do an injustice to both yourself and family.
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26 Calhoun St., Room 5. First Flight of Stairs
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Dispensing Chemists.
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Holding permanent positions with responsible concerns, can borrow money on their own names, without collateral security or endorsement in sums to suit. Can be repaid in small weekly, semi-monthly or monthly payments. Business strictly confidential.
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ALL
TOILET ARTICLES
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HOLIDAY NOVELTIES
AT COST.
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At lowest rate on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, carriages, etc., and leave the property in your possession.
Payments arranged on the monthly installment plan or to suit you
Loans placed same day application is made.
No charges taken out in advance.
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Fort Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.,
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SALT
RHEUM
Scaly, scabby and disfiguring of itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers, when all else fails.
Cuticura
POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Prop., Boston.
PALACE HAIR Simply Pure, Safe Plentiful, Used by Cuticura Soap.

SOME STEPPERS.

Correspondent Talks About Fort Wayne Horses.

Spicy Budget in Which the Equine Situation is Sized Up in Very Interesting Style.

A correspondent of the Chicago Horse Review has sized up the horse situation in Fort Wayne in the following spicy style:

"The snow brigade will be out in full force this winter, and Washington boulevard promises to be the scene of many hot races. In fact we will have a little circuit of our own, and all that is lacking now is the snow—everything else is in readiness. The money (?) as well as the glory, will stay at home, all the participants will be local nags. Frank Gruber will probably take the lead with his pacer, Red Elgin, 2:15¼, as he is a number one snow horse. Oscar Wehrock will also be a candidate for high honors. He owns Crescent, by Red Bird (son of Jay Bird), that was timed better than 2:30 in her races last year, and a black mare by Atlantic King. The latter, with only nine days' work, trailed in 2:20¼, the half in 1.06¼, but threw a splint, and, consequently, could not be trained further. She will be a good mare for the green classes next year. Oscar was quite a 'teamer' the past season, and will be out again in '98. Helen K., by Nil Desperandum, out of Minnie, by Blue Bull, may be seen on the snow this winter. Charles Lehr, an engineer on the Pittsburg railroad, owns her.

"Look out for Cyrus Zimmer and 'Lacona,' as they go down the line this winter. They are old hands at the business, and a hard pair to beat. G. L. Potter will likely be seen on the snow path at his leisure hours, with his Electioneer gelding, Ivo 2:28, and should he conclude to cut him loose he will not be far behind at the finish. Raleigh Niswonger will chase the boys with his Red Bell pacer, and Henry Huffman has a Strathmore mare that can pace a blue streak. Drs. Barnett have a mare by Wayne Wilkes, out of Cuchara, by Gen. Hancock, that can 'june some.' Joe W. Bell will be out with his stallion, Director Chief, by Director; and Herman Tapp will have something good, as usual. Coroner J. H. Kappel gets his flyers mostly from Michigan, and they can step some, too. The genial Doc had about closed a deal for the 'P'inter Hoss,' once upon a time, but Ed. Geers interfered and spoiled the trade. Now he has it in for brother Ed. Harry C 2:17¼ has been fired and will not be raced next year. In the meantime Charles McDougall will take his spins behind Big Ike, by Coastman 2:08¾. 'Uncle Tom' Telley has a three-year-old sorrel filly, by Ambassador, dam by a son of Hambletonian 10, that he will exercise behind this winter. Mr. Telley used to interest the boys with 'Old Toney,' but, 'alas! he cannot do it any more,' having sold the old horse."

The following parties own good horses, and all of them, together with many others not mentioned, will be out for honors on the snow this winter: Fred Myers, Frank Perry, Will Shebundy, Dr K K Wheelock, Ben Lehman, Henry Kanning, John Wilkins, Chas. G. Pape (who owns a brother to West Wilkes 2:13¾), W. M. McKinnie, George Kuntz, Jap Compton, R L Krull, Dr. L. A. Worch, Louis Romy, O. D. Hutzell, Frank Fox, Joe Luper, J. B. Ryan, A. C. Mick, Dan. Rhodes (owner of Lorna Doone 2:24¼) Jessie Grice, Dr. A. E Van Buskurk, Joe Weick, H. A. Wiebke, Chas. D. Tillo, Walt. Adams, Wm. A. Rinehart (with a brother to Cash Boy 2:27½), Chas. Habecker, Abe Towsley, etc., etc. The pacing mare Rotena 2:21¼, by Wayne Wilkes, dam by Belmont Prince, has been sold by J. Y. Shoaff, of this city, to Charles Campbell, New York, for $350. She was entered in the Splan Newgass sale. Frank Burns, a machinist in the Pittsburg shops, owns a brother to Eleanor, 3, 2.11, coming four years old, that is a trotter and will certainly get some of the money next season. He was worked some last spring, but was considered too growthy to stand hard training. H. C. Sites, a leading dentist, has a couple of good ones; a bay mare by Red Bell, dam by Strathmore, that showed 2:20 speed last summer, and a bay filly by Maelstrom, son of Strathmore. He also owns the dam of the latter, which was sired by Abdalbrino, brother to Princeps. Minuet 2:13¼ has been sent to Circleville, O., to be bred to Wilton early next spring. There will be another combination sale held here in the spring. R. T. McDonald, H. C. Rockhill and H. W. Tapp will be the chief promotors of the affair, with possibly a few outside consignors. About 150 head are to be sold, mostly young stock, well bred and promising. The well-known trimers, J. M. Stevens, Frank Bogash and J. W. Pearse, are giving their respective horses slow jogging in preparation for next year's racing. Mr. Stevens has seven head: Charmion 2:29¼, by Strathmore; Eureka S., by Wayne Wilkes, dam by Strathmore; a two-year-old filly by Red Bell, out of Charmion, Belfield, by Belfield, dam by John E. Wood, and three others. Frank Bogash's string consists of seventeen, mostly youngsters and the get of Atlantic King 2:09¾. Frank is also wintering his namesake. Frank Bogash 2:04¼ (now owned by George VanDyke, Boston, Mass.) with whom he expects to be 'strictly in it' with the free-for-allers in 1898. W. C. F. 2:29¼ and Sir Arthur 2:17¼ are the chief pupils of Mr. J. W. Pearse. He also has Maj. Pearse (brother to Minuet 2:13¾), by Strathmore-American Girl 2:30¼; Crescendo, by Strathmore, out of Crescent 2:24¼, by Ira Wilkes, a three year-old chestnut gelding, owned by Secretary Rockhill, and bred like Crescendo, and a yearling filly by a son of C F Clay 2.18, out of Little Daisy 2.19¼. Mr Pearse's old time favorite J. T. Reid had the misfortune to lose a valuable yearling filly, by Sir Edward, the other day. She was killed by a street car. Mr Reid will make a stud season next spring with his young Nutwood stallion, Georgewood 27238, out of Georgiana 2:26¼, sister to Patchen Wilkes."

MERZ WAS MERRY.

Assaulted a Woman While in a New Year's Mood.

Mayor Fines Him—Lieutenant Lapp Files His Monthly Report—Train Jumper Released.

Peter Merz was fined $5 and costs by the mayor this morning for assault and battery on Jennie Bower, who lives on Lafayette street. Last night Miss Bower went to Tom Clark's saloon, bought three bottles of beer and proceeded homeward. Merz followed her and while trying to force her to give up the beer two bottles fell and were broken. Thereat the woman shrieked and Merz escaped. Later he was arrested at Vogely's hall on Maumee road, where he was attending a dance. Merz left police court with an officer, trying to hunt up a friend who would pay his fine.

MONTHLY REPORT.

Lieutenant Lapp has compiled the following report of arrests for December:

Intoxication	7
Selling liquor without a license	2
Criminal prosecution	2
Malicious trespass	1
Climbing on cars	1
Vagrancy	12
Petit larceny	6
Forgery	1
Trespass	1
Prostitution	1
Associating with prostitutes	4
Burglary	1
Carrying concealed weapons	1
Wife desertion	1
Being a tramp	1
Grand larceny	1
Total	81

NOTES.

Will Stegell, a train jumper arrested by Officer Heller, was let go.

It was very dull in police circles today.

LOCAL LINES.

The "Friendly Ten" will give a smoker at Sleepy Hollow homestead tonight.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the South Congregational church occurs Wednesday evening.

W. C. Drapier, manager of the Remington typewriter business in this city, has gone to Kendallville for a several days' stay.

Mrs. Christopher Schultz has as her guest her aunt, Mrs Dora Beach, and two sons, Masters Eddie and Harry, of Albany, Ind.

The employes at the School for Feeble Minded Youth celebrated New Year's eve in a quiet way at the hall of the school last evening.

Herbert Stonecifer, after a visit at his home in this city, will leave tomorrow to resume his studies at the Indianapolis dental college.

Dr Mary A. Mixer, professor in the Woman's Medical College, Chicago, is the guest of Dr Della Howe, at the School for Feeble Minded Youth.

Dan Myers has closed up his branch store on East Wayne street, and will go to Columbia City to superintend the work in his cream factory.

Misses Maude Gaskins, Mabel Crosby and Edna Parham arrived home today from Van Wert, where they were the guests of Miss Edith Parham.

Miss Ruth Blake and Miss Alice Scott are spending New Year's day in Chicago as the guests of Miss Blake's parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Vila Blake.

C. Stone, representing the Employers' Liability Insurance company, has returned to Indianapolis, after a business stay of several days in the city.

Benjamin Grogg and Cash Olinger, of Garrett, who were guests of the latter's uncle, J. B. Olinger, of 134 Horace street, have returned to their homes.

Mrs. Ben Burgess, of Danville, Ill., and Miss Eugene Burgess, of Chicago, have returned home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, of South Calhoun street.

Mrs. Bernard and Mrs Dexler, of 209 Harrison street, are entertaining their brother, Alexander Kirkpatrick, of South Dakota, and Mrs Dillman and Mrs. Spinson, of Pierceton.

Dr. English will start a class for the study of the Bible in the Wayne street Methodist Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:30. All persons not already in Sabbath school are invited to join this class.

Mrs. Stephen Parrish has returned from Laotta, Mich., where she has been visiting relatives. Her little daughter who accompanied her there, was unable to return with her, having met with a bad fall which fractured the bones of her leg.

A CURFEW LAW.

Some Opinions From Men Who Can Talk Advisedly.

Humane Officer, Prosecuting Attorney and Police Officers Discuss the Proposed Measure.

During several months past there has been some agitation and a great deal of discussion with respect to the enactment of a curfew ordinance in Fort Wayne. Among all classes of good citizens, especially among those who take most deeply to heart the moral growth of the city, the enactment of such a measure has for the most part met with favor. A few weeks ago Councilman Schuhler, of the Ninth ward, announced that he was engaged in the preparation of a curfew ordinance which he purposed soon to introduced to the attention of the city council. For some reason or other that purposed ordinance has been leading a very unostentatious existence. Just why this is so, as Lord Dundreary would say, "is something no fellah can find out."

THE SENTINEL has secured some expressions of opinion regarding the necessity for a curfew law and the merits of such an expedient. The gentlemen interviewed, as will be seen, are men who have the best reasons to be familiar with the evils proposed to be regulated. Mayor Scherer, in an interview with THE SENTINEL some weeks ago, expressed his approval of the curfew law, but when approached a day or two ago upon the same subject, declined to express himself further.

The subjoined interviews will, if they do nothing more, establish the fact that officers of the law recognize the existence of an evil whose prompt correction is demanded imperatively by high consideration of the public good. These opinions follow:

HUMANE OFFICER SCHLAUDROFF.

The cases coming to the attention of the humane officer are numerous and he often meets with pitiable conditions of the young, brought on by indiscretions or by crime, and traceable to a beginning on the streets. Mr. Schlaudroff has long been a champion of the curfew law, has watched its success in other places and hopes that the city of Fort Wayne will adopt it. He gives his opinion as follows:

"While a few of our citizens think we do not need the curfew law, I believe it would be a good thing and a hardship on no one. No city is too large for such a law. The larger the city the more need for it. I believe that if all the records of the boy thieves were looked up it would be found that about eight out of ten of them are boys who have come home when they pleased at night when they were little children. If a father could see his son of eight or ten or twelve years of age standing in a group of toughs eighteen or twenty years old, (some of whom have perhaps already been in prison for some offense), and hear what his children are learning he would take him home at once, and after that keep him out of such surroundings.

"THE SENTINEL can put me down for the curfew law. I feel sure that it would do no harm to try it for awhile, anyhow, and see how it works. It might be the means of keeping some of our boys out of the reform school. The streets of a city of the size of Fort Wayne are bad places for children to roam in at will day or night. I have some statistics showing that 13,000 policemen in large cities arrested 450,000 men, women and children at an expense of $20,000,000, while among an equal number of farmers there were not 5,000 arrests. Of the 13,000 boys and girls in the reform school in 1890, 98 per cent went from cities, towns and villages. In view of such facts as these would it not be better for a future generation if we had a curfew law covering the age of sixteen years?"

PROSECUTOR DOUGHMAN

Here is another earnest officer who wants the curfew. His position as prosecuting attorney has given him a chance to make a thorough study of the situation. He does not regard the curfew as political in any sense and says it is ridiculous to regard it in that light, as a few have done. It is, in his estimation, a splendid support for the officers in their efforts to take the children from the streets when they should be at home. Mr. Doughman says he will do all he can to bring about the curfew. He said, in reply to a question put by the reporter:

"I believe that a curfew law, reasonably enacted and properly enforced, would accomplish great good in a city like ours. The permitting of children to be about the streets of the city after night, unaccompanied by their parents or some other proper person, has a demoralizing effect upon them. Young boys in that way early learn habits of dissipation, come in contact with older ones addicted to crime, and gradually thereby drift into bad habits and perhaps criminal conduct. Much of the petty thieving done about the city is done by young boys who go about the streets and alleys at night. These boys first commence by stealing small things and soon learn to commit thefts of more importance. I can call to mind several instances of boys who have been arrested and punished, who, I think, owe their downfall to being permitted while young to congregate at different parts of the city at night. The permitting of young girls to go about at night unattended soon has a tendency to make them bold, and later they soon drift into improper places in the way of wine rooms, which are open at night. I favor the enactment of a proper curfew ordinance. This will enable the officers to compel children to be off the streets at night."

SUPERINTENDENT GORSLINE

Superintendent of Police Gorsline has given much reflection to the moral benefits sought in a curfew law. When interviewed he had not arrived at a definite conclusion as to the precise provisions and scope such a law for this city should have, but as a general proposition he favors such a measure.

"No one will contend," said Superintendent Gorsline, "that boys and girls ranging in age from eight to sixteen years should have unrestricted privilege to roam the streets at night. Such license should be taken from juveniles. No persons know as well as the members of the police force what mischief and even criminal offense is hatched by the youngsters who prowl about at night. The police would prevent it if they could, but wanting it together specific authority to deal with the evil they can do nothing. It seems to me a curfew law wisely framed and reasonably enforced would clothe the police with all essential authority to deal with the matter properly. Possibly it would not but in the absence of any such authority whatsoever, it would be worth while to try it. One thing admits of no question. Young boys and girls should be kept off the streets at night."

CAPTAIN BORGMAN

During his long years of service in the police department Captain Borgman has had wide opportunities to observe the ways of evil. He is unreservedly in favor of the curfew. He [illegible] police club will [illegible] Suppose the curfew law will be of some benefit to those who have to be controlled by a police club. Shall the rest of the children be restricted in the reasonable enjoyment of life because some few cannot be otherwise controlled? It has to be done, why not go back to the rest of the children? [illegible] argument against the whipping post for wife beaters put up in licking stool for female scold. Managers as of old. I believe the law is impracticable. Who is to be the judge of the age of children? [illegible] If he makes a mistake and arrests some one over the age so stated [illegible] be responsible? My opinion is it will [illegible] the rest of similar laws [illegible] good law. It is a law which compels the parent to be at home at such a time, [illegible] children would be at home also. It holds a check from childhood trained to stay during night for fear [illegible] will affect it [illegible] it can see how laws are violated. The pupils as well as multitudes of others and the parents as well as judges never expect them to pay any attention to them. The trouble is we have too many laws [illegible] all matters and laws which are [illegible] to the very essence of state and society are loose and neglected. When in a country like ours about as many divorces are granted as marriage licenses, is it to be wondered at that children are neglected, and sent broadcast without a father or mother to control them? I say all such laws as curfew laws are but a sham to cover up others more important. Reform or enact such laws as the divorce laws which are fundamental to the existence of state or society, give children a home which they enjoy, if ever so poor, make them fear by moral training a higher authority than a blue coat and you will have no need for a curfew law."

LIEUTENANT LAPP

Mr Lapp is another old-timer on the police force. He has a keen conception of crime, its preventive and cure. He believes in the curfew. Mr Lapp says:

"I would like to see it tried, and I think that every man on the force would be glad to have it. The police are handicapped when it comes to looking after children, young misses and youths. If we had the curfew the policeman would have some ground upon which to stand whenever he tries to correct the young people who need correcting.

REPORTED DEAD.

Prince Bismark Said to Have Succumbed.

The Aged Statesman Has Been in Ill Health for Some Time and His Death is Not Surprising.

LONDON, Jan 1.—The Evening News, of this city, reports the death of Prince Bismarck this morning at Friedrichsruhe.

The aged German statesman has been in failing health for many months and his death is not the occasion of any surprise.

A few days ago "The Iron Chancellor" arose from his bed to greet Emperor Wilhelm, who visited him.

It was thought at the time that only the prodigious vitality of the statesman enabled him to bear the effort.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

R. C. Bell Retires from the Law Business of Morris, Bell, Barrett & Morris.

Hon R C Bell has retired from the firm of Morris, Bell, Barrett & Morris, and the business will be continued under the name of Morris, Barrett & Morris. The firm was organized five years ago. The partnership association was generally known among members of the profession for several weeks. Mr Bell is at present on a hunting expedition in Mississippi and his future plans are not known.

LOCAL LINES.

Mrs J E Reuben and Harry Reuben of Payne, Ohio, are visiting in the city.

Hugo Thieme, of an eastern university is visiting his brothers and sisters during the holidays.

Mrs Townsend, mother of the genial Dick Townsend, went to Decatur this morning, where she will reside in the future.

Mrs C J Deming and Miss A M White, of New York, are guests of the former's son, Dr N L Deming, at the New Aveline.

The week of prayer will be observed by a special evangelistic service in Plymouth church every evening next week, the pastor preaching a short, pungent sermon at each service.

Rev and Mrs L L Henson will keep open house this evening at the Baptist parsonage from [illegible] to 10 o'clock. All members of the church and congregation and all other friends are invited.

Joseph and Siegmund Kirchheimer have leased the double store room in the Randall block, adjoining Pulitzer's commission house and intend early after the first of the year they will engage in the wholesale paper business. The name of the firm will be Kirchheimer Bros.

MERRY HUSTLERS.

The Old Club Again in Pleasure's Realm.

Members Meet After Four Years to Recall Memories of Happy Events of Other Days.

The reunion of the members of the old M H club at the house of Mr and Mrs C M Comparet on Edgewood avenue was one of the most notable of the many social gatherings last night.

The happy spirit of the season pervaded the company and the enjoyment was heightened by the [illegible] There were hearty greetings as old members clasped hands and renewed the fellowships of former days. Always famous for the excellence of the dinners at its gatherings, the club last night was treated to fare of rare sort and excellence that past all precedents into eclipse. The ingenuity of hostess and host had evolved a scheme of recreations that won in unanimous verdict of approbation from the first.

When the guests had arrived and greetings were over cards were distributed. One side bore the name of the holder while on the other side was a description of the person who was to be his or her partner at the lunch table. This description was written in a manner not easily read, the following being a sample: "Madame urbana rahi, uleb yees, r dirma, egunol," which translated meant "a lady with auburn hair, blue eyes married lounge." Under the lounge the owner of this card found a slip bearing the name of his intended partner and the legend "Ti cuy loudw ryou seetre owkn uvo spout of bet naturo og." This in time was translated to read "If you would your secret know, you must to the curtain go." After a search of several minutes, a slip of paper written in the same puzzling manner was found, which translated was as follows: "You've had a long search, but 'twill please you to know that the good die young and to heaven go, and that you my friends, have no mansions below."

The translation of these cards consumed considerable time and at its close, 10:30 o'clock, a literary and musical program was rendered, ending with a reply by the club's poet laureate to the prophecy made by himself at the last previous meeting four years ago.

THE PROPHESY.

[illegible]

THE FUTURE.

[illegible]

George Hinch [illegible] the president's chair
Of a firm that makes bologna
[illegible]

[illegible]

Mrs Lola Clerk [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] flowers
[illegible]

[illegible]

Will [illegible] married [illegible] style
In [illegible] rooms garret
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Such was the prophesy of four years ago, and how it was fulfilled is told in the following lines by the same poet:

[illegible]

After the reading of the poems came a repast such only as Mrs. Comparet is capable of serving and whose talents in that line have added luster to the enviable reputation for hospitality enjoyed by the couple. During this repast and for several hours afterwards, Prof. and Mrs. R R Houlton discoursed sweet music. Supper was followed by dancing, which was prolonged into the morning hours, the last number being completed as the bright rays of dawn the eastern horizon indicated the approach of day.

M. S. ROBISON OUT.

Judge O'Rourke Makes an Allowance on Receiver's Claim.

Mr. Robison's Report Accepted and He is Given $6,500 for His Services.

Judge O'Rourke last evening took action on the final report of M. S. Robison as receiver of the Fort Wayne Consolidated Street railway. An allowance of $6,667 was made for the receiver and his resignation was accepted. Mr Robison has retired from the receivership and the management of the property.

Judge O'Rourke cut down Mr. Robison's demand for $20,000 to a third of the claim and allowed Judge W G Colerick's claim for $1,000 for services as attorney for the receivers. The hearing of testimony engaged the court until evening and just before the close the court informed the principals that the introduction of further testimony was useless as he had been enabled to reach a decision.

It is the opinion of a number of lawyers that the allowance for Mr. Robison is incommensurate with the services he rendered.

As it is, Mr Robison's resignation is accepted by the court and he has retired from the receivership and from the management of the street car lines. Mr Scott, his successor as manager, will assume his duties at once. Mr. Robison will soon leave Fort Wayne and engage in business in Chicago.

THEIR SORROW DEEP

Mr. and Mrs. John Burke Have a Treble Bereavement.

Bereft of Three Children in as Many Weeks—Paralysis Ends the Life of Mrs. Mary Hillis.

This morning occurred the death of Josie, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs John Burke, of 15 Brandriff street, of membraneous croup. The parents have been bereft of three children in as many weeks. Their seven year-old son, Edward, died on the 20th, and on Christmas day they lost their three-year-old son, David. They all succumbed to the same disease. The only child left in the family is an eight months' old babe, which is now in good health.

OTHER DEATHS.

Mrs Mary E. Hillis, aged fifty years, died last night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W D. Maples, of 84 Force street. Paralysis was the cause of death. The funeral arrangements will be announced later.

Charles Degitz died at Hope Hospital last night, aged seventy-nine years. Deceased was an old citizen and worked for years in the street department. The funeral will take place from the residence of his son, the time to be announced hereafter.

Clara, the ten-months-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Ferdinand Steele, of 309 Winter street, died last night of brain fever. The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon and Rev Miller will officiate.

Mary Young, aged fourteen days, died at 10:15 yesterday of congestion of the brain. She was the daughter of Amos Young, of Custer avenue. The funeral will be held at 10 o'clock Sunday from the residence.

Rev J L Leeper, D D, at Westminster church on Sabbath evening will present with the aid of the stereopticon the subject "The Christ in Art." The pictures shown will cover 400 square feet of canvass and will be reproductions of the masters of the brush as Merson, Correggio, Dobson, Diez, Knaus, Plockhorst, Raphael, Ittenbach, Murillo, Rubens, Millais, Mengelberg, Hoffman, Plardona. Critical comments will be offered upon these masterpieces which tourists travel the world round to see at great expense.

There will be a quarterly meeting at the West Creighton avenue Church of Christ tomorrow afternoon at [illegible] o'clock. Every member of the church is earnestly requested to be present, as important business is to be transacted. By order of the board of deacons.

Jacob Haugh, son of the dairyman, while out celebrating New Year's eve was accidentally shot in the [illegible]. The weapon was loaded only with powder and the injury is not fatal, though very painful.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 2

Text of the Lesson, Matt. iii. 1-17. Memory Verses, 13-17. Golden Text, Matt. iii. 17. Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Let me at the beginning of our study of the gospel by Matthew, in which we are to continue for six months, quote a few pregnant sentences from "Studies in the Gospels" by Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D.: "The Bible is a history of the conflict between Christ and satan for man and his dwelling place; of redemption provided by God, proceeding from His love, with love determining the method and the end. The gospels are the history of that part of redemption which was wrought by the Lord Jesus Christ in His earthly life, death, burial and resurrection. The point of view of and the purpose in each gospel determine in every case what shall be inserted and omitted. The Old Testament closes with the Jewish nation looking for the fulfillment of the prophecies of a king who shall reign in righteousness, under whom the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. Matthew is the gospel of the Jewish king rejected, resulting in the rejection of the nation, until the church, His body, shall be gathered out of all nations. In the Old Testament God is for His people; in the gospels He is with His people; in the Epistles He is in His people. There, three, God for us, God with us, God in us, are the method and the end of the Divine dealing, holiness eternal in the heavens, incarnate on earth, embodied in the saints."

7. "O generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come." Chapter i gives the genealogy of the King from Abraham to Joseph, the husband of Mary, who was of the royal line through Solomon, son of David. Luke iii gives the genealogy of Mary, who was also of the house of David, but through Nathan, the son of David. Math. i, 1, declares that Jesus Christ is the inheritor and fulfiller of all things promised to David and Abraham.

8. "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance," or, as in the margin, "answerable to amendment of life." Paul's preaching also was, "Repent and turn to God and do works meet for repentance" (Acts xxvi, 20). The teaching of all Scripture is that by nature we are away from God; God is calling us to come to Him, even as He called Adam from his hiding place in the garden, and has ever since been seeking lost sinners. When we turn to Him, He receives us graciously, forgives us freely and makes us His children through Jesus' blood. Then He asks us to walk worthy of our calling.

9. "And think not to say within yourselves, 'We have Abraham to our Father.' Even to our Lord Himself these people said proudly, 'We be Abraham's seed,' but He replied, 'If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham,' and then He told them very plainly, 'Ye are of your father, the devil' (John viii. 38, 39, 44). It will not do for us to say, 'I am a member of the church, I have been baptized, my people are all Christians, I do the best I can,' etc., as if any of these could save us. There must be a true reception of Jesus Christ as our own personal Saviour and a whole hearted reliance upon His merits only.

10. "Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Both in the Old Testament and in the New the believer is compared to a tree. See Ps. i, 3; Jer. xvii, 8, and compare our Lord's words in Math. xv, 13. "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

11. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." John sought no honor for himself, but he loved to point to the mightier than he, whose shoes he was not worthy to bear. We have not the right spirit if we ever seek any glory for ourselves. Repentance and the forgiveness of sins are God's free gift and make us to be surely saved, but being saved we must be filled with the Spirit in order to serve Him and bear the fruit which will be to His glory and make manifest that we are His.

12. "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor and gather His wheat into the garner, but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." May there not be some reference here to the fire of the last verse? Compare the harvest time of chap. xiii, 40-43. I have heard people pray for the fire, and I have wondered if they were even ready for the Spirit.

13. "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him." Consider where He had been for the last 18 years since He said to His mother at Jerusalem, "I must be about My Father's business." He had certainly been about that business, but how and where? In the humble home and carpenter's shop of Nazareth, subject to Joseph and Mary, willing and obedient and waiting God's time for public work. We need to lay this to heart also.

14. "But John forbade Him, saying, I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" So John was ever humble and ready to lay himself at Jesus' feet. When they told John a little later that all men were following Jesus, he replied, "I am not the Christ, but sent before Him: the friend of the bridegroom rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled" (John iii. 26-29). Just a voice; anything or nothing if only Christ is magnified.

15. "And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." This was His consecration to His public work, a life of constant and manifest death to self that He might glorify God, manifest and declare His Name and fulfill all that had been written of Himself in the law, the prophets and the Psalms. As His witnesses there is no other way for us than self renunciation.

16. "Lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him." Heaven is always witnessing what is going on on the earth, and, though there may be no outward manifestation as here, yet it is even so. I believe it firmly and have found great comfort in such assurances as II Chron. xvi, 9. At Pentecost the Spirit came as tongues of fire, for there was purification needed as well as power, but there was no sin in Christ.

17. "And, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It is written in Luke iii, 21, that Jesus was praying, and in John i, 32, that the Spirit abode upon Him. Here are very plainly the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The Spirit must have been always in Christ, but here is a special ministry of the Spirit at the beginning of His public work. Can we think of doing with less?

DELICIOUS CANDIES.

Simple Recipes For Making Some of the More Popular Confections.

Candies made at home are always enjoyed and appreciated and give pleasant employment for the young people in this holiday vacation. Following are a few recipes from the New York Sun for making confections:

A delicious confection in which nuts play a part is made thus: Chop together any kind of nuts you may have at hand, but do not have them too fine. Butter a bright biscuit tin and scatter the nuts over the pan. Add to the nuts a little chopped candied orange and lemon. Put in a few raisins and candied cherries. Make a syrup of 2 pounds of granulated sugar and a small cup of water. Boil it until it will be soft and putty like when rolled between the fingers after being dropped in cold water. Flavor the syrup with a tablespoonful of wine, or lemon juice if preferred, and pour over the prepared nuts. Take a thin knife and mark into squares while the candy is still soft. When it has cooled, it can be broken apart in the lines.

For a fine cream candy place over the fire in a vessel containing 2 large cupfuls of granulated sugar and half a dozen tablespoonfuls of water. Let the mixture boil until, when a little of the syrup is dropped into a cup of cold water it will harden. To moisten it add 6 tablespoonfuls of vanilla and a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Dip a tin into a buttered dish, and when cool enough to handle with the hands pull it until it is white, cut into short lengths and set it away to get cold.

Turkish delight may be made as follows: Break an ounce of short gelatin into pieces and soak in half a cupful cold water for two hours. Weigh a pound of granulated sugar and put it in a granite pan with half a cup of cold water. Stand the pan over the fire and when the sugar is melted and comes to the boiling point add the soaked gelatin and boil steadily for 20 minutes. Flavor with the rind and juice of an orange, the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of rum. Wet a tin in cold water and turn this mixture in, having it about an inch in thickness, and stand away to harden. When it is jellied, cut into inch square pieces and roll them in confectioners' sugar. A few chopped nuts added with the flavoring are good.

To make chocolate almonds, blanch the almond meats by pouring boiling water over them and let them stand a few moments, then turn the hot water off and throw cold water over them. The skin may then be easily rubbed off. Break some sweet chocolate into small pieces, put them in a small dish and stand this dish over the fire in a pan of boiling water. When the chocolate is melted, put a blanched nut meat on the point of a hat pin and dip it into the melted chocolate, then lay it on oiled paper to cool. When the chocolate becomes set, the meats may be again taken up with a pin. Such a second coating of the chocolate will please all who are very fond of chocolate.

Chicken Timbales.

The following directions are from the Boston Cooking School Magazine:

Remove the meat from the breastbone of two raw chickens. Press it five or six times through a meat chopper. Season

TIMBALES DECORATED WITH TONGUE.

with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Beat into the mixture, one at a time, the whites of 3 eggs and then very gradually a pint of cream. Decorate some well buttered molds with a design cut from truffles or corned tongue of a red color. Fill two-thirds of each mold with the mixture, set them in a pan of hot water and cook on top of the stove or in the oven about 15 minutes. The water around them should not boil. Turn from the mold on to a hot platter and serve at once with a pint of white sauce into which a cup of chopped mushrooms has been cooking about ten minutes. Cut oak papers to fit the bottom of the molds and put them in place before buttering the molds.

Decorative Hints.

For ordinary mantels in country houses a flower supplement, like those given away by the art magazines, can be framed in a delicate narrow band of whitewood and then placed just under the shelf. It is surprising how well they look. Decorator and Furnisher also suggests the following:

The ruffle which finishes a sofa pillow is often represented in different shades of ribbon carefully tree stitched on, forming some five inches in width, which when slightly gathered looks extremely pretty.

Things Women Want to Know.

Fancy bags of all shapes, sizes and kinds are among the most useful and acceptable of gifts to a woman.

The empire lamp shade, made of plain silk, lace or soft china silk, gathered, is the fashionable thing to have.

There is authority for the statement that many well dressed women are advocating and practicing home dressmaking.

Practical marketing—marketology—is a new branch of study introduced into fashionable schools for young women this season.

There is now made a platform scale specially designed for use in houses, particularly in bathrooms, and called a bathroom scale.

The latest thing is the old fashioned cross stitch in wool, with the high lights in silk, such as our grandmothers used to work. A cushion done in this material will last a generation.

Household Gods.

The ancient Greeks believed that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of today is Dr. King's New Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds and for all affections of throat, chest and lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at Dreier & Bro.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

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FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

Handsome Designs In Corded Tailor Gowns.

POPULAR PLAID DRESS GOODS

Novelties In Various Fabrics—The Newest Colors—New Uses For Velvet—Modified Bustles In Use—Pretty Tea Gowns—Evening Costumes.

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One of the handsomest designs in tailor dressmaking is where the entire skirt and the full blouse waist are corded at regular intervals all over the surface in a round and round pattern. No color save the tan of the fine broadcloth was seen on this costume, but these little ridges, with stiff cord sewed in, seemed to give it all it needed to make a most elegant finish. No one but a postgraduate in the art of dressmaking should make an attempt at cording a tailor gown. The preferred colors for fine cloth and venetian and also whipcord tailor suits are stone gray, tan, modes biscuit and dark heliotrope. Some imperial and cadet blues are also seen. The dark, however, does not show up well when made, and the light is very delicate and soils quickly.

Overskirts and draped tunics are among the latest additions to the decoration of tailor costumes. These overskirts are precisely like those in vogue 10 and 11 years ago, the sole difference being in the braiding now put upon them instead of the Persian bands of old and the bordering of velvet or silk. These now are in shaw shape, in draped tablier and in long tunic form, caught up on one side in rich, heavy folds. A few are in the shape of a peplum and are left open at the sides or in front and fastened across with some arrangement or other to match the trimming of the rest of the gown.

Just now the plaid dress goods are seen in unusually large numbers but the clan plaids with their pronounced colors are for the most part relegated to children's wear and very stylish shirt waists. The darker, softer and more subdued colors are preferred for outdoor costumes, the dark blues, greens, browns and grays leading in favor. Velours and poplins are the leading plaids for very smart costumes, but cheviot, cloth, camel's hair and boucles are better liked by the conservative gentlewomen. The velours plaids are shown in enormous patterns of green and blue, with narrow lines of light silk upon them, like yellow and white or very pale blue and dark red or old gold. Velvet is, as it always was, the most suitable combination and trimming to use with plaid, but some of the dark and frouzy blouses now are garnished with braid in military loops and frogs.

There are some novelty woolen stuffs where the solid color is of twill in pale tints, overthrown with a raised design in black wool, which gives it the appearance of vermicelli design in braiding. Sometimes graduated stripes in bayadere design are woven on, and in still other cases the black pattern is woven in chevron lines. Still others are bordered with a design of alternate blocks of woolly black and the dress material. Some new zibeline and camel's hair stuffs have borders of deep wool astrakhan. Ottoman cloth is new to this generation and is a durable and handsome fabric and is most often produced in solid color. Ottoman of the best quality is used for fine tailor costumes. It has no luster, but a round stiffish corded surface. A few pieces of ottoman cloth have a mixture of threads in the weaving like covert suiting. Others again have knots and tufts of long silky black hairs. Browns with the black knots make up into most comfortably looking gowns for the winter. There are many novelties in zibelines, some of the newest having a mottled foundation in gray and black or gray and green, etc., but all with the soft filaments lying like natural hairs over the surface.

Among the newest colors are purples of every shade and reds from bright crimson to deep or blood. Maroon, which has been out of date many years, and peacock blue are also among the new colors. Navy blue, jade, cadet and imperial are among the fashionable blues, but bluet, violet, sky and baby, besides ultramarine, are seen. Russian green, reseda green, rush and hunter's green are all seen in the cloths and velvets, besides the silks and ribbons.

Speaking of ribbons calls to mind a piece of new taffeta. It was three inches wide and had six stripes of brilliant scarlet and no less brilliant emerald green, with a fine line of cream satin between the two colors. It was too bright a contrast for ordinary eyesight, but it was only one of thousands of pieces quite as startling for millinery purposes. The roman stripes for sashes and in the silks for waists have colors quite as raw, but somehow they are arranged so that the general result is rich without being inharmonious. Some of the finest of the new Scotch plaid silks have the lines marking the outlines of the design made of black velvet. This gives an unusually rich effect, and this peplum absolutely require a little artificial support, and no skirt can be successfully draped without it. Draped skirts are surely returning to us. Several of the handsomest gowns of this season show decided attempts to restore the old shawl and wrinkled fronts. The shawl points in some cases are bordered with fur and have a head and three little fur tails at the point.

Tea gowns are very pretty and as a general rule not of such sumptuously extravagant style as they have been. I have seen but one of plush. That was of electric blue and had a band of creamy white mouton all around the whole gown, down the front and around the bottom and sleeves, and also the enormous collar, which was of the plush, in a square sailor shape. The front of the gown was full and draped richly across the bust and again at the waist line. There was a loose belt of gold links, set with imitation turquoises. I should have said that the front was of china crape of a pink so faint that it was almost white. This was a superb gown, velvet plaid is no dearer than that with satin stripes.

Velvet as a material for street dresses, capes and coats—incidentally blouses too—and for ceremonious evening requirements and hats and bonnets is unusually popular this winter and will be more so. A new use for it has been found in making portions of entire waists to the flimsiest and thinnest of decorative stuffs for young ladies. Naturally the colors are carefully chosen, and the velvet is applied in such a way as not to interfere with the floating fullness of the gown, so is belts, draped sides and bodice points, leaving the upper parts to be overlaid with the lighter stuff, in form of bertha or fancy yokes and collars, are all made of the velvet. Yellow velvet waists with tulle, lisse, silk mull or lace net in the same shade are beautiful and make the wearer look like a new kind of canary bird. Pink, blue and green are also seen. Not very much velvet is needed, but it certainly is effective when well arranged.

Nearly all the dogs were now made look better for a slight distension in the back, and almost every handsome skirt has at least a slip horsehair crinoline set to the back of the hip. Many have regulation bustles reaching all the way down, only not very pronounced. The little overskirt and the the sleeves hang nearly to the feet, and the whole was lined with blush pink taffeta. The most popular tea gowns are made of cashmere or camel's hair in some delicate color and are simply trimmed. A gray one, with a little red bending, or, if the maker is handy with her needle, a little embroidery of such flowers as would go well with the color, would be pretty. Fur, lace and ribbons are all suitable for the decoration of tea gowns. I notice, too, among these decorations many fancy Cleodora belts of metal, and also large, thick cords, with tassels, acorns or balls at the ends. Ribbons promise to be in better demand for trimmings than they have been but only the fine satin or grosgrain ribbons are suitable for handsome gowns. The garter snake taffetas do well enough for everyday millinery, but only self colored ribbon is employed for the other requirements. Sash ribbons are sometimes in delicately figured taffetas and also roman stripes, but few care for them when so much daintier effects can be obtained by using wide moire or heavy satin ribbon edged with full ruffles of chiffon or silk muslin.

One tea gown for home wear on all ordinary occasions was of inky cashmere. The back was a watteau shape and the front falling full and loose from a pointed yoke. There was a rich purple ribbon belt to tie in front. An immense collar laid over the shoulders and the ends reached to the waist line. This was embroidered in dark green and gold floss, and was edged with a ruffle of lace. The lace ruffles turned to jabot folds and went on down to the bottom. This was pretty and graceful. There was a tea jacket of pale blue china silk. This had a deep hem and a row of dark blue baby ribbon run through the hemstitching. The sleeves were long and loose and bordered with double ruffles of lace with pale blue ribbons. The neck was finished with row upon row of alternate black and white lace. It was exceedingly tasteful. It was loosely belted with rather wide pale blue ribbon. These tea jackets are very popular. Many are made more like an empire coat or an outdoor open jacket, but the material, the lace and ribbons show plainly their intended use.

Evening gowns are just now the topic of greatest interest in fashion, as the most of the other garments have been already purchased. Two lovely dresses may well be copied. One is in pink taffeta with a silk mull overdress, with a gauffering around the bottom and a draped waist and sleeves. Maroon chrysanthemums and ribbon decorate the corsage. The other was of apple green taffeta, with 18 lines of white insertion running the length of the skirt. White lace ruffles are put on the bottom to form tabs. A similar arrangement last the neck, with a puffing of white tulle at the top. A changeable crimson and cream taffeta silk sash was made to tie in the back. A sash was also put at the back of the pink dress, made, however, of the silk mull. MATE LEROY.

SILK MULL AND TAFFETA EVENING GOWNS.

THE BOAT WAS LATE.

But Old Charon Had a Good Excuse For Waiting.

The day has indeed into dusk, the furnace fires gleamed redly against the black background of night, and still there was no sign of the boat. Pluto, waiting at the slip, cursed Charon for a loitering old dotard and made a mental vow to replace him with a younger man on the morrow. Minutes slipped into hours, and day came again, but not the boat. Pluto's anger had given way to anxiety, and he feared that the funereal waters of the Styx now surged in requiem over the body of his trusted old servitor. Just as he was about to send out searching parties, however, the missing boat came round the bend with old Charon all safe and sound sitting at the helm. From stem to stern the boat was packed with people, and progress was of a necessity very slow. Pluto's face was hard and stern as he watched the people land, and it grew even more so when old Charon approached, with the passenger list in his trembling hand.

"Please, O master, it wasn't my fault!" he cried supplicatingly.

"It wasn't hey? Then whose was it?"

"Why, it was that trolley car conductor's. He kept insisting that there was room for one more."—New York Journal.

Serious.

Listener—And was the rescue attended by any serious results?

Narrator (concluding)—And as the result of the rescue I won a wife.—New York Journal.

A Bond of Sympathy.

"That new hired girl of ours goes out every night.

"I can sympathize with you. So does our furnace."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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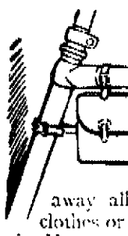

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SQUAN CREEK FOLKS.

JEP JONES TELLS OF A FIGHT WITH A BIG MOSQUITO.

Jae Hobson, Who Declared He Was No Liar, First Saw the Insect Which He Asserted Was as Large as a Goose—Every One Knew He Prevaricated.

During the palmy days of Squan Creek, when nearly every man in town prided himself on being a liar, a feller named Joe Hobson moved up from Barnegat and went into the lobster bizness. One of the first men he struck was Ebenezer Higgins, and Eben shook hands with him and said:

"I never was down at Barnegat, but I hear you hev some awful liars there."

"Yes, some of the bustinest kind of liars," replied Hobson.

"Kin they beat our Squan Creek liars?"

"I dunno, but I guess they'd bust a lung in tryin."

"Are you much of a liar yourself?" asked Eben, with an anxious look.

"I'm no liar at all. I can't remember that I ever told one in all my life. I wasn't sot agin lyin down at Barnegat, and I'm not goin to be sot agin lyin at Squan Creek. It's jest my way not to lie. Them as wants to lie kin lie, and I'll be mayburly with 'em, but I shall keep right on ketchin lobsters and sticking to the truth."

"I dunno how you'll git along in this town if ye don't lie. We hain't got but one kind of society, and that's high society, and no man who hain't a liar is considered swell. Better jine us."

THE BIG MOSQUITO IN HIS LAIR.

Mr. Hobson said he thought he'd keep on in the old way for awhile anyhow, as the doctors said he had heart trouble and he mustn't git no sudden shock. Ebenezer put everybody on to the fact that the Barnegat man was no patriot nor patronizer of home industry, and he got the cold shoulder on all sides. If he'd bin willin to listen to other folks' lies, we could hev half respected him, but he wasn't. The minit that any one began to tell of a shark 30 feet long, a sea turtle as big as a bathhouse or a one eyed whale cavortin around the bay and carryin an anchor in his mouth Mr. Hobson would take out his Testament and begin to read aloud. He had a nice wife and two children, but society in Squan Creek gin the fam'ly the cold cut, and all the grocers wanted cash down for sugar and tea. Things was made mighty lonesome for the truthful man, and at the end of three months Abraham Spooner met him one day and says:

"Mr. Hobson, are the lobsters walkin into the pots accordin to expectashun?"

"I can't say they are," replies Mr. Hobson.

"Do you find Squan Creek folks all you could wish fur?"

"I can't say that I do. No, I can't skassly say that and speak the truth."

"Take it all around, things is purty homesickish, I guess?"

"That's what they be, and I'm purty nigh discouraged."

"Mr. Hobson," says Abraham in a feelin way, "it ain't no use to hold out agin high society any longer."

"I'm sorter thinkin that way," says Hobson, "but my mind hain't fully made up yit. I'm raather afeard of my heart, I am."

"Shoo about yer heart! Jest git up tomorrer mornin and begin to lie, and I'll warrant yer heart will be all right. If you want anybody to post you, jest call on me, as I'm one of the pioneer liars of this town. In fact, I told the fust lie ever shot off in Squan Creek."

Mr. Hobson wouldn't promise anything definite, but we begun to hev hopes of him. One mornin three or four days later he told about comin across the marsh at night and bein jumped on by a skeeter which he declared was as big as a full grown goose and had claws which rattled and teeth which clanked. When he told that, we almost wep' fur joy, and Moses Gubby put his arms around Mr. Hobson and cried out:

"Brothers, another liar has come among us and must hev our love and purtecshun. All hail the noble liar from Barnegat!"

"But I hain't no liar," says Mr. Hobson.

"But you must be."

"But I'm tellin the solemn truth about that skeeter, and I want you to believe me. If I'm a liar, then I be struck dead."

Then we rejoiced sum more. He lied, and we knowed he lied, and we j'ined hands and circled around him and took him into high society at once. That night he was out on the marsh ag'in, huntin fur a lost knife or sunthin, and next day he retold that same story about the skeeter. He did more. He showed us two places whar he had bin bit, the same as if a dog had put his teeth into him, and his coat was torn and his hat was chawed. He talked so airnestly and made so many moshuns that his wife and children believed he was tellin the truth. Nobody else in Squan Creek did, however. We knowed Mr. Hobson had let go of the truth and blossomed out as a liar, and while we rejoiced over it we also felt that we had got to brush up and git some new lies or he would be ahead of us.

Things went on fur a week, and then one day Mr. Hobson was found dead on the marsh. He hadn't come home the night before, and he had bin bit and clawed to death within half a mile of his house. It was that 'skeeter that did it. We turned out with guns and made a hunt fur him and roused him out of his lair. He bit Ebenezer Higgins in the leg and laid him up for a month, and he clawed Abraham Spooner so bad that it took two doctors to save his life. He got away by swimmin across Porpoise creek, but more'n 30 of us saw him as plain as day. He was about the size of a gander, had wings like a goose, and his mouth was full of teeth an inch long. That was no mistake about his bein a skeeter, though he was the biggest one ever seen around Squan Creek. He was supposed to be about 100 years old, and it was purty generally agreed that he was blind in the left eye and as bobtailed as a rabbit. Everybody was disappointed that he got away, but what hurt us most was findin out that Joe Hobson hadn't gone back on the truth, as we allowed he had, but had stuck to it and offered up his life as a sacrifice. Nobody turned out to the funeral, and his grave hain't got no headstun to this day. M. QUAD.

A Rule.

"You have something of a reputation as a literary critic," said the deep man's confidential friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "That is easily attained. Whenever I find a book so interesting in plot that I can't lay it down"—

"You commend it?"

"No. I say it's rather clever, but it isn't real literature."

The Eternal Feminine.

"What did she want?" asked the cashier, as the feminine visitor flounced indignantly out of the bank.

"She asked for a New York draft," meekly responded the teller.

"Well?"

"She wouldn't take it because I told her we didn't give trading stamps."—Chicago Journal.

He Remained.

"When I saw you in Sing Sing," said the visitor, "you went by the name of Sam Swipes. Do you go by that name still?"

"No," said the prisoner sadly; "that is my name, but I don't go at all."—New York Sunday World.

A Composer.

Ethel—Who was that man you just bowed to?

Penelope—That was Dobson, the great composer.

Ethel—A composer, did you say?

Penelope—He manufactures soothing sirup.—London Tit-Bits.

Injured.

First Ibsenite—Ibsen has been burlesqued by a clown in Christiania. Could anything be more shocking?

Second Ibsenite—I believe I could stand to see it. I have heard him read by a 16-year-old elocutionist.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How He Acquired Them.

Ned—Here comes one of my sisters down the avenue.

Hal—Why, I wasn't aware that you had any sisters.

Ned—Oh, yes; I have three—by refusal!—Chicago News.

His Blunder.

"Ah, I see I have conveyed a wrong impression!" said the young man who had mistakenly kissed the young woman's maiden aunt in the darkened hallway as he came in.—Chicago Tribune.

Pertinent.

"Ah, yes," said the star, "I have been married for eight years."

"Continuously?" asked the critical one, but the query was deemed unworthy of reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Recognized It.

"One of the leading Czechs rejoices in the name of Czwerczek."

"Say, I recognize that. It's the machine the dentist bores out the cavity with."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Repeater.

Miss Bragg (proudly)—I had 14 proposals last season.

Miss Sharpe—Who was he, dear?—Illustrated Bits.

Plainly Honest.

"Honest?" he exclaimed. "Honest? Well, rather. He not only wouldn't steal from an individual, but he actually refused to steal from the government once when he had the opportunity."—Chicago Post.

A. Hattersley & Son

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SCULPTURE OF THE DEEP.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks About God Amid the Coral Reefs.

The Wonderful Masonry of the Minute Marine Insects—Lessons From the Coral—God's Love of the Beautiful.

In the following sermon Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage leads his auditors through a rare channel of contemplation of God's wonders. The text is:

No mention shall be made of coral.—Job xxviii., 18.

Why do you say that, inspired dramatist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the onyx, which is used for making exquisite cameos, and the sapphire, sky-blue, and topaz of rhombic prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a transport of color to those who have studied it, is not worthy of mention in comparison with our holy religion. "No mention shall be made of coral." At St. Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum built by the chief citizen, as I examined a specimen on the shelf, I first realized what a holy of holies God can build and has built in the temple of one piece of coral. I do not wonder that Ernst Heckel, the great scientist, while in Ceylon, was so entranced with the specimens which some Cingalese divers had brought up for his inspection that he himself plunged into the sea, and went clear under the waves at the risk of his life, again, and again, and again, that he might know more of the coral, the beauty of which he indicates can not even be guessed by those who have only seen it above water, and after the polyps, which are its sculptors and architects, have died and the chief glories of these submarine flowers have expired. Job, in my text, did not mean to deprecate this divine sculpture in the coral reefs along the sea coasts. No one can afford to depreciate these white palaces of the deep, built under God's direction. He never changes His plans for the building of the islands and shores; and for uncounted thousands of years the coral gardens, and the coral castles, and the coral battlements go on and up. I charge you that you will please God and please yourself if you will go into the minute examination of the corals—their foundations, their pinnacles, their aisles, their pillars, their curves, their cleavages, their reticulation, their grouping—families of them, towns of them, cities of them, and continents of them. Indeed, you can not appreciate the meaning of my text unless you know something of the coral. Labyrinthian, stellar, columnar, floral, dented like shields from battle, spotted like leopards, embroidered like lace, hung like upholstery—twilight and auroras and sunbursts of beauty! From deep crimson to milk-white are its colors. You may find this work of God through the animalcules eighty fathoms down, or amid the breakers, where the sea dashes the wildest, and beats the mightiest, and bellows the loudest. These sea creatures are ever busy. Now they build islands in the center of the Pacific ocean. Now they lift barriers around the continent. Indian ocean, Red sea and coast of Zanzibar have specimens of their infinitesimal but sublime masonry. At the recession of the tides you may in some places see the top of their Alpine elevations, while elsewhere nothing but the deep-sea soundings from the decks of the Challenger, the Porcupine and the Lightning of the British expedition can announce them. The ancient Gauls employed the coral to adorn their helmets and the hilts of swords. In many lands it has been used as amulets. The Algerian reefs in one year (1873) had at work amid the coral 311 vessels, with 3,150 sailors, yielding in profit $565,000. But the secular and worldly value of the coral is nothing as compared with the moral and religious, as when, in my text, Job employs it in comparison. I do not know how anyone can examine a coral the size of the thumb-nail without bethinking himself of God and worshipping Him, and feeling the opposite of the great infidel surgeon, lecturing to the medical students in the dissecting room upon a human eye which he held in his hand, showing its wonders of architecture and adaptation, when the idea of God flashed upon him so powerfully he cried out to the students: "Gentlemen, there is a God; but I hate Him." Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out: "There is a God, and I adore Him."

Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never comes to human observation. Sunrises and sunsets He hangs up for nations to look at; He may green the grass, and round the dew into pearl, and set on fire autumnal foliage to please mortal sight, but those thousands of miles of coral achievement I think He has had built for His own delight. In those galleries He alone can walk. The music of those keys played on by the fingers of the wave He only can hear. The snow of that white and the bloom of that crimson He alone can see. Having garnitured this world to please the human race, and lifted a glorious Heaven to please the angelic intelligences, I am glad that He has planted these gardens of the deep to please Himself. But here and there God allows specimens of submarine glory to be brought up and set before us for sublime contemplation. While I speak, these great nations of zoophytes, meandrinas, and madrepores, with tentacles for trowel, are building just such coral as we find in our text. The diamond may be more rare, the crystal may be more sparkling, the chrysoprase may be more ablaze, but the coral is the long, deep, everlasting blush of the sea. Yet Job, who understood all kinds of precious stones, declares that the beauty and value of the coral are nothing compared with our holy religion, and he picks up this coralline formation and looks at it, and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of, and cries out in ecstacy of admiration for the superior qualities of our religion: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Take my hand, and we will walk through this bower of the sea, while I show you that even exquisite coral is not worthy of being compared with the richer jewels of a Christian soul. The first thing that strikes me in looking at the coral is its long-continued accumulation. It is not turned up like Cotopaxi, but is an outbutting and an outbranching of ages. In Polynesia there are reefs hundreds of feet deep and 1,000 miles long. Who built these reefs, these islands? The zoophytes, the corallines. They were not such workers who built the pyramids as were these masons, these creatures of the sea. What small creations amounting to what vast aggregation? Who can estimate the ages between the time when the madrepores laid the foundation of the islands and the time when the madrepores put on the capstone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guide through how many years the corallines were building the Sandwich and Society islands ... But more slowly and wonderfully accumulative is grace in the heart. You sometimes get discouraged because the upbuilding by the soul does not go on more rapidly. Why, you have all eternity to build in! The little annoyances of life are zoophite builders, and there will be small layer on top of small layer, and fossilized grief on the top of fossilized grief. Grace does not go up rapidly in your soul, but, blessed be God, it goes up. Ten thousand million ages will not finish you. You will never be finished. On forever! Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise the reefs, the islands, the continents, the hemispheres of grandeur and glory. Men talk as though in this life we only had time to build; but what we build in this life, as compared with what we shall build in the next life, is as a striped shell to Australia. You go into an architect's study and there you see the sketch of a temple, the corner-stone of which has not yet been laid. O, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets! You do not scold the corallines because they can not build an island in a day. Why should you scold yourself because you can not complete a temple of holiness for the heart in this short lifetime? You tell me we do not amount to much now, but try us after a thousand million ages of hallelujah. Let us hear the angels chant for a million centuries. Give us an eternity with God, and then see if we do not amount to something. More slowly and marvelously accumulative is the grace in the soul than anything I can think of. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Lord, help us to learn that which most of us are deficient in—patience. If Thou canst take, through the sea-anemones, millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or 50 years without complaint, without restlessness, without chafing of spirit? Patience with the erring; patience that we can not have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems slow fulfillment of Bible promises; patience with physical ailments; patience under delays of Providence. Grand, glorious, all-enduring, all-conquering patience! Patience like that which my lately ascended friend, Dr. Abel Stevens, describes when writing of one of Wesley's preachers, John Nelson, who, when a man had him put in prison by false charges, and being for a long time tormented by his enemy, said: "The Lord lifted up a standard when the anger was coming on like a flood, else I should have wrung his neck to the ground and set my foot upon it." Patience like that of Pericles, the Athenian statesman, who, when a man pursued him to his own door, hurled at him epithets, and arriving there when it had become dark, sent his servant with a torch to light his enemy back to his home. Patience like that eulogized by the Spanish proverb when it says: "I have lost the rings, but here are the fingers still." Patience! The sweetest sugar for the sourest cup; the balance-wheel for all mental and moral machinery; the foot that treads into placidity stormiest lake; the bridle for otherwise rash tongues; the sublime silence that conquers the boisterous and blatant. Patience like that of the most illustrious example of all the ages—Jesus Christ; patient under betrayal; patient under the treatment of Pilate's oyer and terminer; patient under the expectoration of His assailants; patient under flagellation; patient under the charging spears of the Roman cavalry; patient unto death. Under all exasperations employ it. Whatever comes, stand it; hold on; wait, bear up.

Take my hand again, and we will go a little further into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is hot the coral is wealthy. Draw two isothermal lines at 30 degrees north and south of the equator, and you will find the favorite home of the coral. Go to the hottest part of the Pacific seas and you find the finest specimens of coral. Coral is a child of the fire. But more wonderfully do the heats and fires of trouble bring out the jewels of the Christian soul. These are not the stalwart men who are asleep on the shaded lawn, but those who are pounding amid the furnaces. I do not know of any other way of getting a thorough Christian character. I will show you a picture. Here are a father and a mother 30 or 35 years of age, their family around them. It is Sabbath morning. They have prayers. They hear the children's catechism. They have prayers every day of the week. They are in humble circumstances. But, after awhile the wheel of fortune turns up, and the man gets his $20,000. Now he has prayers on the Sabbath and every day of the week, but he has dropped the catechism. The wheel of fortune turns up again, and he gets his $80,000. Now he has prayers on Sabbath morning alone. The wheel of fortune keeps turning up, and he has $200,000, and now he has prayers on Sabbath morning when he feels like it and there is no company. The wheel of fortune keeps on turning up, and he has his $800,000 and no prayers at all. Four-leaf clover in a pasture field is not so rare as family prayers in the houses of people who have more than $800,000. But now the wheel of fortune turns down, and the man loses $300,000 out of the $800,000. Now on Sabbath morning he is on a stepladder looking for a Bible under the old newspapers on the bookcase. He is going to have prayers. His affairs are more and more complicated, and after awhile, crash goes his last dollar. Now he has prayers every morning, and he hears his grandchildren the catechism. Prosperity took him away from God; adversity drove him back to God. Hot climate to make the coral; hot and scalding trouble to make the jewels of grace in the soul. We all hate trouble, and yet it does a great deal for us. You have heard, perhaps, of that painter who wished to get an expression of great distress for his canvas, and who had his servant lash a man fast and put him to great torture, and then the artist caught the look on the victim's face and immediately transferred it to the canvas. Then he said to the servant, "More torture," and under more torture there was a more thorough expression of pain, and the artist said: "Stop there; wait till I catch that expression. There! Now I have it upon the canvas. Let loose the victim. I have a work that will last forever." "Oh," you say, "he was an inhuman painter." No doubt about it. Trouble is cruel and inhuman; but he is a great painter, and out of our tears and blood on his palette, he makes colors that never die. Oh, that it might be a picture of Christian fortitude, of shining hope!

On the day I was licensed to preach the Gospel an old Christian man took my hand and said: "My son, when you get in a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, send for me, and I will preach for you." Well, it was a great encouragement to be backed up by such a good old minister, and it was not long before I got into a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, and I sent for the old minister, and he came and preached, and it was the last sermon he ever preached. All the tears I cried at his funeral could not express my affection for that man, who was willing to help me out of a tight corner. Ah! my friends, that is what we all want—somebody to help us out of a tight corner. You are in one now. How do I know it? I am used to judging of human countenances, and I see beyond the smile and beyond the courageous look with which you hide your feelings from others. I know you are in a tight corner. What to do? Do as I did when I sent for old Dr. Scott. Do better than I did—send for the Lord God of Daniel, and of Joshua, and of every other man who got into a tight corner. "O," says some one, "why can not God develop me through prosperity instead of through adversity?" I will answer your question by asking another. Why does not God dye our northern and temperate seas with the coral? You say: "The water is not hot enough." There! In answering my question you have answered your own. Hot climate for richest specimens of coral; hot trouble for the jewels of the soul. The coral-fishers going out from Torre del Grecco never brought ashore such fine specimens as are brought out of the scalding surges of misfortune. I look down into the tropical sea, and there is something that looks like blood, and I say: "Has there been a great battle down there?" Seeming blood scattered all up and down the reefs. It is the blood of the coral, and it makes me think of those who come out of great tribulation and have their robes washed white in the Blood of the Lamb. But these gems of earth are nothing to the gems of Heaven. "No mention shall be made of coral."

I take your hand again and walk a little further on in this garden of the sea, and I notice the durability of the work of the coral. Montgomery speaks of it. He says: "Frail were their forms, ephemeral their lives, their masonry imperishable." Rhizopods are insects so small they are invisible, and yet they built the Appenines and they planted for their own monument the Cordilleras! It takes 187,000,000 of them to make one grain. Corals are changing the navigation of the sea, saying to the commerce of the world: "Take this channel;" "take that channel;" "avoid the other channel." Animalcules beating back the Atlantic and Pacific seas! If the insects of the ocean have built a reef a thousand miles long, who knows but that they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, and thus that by one stone bridge Europe shall be united with this continent on one side, and by another stone bridge Asia will be united with this continent on the other; and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel or the spread of a ship's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophecy: "There shall be no more sea."

But the durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for God. The coral is going to crumble in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer. Unmercifully criticised by brother artists and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for 25 years, and forced, on his way to Vienna, to beg food and lodging at a very plain house by the roadside. In the evening the family opened a musical instrument and played and sang with great enthusiasm; and one of the numbers they rendered was so emotional that tears ran down their their cheeks while they sang and played. Beethoven, sitting in the room, too deaf to hear the singing, was curious to know what was the music that so overpowered them, and when they got through he reached up and took the folio in his had and found it was his own music—Beethoven's Symphony in A—and he cried out: "I wrote that!" The house hold sat and stood abashed to find that their poor-looking guest was the great composer. But he never left that house alive. A fever seized him that night, and no relief could be afforded, and in a few days he died. But just before expiring he took the hand of his nephew, who had been sent for and had arrived, saying: "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Poor Beethoven! His work still lives, and in the twentieth century will be better appreciated than it was in the nineteenth; and as long as there is on earth an orchestra to play or an oratorio to sing, Bethoven's nine symphonies will be the echantment of nations. But you are not a composer, and you say that there is nothing remarkable about you—only a mother trying to rear your family for usefulness and Heaven. Yet the song with which you sing your child to sleep will never cease its mission. You will grow old and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here, and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullabies of this century will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet, do you suppose the rhizopod said: "There is no need of my working; I can not build the Cordilleras." Do you suppose the madrepore said: "There is no need of my working; I can not build the Sandwich Islands." Each one attended to his own business; and there are the Sandwich Islands, and there are the Cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great enterprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world see its close. I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal corallum I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. I pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the ocean's immortal gladness! Better be insignificant and useful than great and idle. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across the land and leave their skeletons through the strata, while the coral-lines went on heaving up the islands all covered with fruitage and verdure. Better be a coralline than a mastodon. So now I am trying to make one little coralline. The polyp picks out of the wave that smites it carbonate of lime, and with that builds up its own insectile masonry. So out of the wave of your tears I take the salt; out of the bruise I take the blue, and out of your bleeding heart I take the red, and out of them altogether I make this coral, which I pray may not be disowned in the day when God makes up His jewels.

Every minister feels that he is handicapped in his work in the vineyard by the extraordinarily poor singing of his choir.—Atchison Globe.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNAL.

How Mrs. Gill Helped the Wests on Their Feet Again.

To my mind this story has a correct and fitting title because all interested were poor. The Gills were living—that was all. Had they possessed the income of the Wests they would have felt independent, but the Wests were by far the worse off of the two families. Besides the Wests were six—four of them children. The Gills constituted Mr. and Mrs. Gill—that was all.

To go back in the history of the Wests for a moment. West was a first-class mechanic, a machinist. He was a faithful workman and for that reason always had employment even in the hardest times. Up to two years before this story begins things had gone well with the Wests. They had bought a lot and built a home, a little, one-story brick cottage. The payments had been met promptly and it had been paid for. Then West contracted the grip and before he was well enough to work again there was a $200 mortgage on the house. Worse than that, the doctor who had attended West during his illness had been free in prescribing whisky and when West got about he found a little nip rather agreeable after work was over.

Mrs. West was a pretty girl when West married her and a good housekeeper. She was neat and pretty still when West was taken down with the grip, but the worry of the illness and the sleepless nights and another baby soon after his recovery, ran her health down to quite an extent. Her interest in her house and the color from her cheeks disappeared. Besides, a year had passed and not one dollar of the mortgage had been paid. West promised to reform and did his best, but the best he could do was fail.

The man who kept the corner saloon learned that West would pay his debts and was susceptible to flattery, therefore he used to tell him what a clever fellow he was and permitted him to run

VISITED THE SALOON ON PAY NIGHTS.

in debt. When, on pay night, West stopped in to settle his score, he generally made a night of it and went home with perhaps a little silver.

I wish to emphasize the fact that the Gills had very little beside their health, which was fairly good. No matter what Gill did to maintain himself and wife—that has nothing to do with this annal. Some one told her the story of the Wests. She asked a few questions, got the Wests' address and went home resolved. At supper she informed Gill that she wanted him to enter into some charitable work.

"I would like to know what with," said Gill.

"With me."

"But you know, my dear, in these hard times—"

"It won't cost a cent, only, perhaps, a few car fares."

Well, Mrs. Gill called on the West family and got the story of West's fall. She cheered Mrs. West up, said she would see to it that West paid the grocery bill and then read Mrs. West a severe lecture on the condition of the house.

"I can't do it all, you must help," concluded Mrs. Gill. "I'll be over to-morrow. Have the house cleaned up, won't you?"

Mrs. West promised. Then Mrs. Gill went to the grocer and gave him a lecture on business.

"Why don't you make West pay that bill? Don't you know that he pays his saloon bills? Don't you know that there is a mortgage on his house and that it may be foreclosed and you lose your bill?"

The grocer became excited—he was a nervous little man.

"I'm going to try and straighten that family out," said Mrs. Gill, "and I want you to help me by making West pay that bill. Threaten to garnishee his wages. Walk into him—make him." The grocer promised.

The next night after Mrs. Gill's call he came home and found the house looking bright and cheery. It staggered him, but it also reached his heart. The supper was quite the best his wife had ever set before him—so he said. The children, clean and healthy, made him feel proud of them. The wife smiled often and brought him an evening paper to read while she was doing the supper work. Then she came in and sat down beside him, and when he lay down his paper began to talk to him, not about his faults, but the happy days before they left England, when they were lovers. The hours slipped by and he did not speak of going out. At last, hours after the children had come and kissed him good-night—which was unusual—and had been put to bed, he said he believed it was bedtime. He looked up and saw tears in the wife's eyes back of their smile.

"What is it, lass?" he said, and she thanked him for staying home with her.

When Mrs. Gill called and heard how things were going she gave a few more orders and left.

West stayed in till pay night, then he fell, but he got home with most of his pay, and the next morning the grocer got five dollars on account. But the worst, according to Mrs. West, was to come—West would drink Sunday afternoon. Then Gill was pressed into the work.

Mrs. West had told her husband that Mr. and Mrs. Gill were going to call Sunday.

"I have no clothes fit to be seen in," said West.

"That will make no difference to them," declared Mrs. West, and he stayed till the Gills came.

Gill had his orders. Inside of five minutes he had West talking as if they had known him years. For hours they argued the matter of slide and rolling valves and other mysterious things concerning engines. Gill had read up before he came.

The afternoon wore away, and it was dark before the visitors left. Of course, toward the last Gill mentioned the fact that West had fine children, and a pleasant home. West made excuses about the matter of wardrobe for the family, and said he had been careless of late. In confidence he told Gill that the "missis," as he called his wife, had kind of let things run down, and he had been going out quite a bit.

"Too nice a family to neglect, West," said Gill, "fine children."

"Well," said West, "of late the missis has brushed up a bit, and I'm going to."

Mrs. Gill kept Mrs. West's courage up, and the home brightened. West fought it out well. When he would begin to grow restless his wife would send word to the Gills, and the next evening they would drop in unexpectedly. The men would talk by the hour, and the women would sit near and feel hopeful. West confided to a certain extent in Gill, and told him how badly he wanted to go out sometimes, but how he fought it off. Gill, who was a bit of a student of human nature, would say: "You have a wonderful will-power, West. Why, do you know I would be surprised if you ever drank another drop." This would strengthen West's belief in himself, and bridge him over till the next call.

"It only took two months," said Mrs. Gill to me not long since, "and West was safe. The mortgage is paid off, and they are happy again; he never drinks a drop. I think we spent one dollar and five cents in car fare."—Paul Armstrong, in Union Signal.

ALCOHOL IN COOKING.

Thoughtlessness on Part of Housewives That Is Almost Criminal.

Shall we be required to answer for all sins of thoughtlessness? If so, a large number of Christian people will find a long score against them for tempting people who are trying to reform, or for creating an appetite for strong drink, by using alcoholic liquors in their cooking. Wine sauces, brandy puddings and cider-flavored mince pies have been the stumbling-block over which many a man, trying to reform, has fallen.

A young man who had been a hard drinker, and had been taken to his palatial home dead drunk many a time, decided to reform and make something of his life. He signed the pledge and fought bravely to keep it.

One day he said to a friend: "I do not think I can remain at home and keep my pledge."

His friend asked why, and he replied:

"I can make myself go past saloons. I can remain away from the club, but I must go to the dinner table at home, and there often I find wine sauces: and the very smell of them stirs up my old appetite so it seems as if I would go wild."

The mother was told of her son's trials, and replied, as so many other women have done: "O, it's all nonsense; a little wine or brandy in cooking can't hurt anyone; it's just an excuse."

The writer knows other men who have given up strong drink, who never dare taste of a mince pie or any kind of pudding away from home, for fear they might find some flavor of strong drink that would make it a hard fight for them to keep the pledge.

And yet women, when their attention is called to these facts, will say: "Men have no business to be so weak," and go on cooking with the recipes themselves, and recommend them to their neighbors, forgetting what the Bible says about making one of these little ones to offend.

If some voice or pen could only arouse these thoughtless women, and get them to banish wine, brandy and cider from their pantries, it would not only be a blessing to the men who are trying to reform, but would save many others from forming an appetite for strong drink at their mother's table.—Golden Censer.

IS VERY INJURIOUS.

A Respiratory Symptom Noticed in One Poisoned by Tobacco.

Dr. Morrow reports several cases of tobacco poisoning in which a certain peculiarity of respiration was noticed. In each case reported the patient was an excessive user of the "weed," and all presented about the same symptoms. The patients would take a deep inspiration, and then there would be no further breathing for a considerable interval, when there would again be a deep breath, attended with a sigh. Chapman reports cases of a similar nature, where the breathing is described as irregular, consisting of several short, shallow respirations, followed by a deep and gasping one.

Experiments made upon rabbits which had been poisoned with tobacco gave results as follows: 1. Slowing of respiration. 2. Quickening to beyond the original rate. 3. Slowing again and shallowing. 4. A change in type, in which expiration became absolutely passive, and the breathing consisted of an infrequent deep respiration, gasping in character. Next the pneumogastric nerves were cut and the experiment repeated as before with practically the same results.

The poisoning seems to act principally on the respiratory center, paralyzing the expiratory division of it and rendering the whole center insensitive to afferent nervous impulses.

He concludes by stating that a fairly common symptom of tobacco poisoning is a deep, gasping inspiration, occurring at intervals and sometimes quite audible. This may be practically the only symptom complained of. It is probably due to the paralyzing action of the drug on the respiratory center, affecting especially the expiratory division, but also diminishing the irritability of the whole center to afferent impulses. This symptom may persist from a few days to some months after the poison is discontinued. — British Medical Journal.

LITTLE TEMPERANCE TALKS.

An acquired taste frequently results in an acquired headache.—N. Y. Journal.

The liquor traffic blocks the way of every honest reform.—National Temperance Advocate.

The best tonic and blood purifier is nature's own medicine—pure spring water. Good Health.

When every teetotaler becomes an earnest Christian, and every professing Christian an aggressive teetotaler, the days of the liquor traffic will be numbered.—National Temperance Advocate.

It is reported that 50 per cent. of the young men of Switzerland who would otherwise be eligible for military service are rendered unfit for it, owing to the marked physical deterioration produced in them by excessive drinking.

A year ago not less than 43 total abstinence mayors were elected in England. Twenty of these were entertained recently by the lord mayor of London and gave their testimony to the benefits of total abstinence.—National Temperance Advocate.

By the increased flow of blood through the brain and by the contact of alcohol with the brain substances important changes are gradually brought about in the brain. The cells of the gray matter become fatty and shrunken, and as a result there is a shrinkage of the cerebrum. A proof of such change may be observed in the loss of mental power, the muscular trembling and shambling gait of the drunkard.—D. A. Robinson, M. D.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name."

We are Thy children, prone to go astray,
Wandering, self guided, from the narrow way;
Help us to learn that only Heaven is home
And present life prepares for life to come;
That love to Thee, fraternity with men,
Doing the good we would receive again,
Will help our common prayer to be the same—
Father—"Our Father, Hallowed be Thy name."

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in Heaven."

"Thy will be done." Thy will is perfect peace,
That war and bloodshed should forever cease
That innocence should take the place of crime,
Error be overcome by truth sublime,
That charity and kindness should succeed,
Rather than envy, selfishness and greed,
That all Thy creatures should unite as one,
In the petition: Let Thy will be done.

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Thy bounty feeds us—earth at Thy command,
Supplies our wants with ever liberal hand;
And we, Thy debtors, hopeless to retrieve,
Must ask to be forgiven, as we forgive
Fearful the thought that pardon may depend
On that which to our debtors we extend—
Bankrupt are we, as crying in our need,
"Forgive our debts" and "Give us daily bread."

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Along our path many allurements lie,
Prompting to wrong in forms seductively,
Evil attends us still without, within,
Our good intents opposed by present sin,
Lead Thou us on—be Thou our guard and guide,
Through dangers that beset on every side
Defenseless else, for none but the All-powerful,
Is able to "deliver us from evil."

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Thine is the Kingdom." Over all supreme!
"Thine is the power." Almighty is Thy name!
And "Thine the glory." Heavenly hosts adore,
Veiling their faces as they bow before
The presence of Thy awful majesty,
Forever saying: "Glory be to Thee!"
Maker, Preserver, Ruler, hear us when
We join with reverence in the grand "Amen."

—J. H. Choyes, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

SACRED SILENCE.

It Is Helpful to Often Get Away from the Noisy World.

What a noisy world we are living in! For even the most retired it is impossible to get away from the clatter of machinery. The push and rush of the age is affecting us all. At no time have nervous diseases been so numerous as now, and those who are making it a study say that insanity is alarmingly on the increase. Is it not time to call a halt? Is not this incessant activity crowding out, to our great loss, the contemplative, meditative and reflective part of our nature and life?

The same activity is observable in religion. The church is a beehive compared with what it was a century ago. Societies of many names are found in every well-organized church. All is bustle and stir. It is the Martha age. To sit still like Mary at the Master's feet seems impossible. The two dispositions, however, suggest what ought to be found in every follower. The fully-sphered Christian life consists of halves, which fit each other and which ought never to be separated, the active and the meditative. "Let all the earth keep silence before Him," cries the prophet. What for? That they may hear the voice of God.

God is heard in the stillness. Ages ago God purposed to reveal Himself to Elijah. He was not in the tempest; He was not in the shock of the earthquake; He was not in the fire; but in the still, small voice. As in Eden, He was known by the zephyr. The voice of conscience can best be heard, approving or disapproving, when the soul is silent.

The highest and best life alternates between great activity and silence. The Saviour left us His example. He frequently separated Himself from the crowds and sought a place of seclusion for meditation and communion with God. He withdrew into sacred, holy silence. Meditation is mental and spiritual digestion. By taking the truth and turning it over and over in our thoughts till our affections cling around it is to assimilate it and turn it into character. Activity is growth upward, meditation is growth downward; the one is the growth of trunk, limbs, leaves and fruit, the other is the growth of roots. Both are essential. The active and the contemplative cannot be separated. A separation of tree and roots means death to both: a complete separation of the active and the reflective in Christian life is equally fatal.

"Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."
—E. J. Blekkink, in Christian Work.

SPEAR POINTS.

Sharp and Pithy Sayings from the Columns of the Ram's Horn.

A lie, like a note, must be met at last.

The creed will not be wrong if the life is right.

If you wish to know a man's character learn his thoughts.

He who casts stones at others makes of himself a target for their return.

Reading should teach us how to seek for truth, meditation how to find it.

Whoever will do good will find life too short for the work he will find to do.

The development of the best within us is oftener due to our failures than to our successes.

He who always complains of the clouds, receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

Many a loud amen is nothing more than a brag by the man who makes it.

When the X rays are so perfected as to reveal a man's thought there will be a radical change in thinking.

Never hope to hold a neutral position towards an evil, that which you do not positively discourage you encourage.

It is the shadow on the dial that proves the sun is shining, so with our lives, affliction may show the presence of a Guiding Hand.

A Good Deed Done Is Capital.

He is well armed who goes into any of the conflicts of this life having in his hand the token of a good deed already done, a proof of former victory. Boys and girls who hope to achieve victories in the years to come will do well to remember that their future successes depend largely upon their present successes in the smaller places of responsibility that they hold now. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."—United Presbyterian.

Character.

Man decides the question of character. If God had made it impossible to sin, there could have been no character. Man at his best would have been a machine. Neither virtue nor heroism would have been possible.—Dr. J. B. Westwood.

GOOD COURAGE.

Needed to Cope with Difficulties and Discouragements.

Every Christian worker needs to have the secret of good courage. Courage is no more necessary to the soldier that fights his country's battles, than to the soldier of Christ who wages warfare against the evil of the world. The need of it is constant and urgent. To lose it is to lose power to overcome. Without it Joshua would have been but poorly equipped for the great task thrust upon him, after the death of Moses. No doubt he was dismayed when he saw what was expected of him. He was to lead Israel into the Promised Land. They had been rescued from slavery in Egypt, brought to the borders of Canaan, and were ready to enter upon the inheritance promised to Abraham and his seed.

But Moses, that prophet whom the Lord knew face to face, whose equal was not to arise in Israel, was dead, and Joshua was no such man of might, or leader of men, or prophet of the Lord or prodigy of personal power. The greatest distinction he had was as the minister of Moses. He knew how uncertain was the loyalty of the people; he had seen them rebel again and again under Moses. It seemed that a man of great courage, wisdom and power was needed to show them how to enter in and take possession. He distrusted his own capacity and fitness, as well he might.

He would not have been able to cope with the difficulties and discouragements before him if God had not promised to be with him. Go over with the people, said the invisible Divine Leader, every place your feet shall touch I will give you, obey faithfully the law given by Moses, be of good courage, no man shall be able to stand before you, I will be with you, I will not fail you or forsake you, and you shall have good success.

Joshua went forth, not in the pride of his own power, but in the strength of the Lord, counting on His continual presence and guidance, and confident that He could and would redeem all His promises, deliver from all distresses, and establish His church on sure and lasting foundations and in aggressive power.

The instructions to the disciples were not unlike those given to Joshua. Bereaved of their great Head, they were to lead men out of the bonds of slavery to Satan, which Christ had broken forever, into the spiritual Canaan. Like Joshua, they felt their weakness and insufficiency; and like him, they were compelled to rest in the promise of the abiding presence of the Spirit of God. They were to be of good courage, because He was to be their Guide and Strength and Wisdom. Like Joshua, their first act was one of obedience. They prepared to go over in faith in the Divine promise.

The wisdom of men is indeed foolishness, but the wisdom of God is an everlasting and invincible power. The foundations of the Christian church were not laid by human hand, but by the Son of God; and the Divine equipment of the builders upon it was given directly, in complete fulfillment of promise, on the Day of Pentecost. Much unpromising material had the Apostles out of which to mold a holy nation. If the plan had been their own it would surely have come to naught, as have the human plans which the heathen world accepted at that time. To the eye of human wisdom it had no future. Its founder, claiming to have power over death, failed ignominiously to save his own life. His disciples were but ordinary men; they were not at one among themselves; some of them had even deserted the Master in His hour of need; what they preached was foolishness to the Jews and a stumbling block to the Greeks. Where was the hope of success?

There is but one answer. Christ set it forth as God's plan, and God, in the event, justified His Son's statement. He declared that it should withstand all assaults, overcome all opposition; the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Its history is a signal verification of the Divine promise. There have been rebellions and mutinies, idolatries and wickedness, with perversions and corruptions of the Gospel; but the church has triumphantly survived them all. What is the secret of it?

This: No plan or system is of any avail without God. The Gospel would be a mockery, stripped of the Divine life. With His Spirit to justify, regenerate, sanctify, the Gospel is life and power and purity and peace, and honor and glory; and men endued from above are Joshuas and Johns and Peters and Pauls, able to go over and possess. That is the secret of good courage.—N. Y. Independent.

OUR DUTY TO OURSELVES.

Indiscriminate Unselfishness, Though Genuine, May Be Mischievous.

A popular conception of duty to one's self is that it involves getting all which one can and keeping all which one gets. This, of course, is selfishness unadulterated. On the other hand, there are those who insist that utter disregard of self is the only proper rule of life. The truth lies between these two extremes. Of the two the latter often is claimed to be in accord with Christian teaching, and certainly is safer, nobler and more promotive of personal and general welfare than its opposite. But it must be understood with some qualification.

Sheer selfishness, strongly although it makes its appeal, always is ignoble and evil. There is no need of arguing to prove its indefensibility. When, then, is its opposite, entire unselfishness, susceptible of doing harm? When it tends to defeat its own purpose, we may answer. Parental self-denial for the sake of promoting the good of children is as honorable and creditable as it is beautiful in itself. But in many an instance it causes the children who are its objects to become indolent, selfish and inefficient. Everything being done for them at whatever cost of parental effort, they learn to depend more and more upon others instead of themselves, and usually grow increasingly grasping and blind to the sacrifices which are made in their behalf.

Unselfishness which is thus indiscriminate may be genuine, yet it is mischievous. That alone is commendable unselfishness which studies the highest good of its objects. The obligation to illustrate it is not the only one resting upon us. We also are bound to consider ourselves in some degree. As individuals we have inalienable rights, to claim which is quite consistent with our duty to others. We may not always yield our judgment to that of others. We may not always regulate our conduct by the convictions of others, still less by their prejudices or whims. We may do them lasting harm by failing to resist the domineering spirit which prompts them to insist that we deny ourselves, or by neglecting the opportunity to show them in our practice that their opinions are mistaken. The weak brethren, whose weakness often proves a tower of strength to them, frequently receive too much deference. The apostle's injunction must be interpreted in connection with his other teachings and his example and not solely by itself.—Congregationalist.

DUCK RAISING.

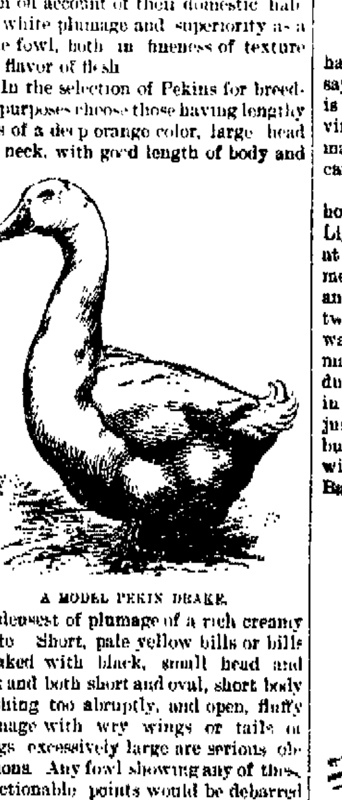
Points of Information Concerning a Profitable and Growing Industry.

A correspondent of The National Stockman gives the following valuable information concerning duck raising:

"Few people are aware of the magnitude of the duck trade in the cities, which has grown within the last ten years from a very limited demand to one of vast proportions. For years 'spring lamb' was the crowning dish on every well regulated table, and choice chops went up to a price almost fabulous. But it seems that this kingly dish is to be pushed aside for the tempting, savory duckling. A single duck farm on the Atlantic coast furnishes over 20,000 ducks annually for the New York market, aside from an immense sale of stock and eggs to breeders, and this is only one of many of these mammoth concerns. The supply which has grown so enormously each year is met with an increasing demand at prices which give a better return to the producer than any other class of fowls.

"They seem to be absolutely healthy and hardy—free from cholera, gapes, roup, vermin, frosted feet and many other ills which are so common among other fowls. They are of quick growth and as egg producers they are without equal among fowls, to say nothing of them as feather producers. I raise Pekins exclusively. While they are not quite as large as some other breeds I prefer them on account of their domestic habits, white plumage and superiority as a table fowl, both in fineness of texture and flavor of flesh.

"In the selection of Pekins for breeding purposes choose those having lengthy bills of a deep orange color, large head and neck, with good length of body and



A MODEL PEKIN DRAKE.

the densest of plumage of a rich creamy white. Short, pale yellow bills or bills streaked with black, small head and neck and both short and oval, short body finishing too abruptly, and open, fluffy plumage with wry wings or tails or wings excessively large are serious objections. Any fowl showing any of these objectionable points would be debarred from entering my breeding flock, and a duck that lays green eggs is unworthy of a place among Pekins.

"For water a running brook is the most desirable, but they can be raised successfully when watered artificially. Where water is carried to them a basin can be dug out of convenient size and lined with broken stone or loose gravel pounded down firmly and cemented. This can be used for a plunge bath and washed out and renewed as often as necessary, and water for drinking purposes can be kept in a fountain or slatted trough.

"We have the best success with ducks during the laying season by allowing them to roam at will over the farm during the day and putting in a lot at night, turning them out in the morning after they have laid, as they always lay early in the morning. Our earliest broods are set under chicken hens. We keep about 20 turkey hens and set their eggs, and after the laying season we use all the spare ones as incubators to hatch ducks. Turkeys are good, reliable sitters and the most watchful of mothers—always on the alert for hawks.

"Eggs for hatching should be kept in a room of even temperature and turned every other day until they are set, and ducks should not be allowed to lay in the water, as the eggs may chill and fail to hatch. I prefer to set the eggs of all water fowls on the ground in a nest almost bare, as I think the moisture taken from the ground aids in securing a good hatch. The mother duck in a natural way makes her nest on the bare ground, and she makes a daily trip to water and often returns to the nest dripping wet, and that alone should teach us that duck eggs will bear a great deal of moisture. Young ducks are ready for market by the time they are full feathered, say from 7 to 10 weeks old. Last year we were offered 12½ cents a pound at 10 weeks old by hucksters at home, and old ducks sold for 8 cents at the lowest all fall and winter, and then there are never any culls on account of age.

"They can be picked every six weeks except from January on through the early laying season, giving good returns in the choicest of feathers. Again let me say, if you wish something hardy and profitable keep a flock of ducks."

One Variety Enough.

From what little experience the writer has had on the practical side alone, to say nothing about the fancy part, which is a much harder task, is enough to convince anybody that it is more than one man can do to successfully breed and care for many varieties.

When I first obtained the Brown Leghorns, I soon found that the food I fed the Light Brahmas was not the right kind at all. So I had to have two different messes in order to get the best results, and I find I don't know it all yet, after two years' experience. The Leghorns want a warmer house than the Brahmas, as a frosted comb stops all laying during winter, and they want to roost in the skies, while the Brahmas would just as soon have mother earth for a roost, but for all that I don't think the Leghorns will get to heaven first.—Emory E. Banks in Poultry Advocate.

He Forgot Himself.

Customer—I want some stockings for my little girl.

Shopwalker—Yes, madam. What size—infants or—

Customer—This is my little girl.

Shopwalker—Oh, Jerusalem! — Ally Sloper.

Day and Night.

"Gib us dis day ouah daily bread."
Thus prayed good Brudder White.
"Wiv bread to eat, I'll git de meat
Myse'f mos' any night!"
—Washington Star.

FRUIT HOUSE HOLIDAY PRICES

For Christmas, 1897.

The holidays will soon be with us as in former years. We have anticipated the wants of our customers, and in consequence have laid in a large supply of Christmas and New Year's goods. The times have affected the prices of a great many goods, and holiday goods are about the same as last season. But groceries are some cheaper, especially Rio Coffee, which is four cents lower, and the very best Golden Rio, now selling at 12c lb. Fair Rio, price 1c lb.

Not much change in Sugars. Granulated 5½c lb. Coffee A, 5c lb.

Our holiday goods consist of imported Toys, Drums, Dolls, and German Albums, all the latest styles at 50c, 75c and $1.00 each. Extra nice at $1.25 each. Rich Bohemian Vases, high color and all styles, at 20c, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.25 each. Smoking Sets, pretty styles to suit the most fastidious, 50c, 75c and extra fine $1.00. Small toys for the little ones, in an endless variety, such as Firemen, Hook and Ladder, Express Wagons, Divers, Locomotives, Trains of Cars, Gray Horses, Cups and Saucers, Tea, Coffee and Dinner Sets, Jumping Jacks, Birds, Lions, Wolves, Tigers, Cats, Elephants, Guns, Swords, and many other pretty toys for the little ones. Also Christmas Trees and Christmas Tree Candles. Trees we sell at 15c, 25c, 40c and 75c for extra large ones. Christmas tree candles are very cheap this year, cheaper than they have ever been before. This year we will sell them at 7c per box, all sizes. Last year the price was 10c per box.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

The toy candies and all varieties, such as animals and fruits, we are selling at 15c per pound. Pure Stick Candy, 8c lb. Pure French Mix Candy, 7c lb. French Bon Bons at 10c and 15c lb. French Chocolates 15c. Very Best, 20c lb. Cinnamon Imperials and Jelly Beans 10c lb. Kisses 10c lb. Gum Drops, 8c lb.

We have a large assortment and please all who favor us with a call.

COFFEES DOWN.

The Best Rio in Market, 12c lb.	Good Rio 10c lb.
The Best Roasted Rio in Market, 15c lb.	Old Government Java, Green 25c lb.
Old Government Java, Roasted, 30c lb.	Best Mocha, Green 25c lb.
Best Roasted Mocha, 30c lb.	

SUGARS.

Best Granulated, 5½c lb.	Choice Yellow Extra, 4½c lb.
Standard A, 5c lb.	Choice Yellow Extra, 3½c lb.
Cut Loaf and Powdered, 5½c lb.	

TEAS.

There is little change in Teas in any. They are some higher, but not enough to change our quotations. Our immense trade in Teas keeps up for the simple reason we are bound to hold our reputation for selling all goods at the lowest possible price.

We purchase direct from the importers and sell direct to our customers, thereby saving them the price of the middle man, which is at least 10c to 15c lb.

Good Young Hyson, 30c lb.	Extra good, 35c
Very best Young Hyson, 50c lb.	Gunpowder, good, 30c; best, 50c
Japan Tea, 35c and best 50c lb.	Best Imperial and English Breakfast, 40c lb.
Tea Dust, 1 lb package, 15c	Oolong Black, best, 50c lb.

SYRUPS AND MOLASSES.

Best Golden Drips, 30c gallon. Good New Orleans, 35c gallon. Extra Nice, 50c gallon. Rich Yellow Sorghum, 30c gallon. Maple Syrup, best Vermont, 90c gallon.

OILS ALL KINDS.

Harness Oil, 75c gallon. Neatsfoot Oils, 70c. Boiled and Raw Linseed Oils, 45c gallon. Fish Oil, 60c. Castor and Lard Oil, 70c gallon.

CALIFORNIA DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS.

California Peaches, nice, 10c lb.	California Peaches, 3 lb cans, 15c can
California Prunes, good, 8c lb.	California Apricots, 15c can
California Apricots, 10c lb.	California Green Gages, 12c can
California Prunes, best, 10c lb.	California Egg Plums, 12c can

FOR CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Leghorn Citron, per lb, 12c	Shelled Almonds, per lb, 35c
Zante Currants, per lb, 7c	Seedless Raisins, per lb, 12c
Layer Raisins, per lb, 10c	Orange and Lemon Peel, per lb, 15c
Soft Shelled Almonds, per quart, 10c	Brazil Nuts, per quart, 10c
Best Filberts, per quart, 10c	English Walnuts, per quart, 10c
Mixed Nuts, per quart, 10c	Texas Pecans, per quart, 10c

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Artistic Cigars, 65c box.	Home Made Cigars, $1.00 to $1.50 box.
Boys' Delight, 65c box	Royal, 65c box
Pearl Beauty, 70c box	Flor d' Ameba, 65c box
Battle Ax Plug, 25c lb	Horse Shoe Plug, 35c lb
J. T. Plug, 32c lb	Briar Pipe, 30c lb
Pay Car Fine Cut, 25c lb	Extra Choice Fine Cut, 40c lb
Durham Smoking, 45c lb	Sweet Commerce, 18c lb
Mail Pouch, 35c lb.	

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL USE ONLY.

Sweet Catawba, 70c gallon	Kimmel, $1.50 gallon
Port and Sherry, $1 gallon	Scotch Ale, Imported, 25c bottle
California Muscatel, 80c gallon	Wines, all grades, bottled, 50c
California Angelica, $1 gallon	Gin, per gallon $1.75
Whiskies, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00	

CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUM, CHINESE & JAPANESE MATTING, LACE CURTAINS & PORTIERES

This whole corner room is set apart for these goods, and a most excellent assortment we have. Our Fall and Winter supplies are now laid in at extremely low prices.

We are selling a most elegant Rag Carpet at 20c per yard, equal to last years' 25c. Number one Ingrain Carpet, 18c. Best All-Wool Ingrains, 45c yard. Choice Brussels, latest styles and patterns, 45c yard. Best Moquette, $1.00 yd. Tapestries, 48c and 70c yard. Good quality Carpet, 25c yard. Rugs in many styles and patterns from 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00, $1.50, $2.50 up to $5.00 each. Floor Oil Cloth, one yard wide 20c and 30c yard. Yard and half, two yards and two and half yards.

Window Shades mounted, 10c each. Other grades 25c and 35c each. All above goods are in stock, and we desire you to call and see them, even if you do not purchase. We can save you at least 10 and 25 on the dollar.

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Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898

A BLACK LION'S SKIN.

A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE IN ALGIERS BY E. C. CLEVELAND.

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The best shooting in Algiers may be had about New Year's, and if one starts out early in January, armed with a permis de chasse—a legal permit to shoot—a good guide and an Arab with a donkey can bag partridges, snipe and wildfowl galore and in our district is sure to crack at a panther, perhaps a lion.

There is no excuse of good hunting throughout the "Tell," between the coast range and the sea, but the country is to be found in the province of Constantine, not far from the great desert and among the foothills of the Aures mountains. In this province besides a mixed race of people, with the blood of ancient Byzantines, Romans and Vandals in their veins and beasts, the most stalwart men and the handsomest women in all Africa, perhaps in the world.

While even the Bedouins, those fleet sons of the desert, have been subdued by the French and are now governed by cadis appointed by the conquerors, the south African Vandals have maintained

SHE WOUND HER FAIR, ROUND ARMS ABOUT MY NECK.

their freedom and their ancient village rights. Among them even now falconry, that rare sport of the middle ages, is pursued with vigor, though only the high caste chiefs are allowed to indulge in it.

Coming down from Constantine, that famous city of the early Christian bishops of Africa, four of us, all Americans, dropped off at Guelma, once the stamping ground of Gerard the Lion Killer. Hardly 40 years have elapsed since the intrepid Frenchman, Cecile Jules Basile Gerard, an officer of the Algerian army of occupation, slew, single handed, scores of lions in this very district.

The king of beasts even now occasionally ranges the hills and ravages the herds and flocks of this section. He is seen just often enough to give a spice of adventure to the pursuit of smaller game and to send a nervous chill up and down one's spine when he hears an unusual rumpus in the woods. And this brings me around to my story.

We had put in a good day's shooting and were gathered at the little inn, half cafe and half tondonk, comparing notes and awaiting impatiently the coming of our dinner. The proprietor of this "hotel de l'esis" had once lived in New Orleans and was more than delighted to entertain his erstwhile countrymen who had come to shoot far from the land he loved so well and where he had spent the days of his rollicking youth, and so he served us with the best he had.

It was with the consciousness that we had in prospective a dinner which could not be duplicated between Guelma and Paris and with a most bountiful supply of crude material in reserve that we sent for the commander of the irregular spahis stationed at this point. And that he appreciated fully the courtesy and the dinner we discovered long before the cloth was removed and the cigars and coffee brought in. How could he serve us most acceptably, he asked. Why, we answered, by telling us a story, of course, some tale of adventure, of skirmish with Bedouins, moonlight meetings with African lions or something of that sort. We had often heard that the life of a spahis commander was full of adventure and trusted his had been no exception.

"No, messieurs," he replied thoughtfully, even sadly, "I have not been spared adventure. Tis true I have interrupted many a razzia, have chanced upon some few lions. Indeed I have met the lion of Guelma."

After this brief statement, made in a low tone, as if communing with himself, the captain of the spahis leaned his head upon one hand and remained for a space lost in reverie. We then noticed, showing through the close cropped hair of his head, a long, semilunar scar, which seemed to glow with the intensity of his emotions, and at sight of it we all clutched at the idea that in some manner this reminder of a terrible wound was connected with our friend's experience with the lions.

None of us, however, dared ask the question that might elicit a solution of the mystery, but we had hopes, for, though this veteran of many wars was by nature diffident and reticent, yet our wines were the very best to be had in Algiers, and we did not spare any efforts to have him drink them. Under ordinary circumstances you couldn't have drawn a story out of him with a corkscrew, but this New Year's dinner was not an ordinary occasion, and the champagne that followed the last portion of woodcock on toast was the boost the Widow Cliequot got out from her caves.

"Long live the widow!" we all drank, elated with fervor, which awoke the captain from his reverie, and he joined in, "Oui, vive la veuve!" We pledged his glass anew, and he began his adventure.

"It was about 15 years ago. I was then newly appointed to this post, and, being a young man, full of life and nerve, my blood was boiling over with a desire to fight and also [illegible] a desire of another [illegible] being young and ardent [illegible] no other damsels here than the fair Vandalese, it fell out that one [illegible] captured my heart, or at least [illegible] clination.

"She was [illegible] know it to be [illegible] barie was a [illegible] and the fame of her [illegible] throughout the region from [illegible] Tunis. Why she [illegible] clear to me then [illegible] men were not liked at that time, and besides she had [illegible] by some of the richest Arabs and [illegible] of her people. Still, she [illegible] have met in a [illegible] uncontrollable fashion, and [illegible] paid for her [illegible] and gold ornaments [illegible] tribe and so month [illegible]

[illegible] for [illegible] waiting [illegible] slave. I [illegible] had [illegible] the night I [illegible] Perhaps I did [illegible] for. Truly my [illegible] and for the sake of [illegible] business [illegible] I had taught three duels with sword and sabre but no I had signed the [illegible] as my [illegible] My last opponent, a [illegible] Arab, I actually wounded, though I had [illegible] indeed. But he [illegible] was so rich and [illegible] to meet him on the [illegible] of my [illegible] He fell from his horse, and I [illegible] him [illegible] "Look out! I am the [illegible] Fatima is Abdel Said. He has sworn to kill you! Beware of him!" Then he fell and poured from his mouth and he died.

I did not mind dueling with Abdel Said, whom I knew by sight, but he was a surgeon [illegible] always avoid [illegible] and I saw in [illegible] an opportunity for stabbing me in the back. So we met as stated at the opening of the winter of 1892. The height of the hunting season was near, and as Christmas week I prepared to have a Tony in the fields. My mistress observed my preparations with no comment, but when finally, just as I was ready to go off, I called for what I should bring back in as the most worthy of her acceptance she broke down and sobbed a passionate fit out in the salon.

"There is one thing I desire of all things on earth," she said, speaking slowly and steadily, "that it is something you dare not attempt."

"Dare not?" I laughed, with a show of indignation. "Olive I never knew a fear of danger since you knew me. But why 'dare' not? What is there to fear?"

She shrugged her shoulders, sniffed an inscrutable smile, and turning away her head so that I could not look into her eyes she said, "I know—you have proved to me—that you fear not man, but what I desire is guarded by one whom all men fear."

"Name it!" I cried. "You shall have it, though fends and devils guarded it, my life!"

She wound her bare, round arms about my neck and whispered in my ear, "Bring me, then, the skin of the black lion of Guelma."

Behind that ridge, my friends—you can see it without leaving your seats—is a broad plateau known as the Lions'

LANDED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM.

Pleasure grounds. There roamed the kings of the plain and the forest, and conspicuous of them all was the great black lion of Guelma. I had often heard of him. His fame was widespread, for he had killed more than a score of Arabs within the twelvemonth past.

There was something in her manner that piqued me, but before I unwound her arms from about my neck I pressed a fervent kiss upon her lips and then said: "Very well. You shall have what you desire. Two days hence at this hour I shall bring it to you."

She remained silent, but looked at me incredulously, an I this vexed me so that I strode away without another word. Within the hour I was on my way across the plain with two trusty spahis attendant and mounted upon a white Arabian noted for his fleetness.

It was a moonlit night, but cloudy. Along about 2 in the morning one of my men, who was watching, stretched on the slope of a rock, his long gun pointed toward the forest beyond, thought he saw a great form creeping through the underbrush and heard soft though heavy footsteps. He drew back and crept to the spot where I was sleeping, my head on my saddle, and touched me with the butt of his gun. I was awake and erect in an instant.

"Master," he whispered, "the lion—he comes!"

Hearing nothing, I was about to chide him for his fears when the air was rent by a roar that shook the earth as though all the thunderclaps of heaven had united in one grand outburst. Yes, the very earth trembled, and I am afraid I did also, but I reached for my carbine—which was a repeater of very large bore—girded my sabre about me, loosened my revolvers in my belt and crept toward the rock behind which my spahi had been crouching.

The man followed me trembingly and unwillingly, poor fellow, but his companion luckily ran the other way. I had nearly reached the rock when, suddenly leaping out of the gloom beyond, came the form of the beast we were hunting and landed directly in front of me. Raising his enormous head, he emitted a roar that seemed to split the sky.

I was for the moment transfixed, but my spahi began to crawl back on the trail. I quickly recovered myself, however, and for the life of me, though I knew my life was at stake, I could not resist taking a shot at the terrible beast towering above me there, his nose in the air. To tell the truth, there was nothing else to do, as running away would be as dangerous as lying still, for the lion can overtake a running anything but the swiftest stallion.

So I pointed the muzzle of my carbine straight at his throat and drew a bullet into him. The effect was startlingly instantaneous, for almost without deigning to crouch for the spring the lion leveled himself directly into the air. As he passed over me I spied another bullet into his belly, but he kept on and landed flat upon my spahi, crushing him to the ground. The poor wretch cried out in smothered tones for help, and I had not the heart to run away and leave him there without at least an attempt at rescue. So I crept forward, intending to press the carbine against the lion's heart and kill him in the act. I reached his side and drawing out the weapon, but as I fired the carbine I felt a knife slash out a saw and sweep it across my head, tearing the scalp away and leaving a flap of it hanging over my forehead.

I was blinded by the streaming blood and became unconscious before I could drag my man from his perilous position. When I regained my senses, it was I and the surviving spahi by my side and the forest illumined by the rising sun. The lion, he told me, though probably wounded unto death, had dragged his comrade away into the wood, whither he had not dared to follow him.

After he had placed my scalp in position and bandaged it, the force of our being already stanched, I insisted upon following up the trail, and, as I expected, we found the lion and his victim just within the forest verge, both dead, the man mutilated beyond all recognition. Following my directions, my spahi stripped the lion of his skin and placed it across the horse which had borne our dead comrade to the fatal spot. I sent a detachment to bury the soldier later. We hastened with my trophy to the fort, where my wound was soon dressed, and the skin became the center of a wondering throng of very grateful Arabs.

The French commander laid his face in his hands. When he looked up, there was in his eyes an expression of hate. The crescentic scar was crimson.

"No," he replied to our eager, questioning looks, "Fatima did not get the skin of the black lion of Guelma.

"Why did she not get them? Oh, she had eloped with Abdel Said!"

A Reminder.

Fred—What under the sun do you suppose my tailor means by sending me a copy of Pollock's "Course of Time?"

Jack—Mean, old boy? Why, it must be a reminder for you to settle then. He can't expect us fellows to pay before.

PARDONED.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FROM THE FRENCH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

Every one in the huge block of workmen's dwellings in the Rue des Lambres, where Tony Robeck had occupied a room for six months, believed him to be a widower, though it was not supposed he had been one very long, since his little boy, hardly 6 years old, with whom he lived alone, was always as well dressed as if he were cared for by a mother. However, neither father nor son wore crape on the hat or sleeve.

Early every morning Tony Robeck, who worked as a compositor in a printing establishment in the Latin quarter, used to set out with his little son, who was often so tired that he fell asleep upon his shoulder ere they reached the school in the Ile Saint-Louis, where Adrian was left for the day.

In the evening, when his day's work was finished, Tony would call for Adrian and then go shopping, leading the little fellow by the hand. The purchases necessary for their dinner would be carried in Tony's basket to his lodging, and he would be seen no more till the next day.

Tony Robeck was not yet 40 and still a good looking man.

Every Sunday father and son, clean as new pins, used to take a walk. They had been out at the museums and the zoological gardens, and they had been seen also before dinner time in a little cafe in the neighborhood, where Tony allowed himself his single debauch of the week—a glass of absinth, which he sipped, while Adrian, sitting beside him on the settee, would look at the pictures in the papers.

"No," the concierge used to say sentimentally to the neighbors, "the poor man will not marry again. The other Sunday we met him a path in the Mont Parnasse cemetery. It is doubtless there that his wife is buried. It was painful to see him with his orphan son by his side. He must have adored his dear wife. He is inconsolable."

Alas, yes. Tony Robeck had dearly loved his wife and was inconsolable at having lost her, but he was not a widower. His was a sad and simple history.

Tony lost his heart to a little artificial flower maker of 19, good doubtless, but very frivolous, thinking of nothing but how to dress smartly on very little. Tony had some savings with which to start housekeeping comfortably, and he married his Clementine.

For a time all went well. How they loved one another! They had two rooms on the fifth floor in the Boulevard Port Royal, with a small balcony, from which there was a view of all Paris.

They were so comfortable at home that they rarely went out. A nice breakfast in the summer time, with the window open upon the town and the clear blue sky, and then, while Tony was lingering over his coffee and smoking a cigarette, Clementine would water the flowers in the boxes on the balcony, often being surprised by Tony with a kiss.

After a time they were blessed with a little one, but it lived only a year, dying at its nurse's at Maigenay. They were consoled, however, by the birth of Adrian, whom Clementine brought up herself, quitting the workroom in order to do this and taking in work at home. She earned only half as much as previously, but still she dressed as well and gayly as ever, playing the lady as far as possible when she went for a walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg with Adrian in his little wicker perambulator.

Gradually this costly finery was the means of leading them into embarrassment, and it was in vain that Tony worked like four men, on day and night shifts as well, to prevent their getting seriously into debt. The growing child was sent out to a day nursery, and the mother, often unoccupied at home, got into a state of ennui and dangerously idle habits.

One evening Tony, carrying his son, whom he had brought from the day nursery on his way home from his work, found upon the mantelpiece a letter, from which, when he opened it, fell Clementine's wedding ring. In the few lines she bade him and Adrian adieu and he sought their garden.

Tony was crushed by the blow. He felt more pain than anger at his loss and wept bitterly.

Clementine had fled in the first days of May, just as the odor of the lilacs was spread.

Often Adrian asked: "Where is mother? Will she come again soon?" And Tony could only kiss the little one and say, "I do not know."

When the term Tony had taken the apartments for was at an end, in July, he sold the greater part of his goods to pay the debts and went to live in the Rue des Lambres, getting as far away as he could from the old associations.

He heard no more of Clementine till New Year's eve.

On this day for several years he had had the habit of going with his wife to place a modest wreath on the tomb of little Felix, their firstborn. For the first time Tony had only his little Adrian to accompany him. Entering the gate of the cemetery under a dull winter sky, his thoughts more than ever reverted to his absent wife. "Where is she now?" thought he. "What has become of her?"

They had some trouble to find the little tomb, and on arriving before it he started, surprised, for there upon the stone lay three or four new toys, such as would be given to children—a trumpet, a punch, a dog and a whistle.

"Ah! Toys!" cried Adrian joyously, while his father hastily read the writing in a hand he knew so well on a small piece of paper pinned to one of them. "For Adrian, from his brother Felix." Then he felt his son press against him and heard him murmur in a frightened tone, "Mother!" And some space away, kneeling by a group of cypresses, he saw a woman, poorly dressed, with pale sunken eyes, who held out toward him her clasped and supplicating hands, quivering in pity at the forlorn and miserable condition of the woman he had so fondly loved, he gently pushed his little son toward her, saying, "Adrian, go and kiss your mother."

HELD OUT TOWARD HIM HER CLASPED AND SUPPLICATING HANDS.

Clementine seized her child in a wild embrace, kissed him twice, then rose and turned toward her husband with an imploring look.

"How good you are!" she murmured.

But he was already near her and answered in a dry and almost harsh manner.

"Don't speak. Give me your arm."

It was not far from the cemetery to the Rue des Lambres, which they quickly reached. Tony felt Clementine's arm tremble upon his. The child walked near them, his mind filled with his toys.

The concierge was standing at the door of Tony's lodgings.

"Madam," said he, "this is my wife, who has been in the country for some time, and who has now returned."

Mounting the staircase, he had almost to carry the unhappy Clementine, who was bursting with sobs and nearly fainting with emotion and joy.

Arrived in his poor chamber, Tony had his wife sit down on the only armchair, placed his son in her arms and then opened a drawer and took from it a small cardboard box. Drawing from it Clementine's wedding ring, he put it upon her finger, and without a letter word for the past silently, gravely, with the large generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her upon the forehead, that she might be sure that he had pardoned her.

Perfectly Oblivious.

"Sammy Snaggs," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction?'"

"Noun," replied Sammy.

"What gender?"

"Masculine gender."

"Indeed!"

"Yes'm. If it was feminine, it would be 'femalediction.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

THE OLDEST AND MOST WELCOME OF ALL HOLIDAYS.

The Philosophy of Good Resolutions. Present Giving. New Year's Calls. A Retort With Three of Happy New Year." A Touch of Sympathy.

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New Year's day is the oldest holiday that we know anything about. It has been observed by the Jews, the Egyptians, the Chinese and the ancient Romans in different ways, of course, but it has always been noted as a festal occasion. The day commemorative of what is supposed to be its birthday of the year, has varied as to date. Christmas day, the Annunciation (March 25), Easter day and March 1 having been observed on different times. It was not until after the middle of the fourteenth century that Jan. 1 was universally accepted as the opening of the year. The celebration of New Year's has been observed by all religions from time immemorial, long antedating history. As a holiday it is thought to be at least 8,000 to 10,000 years old. What first gave rise to it is beyond knowledge, but it is conjectured that it had its origin in superstition connected with the sense of newness, which has appealed to the mind in all ages as emblematic of hope, expectancy and childlikeness.

The custom, so common in this country of making good resolutions on New Year's day, only to break them later, is by no means peculiar to Americans. It is characteristic of the average weakness of mankind. All of us prefer to do what we want to rather than what we ought, and we compromise with our consciences by declaring that we will reform at the beginning of the year, though we usually have no reason to believe that we shall, as if the mere declaration were a kind of virtue. Many men resolve to do better, to be better, regularly at the recurrence of every Jan. 1, nor do they appear to be in the least discouraged that they have returned after a few weeks to their old ways, to their objectionable habits. They still keep up the assumption of reforming, imagining that a promise to themselves is more likely to be kept if made on New Year's, notwithstanding their continuous disproval of the fallibility. This is also a superstition, as are the ill luck of Friday and the propitiousness of Sunday. Jan. 1 is doubtless associated with a deal of superstition, even in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which is far worse in its effect than any amount of pleasure seeking.

Fifty years ago it was the general custom in the United States, particularly in the west and south, to give presents (the old name for them is handsels) on New Year's to kindred, friends and even ordinary acquaintances. The custom had come down from ancient times and is still preserved in many parts of the old world, but in the new it has grown obsolete, because present making here is carried to excess and has become a serious tax. Its discontinuance is to be commended. All present making should be voluntary, not in any manner binding, as it is apt to be if regulated by fixed dates. Christmas is an exception, but to give presents again the week following is excessive, wearisome, often inconvenient. It wholly spoils the spirit of what should be a pleasant surprise, a delicate attention, an unexpected courtesy.

In no quarter of the globe is so much made of New Year's as in China. There its observation occupies several days, sometimes a whole week. It is the most popular and noisy of festivals, surpassing that of the Dragon Boats, the Feast of Lanterns, the Fishermen or any other public parade and national rejoicing. The people are very fond of shows and processions, and on that special occasion they carry thousands of lanterns, burn fireworks, explode crackers, play all sorts of pranks and games in the narrow streets, beat gongs, shout and sing in their high, shrill voices until they make of every sizable town a perfect pandemonium. They are ordinarily so reserved and quiet, like orientals generally, that New Year's impresses foreigners as if the entire population had suddenly and irredeemably gone mad.

New Year's calls by men on their woman friends continue to be made in most of our cities, though they almost entirely and suddenly ceased in the metropolis some 12 years ago. They will not probably be revived in this generation at least. They originated there, so far as this country is concerned, at the time of the Dutch settlement of the town, and yet New York was the first city to relinquish them. Old Knickerbockers were not, as many suppose, the first to introduce the social custom, importing it from Holland. It has been in existence for hundreds and hundreds of years and in lands that we consider uncivilized.

The smart set of New York, who first frowned down New Year's visits, refusing to receive on that day, now emphasize their opposition by closing their town houses and going to their country seats for a week or two. This has become the fashion.

Although most of us feel when we are wished "a happy New Year" that it sounds a bit satirical we know that it is polite, even if it means nothing. And then as we wish those who wish it to us exactly the same thing we are conscious of having discharged a courtesy. Even if we knew we were to be miserable we should relish kind wishes, so fond are we of deceiving ourselves. Self deceit is what the mass of us live on.

Wouldn't it be better for us instead of wishing our friends "a happy New Year" to wish them "a happier New Year than the old one has been?" That we might easily have, and as happiness in any street sense does not come to the human family it would seem sincere, less like an empty phrase and would convey a touch of sympathy.

PAUL R. CLEVELAND.

He Was There.

Smithkin—I thought you were going to see the old year out at Clubberly's last night. I was there at 12, but didn't see anything of you.

Jagby—You didn't go far enough, old man. You should have looked under the table.

Good Cheer and Forgiveness.

Aside from the chants and carols of religious character there was nothing that appealed more strongly to our "trade forefathers" than songs in praise of wine and the vine. They knew little of Bacchus perhaps, but of the power of strong drink they were not ignorant. The word temperance in its modern signification did not exist, and as they stood about the festal board at New Year's, forgiving their enemies and swearing renewed allegiance to their friends, they lifted the foaming beakers and sang in strong, lusty voices:

Wassail, wassail, over the town!
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree.
We be merry men all—I drink to thee.

HE SENDS IT FREE.

A Never Failing Remedy That Makes a Man Young Again.

True Manliness Quickly Replaces the Worn Out Nerves and Vigor.

When a man's strength and vigor is slowly wasting away from nervous weakness, the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mental suffering day or night. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of nervous debility, emissions, lame back, and the various other troubles of sexual weakness, until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all of his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that completely restored his general health and enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man, young or old, who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have free full particulars of this wonderful home treatment which quickly restored me to my full strength and vigor of youth. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

There are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth although they cost nothing to get are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, 170 Masonic Temple, Kalamazoo, Mich., and the information will be mailed in a plain, sealed envelope.

THE LONE BACHELOR.

What He Thinks He Knows About Men Women and Affairs.

Adam's first thought was probably that Eve was only intended as a joke.

Happiness in married life is like a piece of soap in a bathtub. You always know it was there when you got in.

Most men would just as lief see a woman wear a nose ring as earrings.

Never believe a man who says he loves you or a girl who says she doesn't.

The woman that hugged a burglar till the police came probably wondered why he objected to getting arrested.

The first year a woman is married she thinks most of her husband, the second of her baby and the third of her teeth.

When a girl first tells a man she loves him, she generally says his hand seemed to her like a touch out of another world.

The only man who keeps on making a fool of himself in the same way to the same woman is the jealous man.

The habit married women have of collecting china or teaspoons is probably a relic of their habit of collecting men.

When a woman feels intimate enough with a man to get careless about the way she dresses for him, he is liable to feel too intimate with her to marry her.

When a woman goes to get a check cashed, she always acts as if she was buying something and wasn't sure whether she liked it.

When a woman goes to a party, when she isn't wondering whether the men like her she is wondering whether the women like her dress.

The pleasure the average woman gets out of getting Christmas presents is generally balanced by the fear that she may not be able to find out just what some of them cost.—New York Press.

LITTLE JIMMIE'S ESSAY.

The Subject Was "Hearts," and He Did It More Than Justice.

Hearts is located in yur insides in the rejun of yure stummicks. The fizzeology says they works like pumps, which is the milkman's best friend. The heart is a very impertunt organ, but it don't make no musick.

My brother, which is a poick, says, "What harmny when two hearts beets like 1." I wish pop wood take a lessing from 2 hearts. He beats like 60.

Pop tole me once his heart was back in the old town where he was born, but I am afraide he is a lyre, beens when Kate was married he said, "My heart is 2 full 2 say much," and he didn't get no telefone from his birthplace. Bymeby he fell under the taisel and some wun sarkastically remarked that it was very foll.

King Richard had a lying heart but I have got a busted heart which is worse. Dere reader ain't a girl heartless to give me the shake becos my hare is red? Can I avert the dekrees of the fates which has got a cinch on mortals?

I am a cynick now, which meanes every one is a fool butt me.

The heart is connected with the leg, becos when a feller gets his leg pulled he generuly has a heartake. But a heartake can't hold a candle to a stummick ake for pain. This is a heartrending topick. I have not the heart to continue this assay.—Jimmie in San Francisco Examiner.

Her Gentle Hint.

"You may not kiss me, Jack," said she,
With cheeks dotted sanctly
Her cheeks of blushing red
"You may not kiss me, Jack, until"—
I felt my heart with rapture thrill—
"It grows quite dark," she said.

But there—confound my luck!—on high
The sun amid the azure sky
Poured forth its golden light,
But I—I wished each piercing ray
Would, fading, put an end to day
And hasten on the night.

From yonder west, where ocean rolls
Her foaming waves on sandy shoals,
A dark'ning storm cloud blew.
The bright sun faded soon away,
While blacker grew the autumn day.
Still there I sat with Sue.

Alas, I knew the storm full well
Would drive us from the cozy dell
Where oft the hours we whiled.
But Sue, she sighed and bent her head;
Then, looking up, "Why, Jack," she said,
"How dark it grows!" and smiled.

—Yale Record.

You need help in order to raise a laugh, but you can heave a sigh alone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

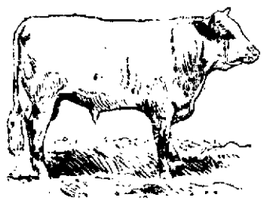
LIVE STOCK

SHORTHORNS.

Illustrations of Favorite Sires on Both Sides of the Atlantic.

Perhaps one of the most unaccountable fads in connection with pure bred cattle was the Shorthorn color craze, which began over 20 years ago and found its gratification in boycotting all white animals of this breed. Nothing but dark red or dark roan Shorthorns would do, and if they could be bred all red so much the better.

The craze never invaded England to any great extent. It was an American



LIGHT COLORED SHORTHORN.

fad, and British breeders continued to rear shorthorns dark red and light roan, brindled and white. If a bull or heifer was large and well dished and of the proper type, that animal took the prize, though it had not a hair other than white upon it. This season the prize Shorthorn sire at the royal agricultural show was almost white, a little roan being about his legs and the lower part of the body. The illustration represents him and his color. His ears were red.

The champion bull at the royal show at Dublin was pure white. It is a sign of return to common sense on the part of American breeders that the champion

RED SHORTHORN.

Shorthorn heifer the present season at the New York state fair was a white one.

The second picture shows a deep red roan bull of western American breeding and pedigree. He is of the Cruikshank family and belongs in Illinois.

This bull is of perfect Shorthorn shape. His short, straight legs and immense body are particularly characteristic of the fine beef type. The depth and width of his body are notable.

Watering Stock In Winter.

While farm animals do not require as much water in winter as in summer, yet what they do need they need just as badly at one time as at another. Stock should not only have all the water they want, but have it when they want it.

It is not good economy to compel stock of any kind to drink ice cold water. The animal heat must come from the food, and chilling the blood with ice water increases the cost of maintaining animal heat.

Usually water drawn fresh from a well is several degrees warmer than that in ponds, tanks or even running streams. It will pay to take a little trouble to pump or draw up the water from the well and let them drink while it is warm and fresh. This is especially necessary for the milk cows.

All stock should have water twice every day at least. Of course it would be still better if water can be kept where the animals can help themselves at any time, but on most farms this cannot be done without exposing the stock on some days at least to needless cold and storms.

It is true that sheep and hogs can live several days without water, yet they will thrive better and keep healthier if given a supply every day. When the most is to be made out of them at the lowest cost, watering regularly daily is an important item. If the weather will permit, it is best to let the stock out and allow them plenty of time to drink all they want, taking care that it is pure, fresh and not too cold.—St. Louis Republic.

Young Ewes.

This year my ewe lambs are bred to wean from April to July. It is a matter of age and development. I am speaking of Dorset sheep, although the same things are true of Shropshires, as I know by experience. Now, briefly, the advantage of this early breeding is that it develops the maternal instinct and character in the ewe, while were she left virgin another year she would perhaps develop a mutton character, a tendency to fat and self appropriation of food nutrients that were meant for the lamb. It is not always that the first lambs are of great value. I do not keep them for breeders, but fatten and sell as early as I can.

Make no mistake by stinting the young mother in amount of grain food after she has weaned her lamb. It ought to be rich and in unlimited amounts. I use this mixture: Cornmeal, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; oil meal, 50 pounds. Then all the best hay that she wants, and no fear but that she will raise the lambs and grow herself at the same time. However, I suggest weaning the lambs early to give her a good chance to recruit after suckling them. Do not understand me as advising the giving of large rations of rich food to the ewe before she has become gradually accustomed to eating it. The second breeding of the young ewe should be done earlier, so as to have the lamb drop not later than May.—Cor. National Stockman.

HORSE'S HOOF.

From Birth to Death It Requires Faithful Attention.

From the birth to the death of the horse, says a fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, the hoof requires attention if it is to be kept in a healthy condition. It is before the hoof is shod that the feet are generally neglected, and the animals suffer accordingly, because they are young and immature, and the bones and other tissues are soft and could be easily distorted to suit the conditions under which they are kept. The feet of foals and growing horses should therefore have attention given to them, since neglect at that period often sows the seed of continuous trouble. The hoofs should be kept clean by being "picked out" as often as possible to prevent any dirt or hard substance being buried in the fissures of the feet. They should be examined from time to time (say every six or eight weeks) to detect any defects of shape that might be taking place. If the feet are not growing level and symmetrical, they should be rendered so by rasping away the horn which is not naturally worn down. If that is neglected, the animal will soon have the fetlock joint bending over toward the outside. On no pretense whatever should the front of the wall be interfered with, for the glazed coating of its surface protects the horn beneath it. It should therefore be left untouched.

It would be as well to disabuse people's minds of a very popular fallacy—viz, that wet, soft ground and even manure yards are the best places to keep young horses, and some would even have the frogs and soles pared thin to allow the moisture to penetrate more easily. No greater mistake is made than that, for the preservation of the hoof depends to a great extent upon the soil the animal was reared on. The best footed horses are bred on dry soils, and that is undoubtedly the kind of ground best adapted to the healthy growth of horn.

Young horses require plenty of exercise, and unless they are allowed it the growth of the horn, etc., is sure to be defective. Then the question rises, When ought a horse to be first shod? The answer is, when the work required of the animal wears the horn away faster than it is formed or grown, or, in other words, so long as the horn of the foot can stand the wear required, it will not need protecting (shoeing). Moreover, if the young horses are not shod so early they will not be worked so hard, and fewer would be ruined in their youth, as is too often the case at the present time.

Stock Hogs In Winter.

Inexperienced swine breeders make the mistake of either keeping their breeding hogs too fat or too thin during the winter. It requires a keen eye and good judgment gained by careful observation or long experience to tell when breeding stock is in just the right condition. If too fat, the sows will have weak pigs, and so they will if kept too thin, and besides not have enough milk to nourish them. An exclusive corn diet tends toward fatness of the dam and a poor development of bone and muscle of the pigs. Corn is an unbalanced ration, and a long feeding of it makes the system feverish. Corn fed brood sows often eat their pigs, because their system craves different food.

The aim should be to maintain the breeding stock in a healthy growing condition and with just flesh enough to keep them warm and make them good and strong at farrowing time. Oats make an ideal ration and may be fed without grinding. Wheat or any of its byproducts is good. A little linseed meal does not come amiss. Rye is also an excellent feed, but be shy of corn and give only a few ears a day. Roots are probably the cheapest food that can be fed and one of the best. They keep the bowels in order and the system in good working shape. Turnips, beets, apples, potatoes or carrots may all be fed whole, and the hogs will eat them greedily. If you have silage, feed freely of it. There is nothing better. A ration of clover hay two or three times a week is also relished.

In addition to sensible feeding give a warm bed in a dry, tight pen and a yard or field for plenty of exercise. When handled in this way, the pigs can be carried cheaply through the winter and the sows will come to farrowing in the best possible condition and drop strong, healthy pigs ready to grow from the start.—National Stockman.

Live Stock Points.

We have heard of a race horse named Dress Goods. A man who would give a horse such a name as that ought to be pursued and kicked every night by enraged nightmares.

A good horse feed is a mixture of ground corn and oats fed with moistened cut clover hay. It is a muscle making feed and easily digested.

At recent sales in Kentucky horses of blood and training have brought excellent prices. There will be henceforth good market for all horses that are worth the name, but they must be of a much higher order than those offered for sale half a dozen years ago. The scrub horse in America must go, is going rapidly. Every man cannot raise a race horse or fast trotter, but every man can raise a large, fine carriage horse or a first class saddler or noble, gentle draft horses of size and beauty. The man who puts any or all these on the market will not go to the poorhouse. If they can be broken and trained at home, so much the better if the training is perfect.

The prize carload of fat steers at the Chicago show were Aberdeen-Angusses and sold for $6 a hundredweight.

The national congress of stockbreeders will be held in 1898 in St. Paul. It will commence Jan. 17 and end Jan. 22. The promoters of this worthy association are hoping for a gathering of stockmen from all parts of the country. Mr. David McGinnis, St. Paul, is executive manager.

A Pertinent Query.

Miss Elderly—How can I cure myself of constantly blushing?

Miss Port—Did you ever try soap and water?—New York Journal.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R. R.
FORT WAYNE, CINCINNATI
—AND—
LOUISVILLE R. R.
(Natural Gas Route.)
NORTHERN OHIO R'Y
WILL SELL FOR THE
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS,

Excursion Tickets between all Stations on its own and connecting Lines, at the very low rate of

One and One-Third FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Tickets will be sold on December 24, 25 and 31, 1897, and January 1, 1898, limited going to date of sale, and good returning up to and including January 4, 1898.

For tickets, rates, time and general information, call on any ticket agent of the above route, or address

C. F. DALY,
General Passenger Agent.

GEO. L. BRADBURY,
Vice-President and General M'gr.
Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUNG WOMEN desiring to make their home at the new

Y. W. C. A. Rooms,

49 and 51 W. Berry Street.,

Should apply at once. Miss Johnson has charge of the rooms to be rented and may be seen after 5 o'clock at the association house West Berry Street.

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time
AS FOLLOWS:
* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday

FROM FT. WAYNE TO — LEAVE — ARRIVE

Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

East Bound.	West Bound
*5 30 a.m.	*3 55 a.m.
*6 00 a.m.	
*7 00 a.m.	*7 10 a.m.
11 10 p.m.	†7 30 a.m.
†7 45 p.m.	†12 55 p.m.
*9 25 p.m. Limited	* 4 30 p.m.
†10 45 p.m. from Chi.	* 5 25 p.m.
*From Crestline	8 45 p.m.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
In effect Nov. 28th, 1897.

NORTH BOUND.
*For Grand Rapids and north 2 40 am
† 3 00 am
† 3 53 pm
†From Richmond arrives

Globe

GREAT CLEARING SALE

OF

Holiday Novelties.

For ten days only we offer the remainder of entire line of holiday stock of

Smoking Jackets, Silk Suspenders, Initial Handkerchiefs, Umbrella and Cane Sets, Holiday Neckwear.

And all other Holiday lines at

1-3 OFF.

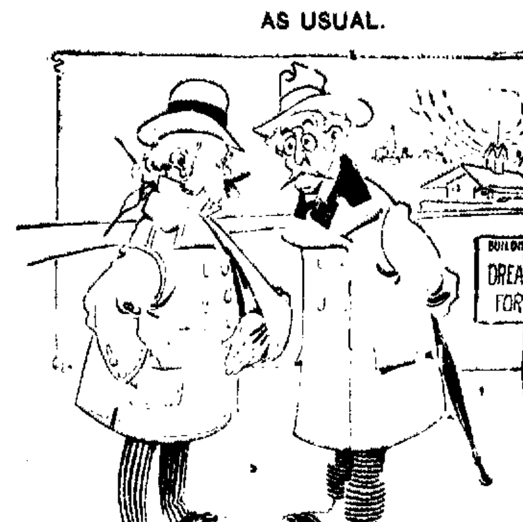
We still can show a very choice lot of these lines, so do not fail to take advantage of our liberal offer. Sale positively closes Jan. 8th.

The Largest and Most Complete Men's, Boys' and Children's Outfitters In Fort Wayne.

GLOBE

Broncho Bill—(of Skull Gulch, Arizona) I jest busted th' tip off my cue, pard, but I guess I kin make this draw-shot without it.

AS USUAL.



Bildad—There'll be prosperity in most lines of trade this winter, but not all.

Buzzfuzz—That's so; I expect there'll be great falling off in the toboggan business.

First Tramp—Say, Woggle's yer don't look well, what's de matter?

Second Tramp—I slept in a boss radish bed last night, an' I has a colt in my throat.

HIS EXPLANATION.

Miss Comely—Did you turn over a new leaf to-day, Mr. DeTanque?

Mr. DeTanque—Yes I did, but I was so nervous this morning that I blotted it.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING—NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 4, 1897.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank ... will be held at its banking house ... between the hours of ... o'clock p. m., for the election of directors to serve the ensuing year.

The Rosy Freshness

And a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

ABOLISHED

Is the Office of Road Foreman on the Nickel Plate.

Mr. Work Appointed Round House Foreman at Stony Island—Local Gossip.

The office of traveling engineer of the Nickel Plate has been abolished and A. S. Work, who up to last night filled that position, has been appointed round house foreman at Stony Island. He assumed the duties of his new office this morning. Thus will Fort Wayne lose two most estimable citizens, for Mr. and Mrs. Work will have to reside in Stony Island.

Mr. Work has been with the Nickel Plate people ever since the line was built. He ran an engine which hauled one of the construction trains on the eastern division and later was the engineer on an accommodation train running between Cleveland and Conneaut. In 1882 he was appointed to the office from which he has just retired. Mr. Work is very popular with all his acquaintances and particularly with the Nickel Plate employes, to whom he is best known.

A NEW TIME CARD.

The Pennsylvania company will put a new time card into effect tomorrow. The chief changes are in the Crestline accommodation, which will leave this city at 9:30 a. m., instead of 6. a. m.; the arrival of the same at 8:45 p. m., instead of 5:45, and the departure of No. 39, westbound, at 12:15 p. m., instead of 12:55 p. m.

EASTBOUND SHIPMENTS.

CHICAGO. Jan. 1.—Eastbound freight shipments for the week ending December 31, amounted to 89,101 tons, against 76,245 for the week previous and 65,990 last year, divided among the different roads as follows: Fort Wayne, 16,761 tons; Michigan Central, 4,322; Wabash, 1,624; Lake Shore, 12,512; Panhandle, 14,857; Baltimore and Ohio, 7,334; Grand Trunk, 7,960; Nickel Plate, 9,217; Erie, 1,922; Big Four, 2,590.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Ferd Urbans, of Indianapolis, will be his brother's guest until Monday.

Nickel Plate Conductor Andy Anderson is off duty on account of sickness.

Robert John, the Nickel Plate engineer, is enjoying a visit with Chicago friends.

M. R. Hardendorf, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is the guest of his parents at Rome City.

Jacob Halderman, the traveling passenger agent of the Wabash, went to Muncie this morning.

C. H. Meek, chief operator at the Nickel Plate yard office, is spending New Year day with friends at Pierceton.

Merch Baldwin, a Nickel Plate dispatcher, who was hurt a week ago, has recovered and yesterday resumed his duties.

John Hughes, and operator who was working in the Nickel Plate dispatchers' office a few days, has returned to his old place in Q office.

Brakemen Cramer, Cavanaugh, Bitner and Raridon have resumed their train duties on the Nickel Plate, after an absence for various reasons.

J. C. Collins and family, who had been the guests of Road Foreman A. H. Polhamus, of the Pittsburg, returned to their home in Valparaiso this morning.

Nickel Plate engine 96 is in service again, after going through a course of repairs at Stony Island. Engineer Ed. Wolf and Fireman F. Longsworth compose the crew.

Trainmaster C. E. Wells, of the Wabash, was in the city this morning.

W. A. S. Parry, clerk at the Wabash freight house, received a baby daughter as a New Year's gift.

The snow storm which prevailed in eastern Ohio and Pennsylvania yesterday caused more or less delay in the running of trains. No. 5 on the Nickel Plate was over an hour late in reaching this city last night.

The men in the local freight service of the Pittsburg, and all the engines thus employed, are today out on the road hauling through freight trains. The traffic boom is still on, with no indications of any immediate abatement.

The Nickel Plate is now in the midst of a boom in freight traffic, such as it has not enjoyed for nearly a year. All the engines on this part of the line are constantly in service and the engine and train crews can scarcely find time to eat and sleep.

Notice was posted in the Union Pacific shops at Omaha, notifying all hands that after Monday next the full time of eight hours per day would be restored. About two weeks ago the time was cut to seven hours a day. The order affects more than 1,000 mechanics of all kinds.

Lon Evans and Miss Dasie Kenny were married last evening at No. 78 Howell street, Rev. Davies officiating. Mr. Evans is a locomotive fireman and is employed on the Nickel Plate. His bride is the daughter of highly respected people residing in South Whitley. The bride and groom will board for a week or two, when they will fit up quarters and go to housekeeping. Both are jolly, social people and a large circle of friends wish them a "long and happy married life."

CATS AND DOGS.

Many of Them Incinerated at the City Crematory.

Six Thousand Loads of Garbage Consumed the Past Year—Report of Superintendent Gocke.

The report of Superintendent Gocke, of the city crematory has been compiled. It shows that during the year 6,000 loads of garbage were consumed. The following animals were cremated: Dogs, 251; cats, 167; horses, 15. Collected by city wagons, about 4,584 tons and by other wagons, 584 tons.

Tomorrow, before the meeting of the International Brotherhood league the subject, "Women's Work," will be discussed. The rooms of the league are at 32 Calhoun street, Vodermark hall and are open to the public.

Dr. Davis' Anti-Headache Cures where all others fail. All druggists.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

HYPNOTIZING HER FATHER.

Charley Thought It Would Be Easy After Experimenting on Others.

Charley Horton is one of the best young men in this city, but it is barely possible that there may be found here and there somebody who knows more than he does—or did.

A few weeks ago when Charley was visiting Dollie Bidwell—these, by the way, are fictitious names—he and she got to discussing hypnotism. Dolly loves Charley very much, but she loves a joke, too, and when he proposed to hypnotize her she not only consented, but pretended to immediately fall under the force of his spell.

In fact, she was as passive as a little kitten even when he took a long, sweet kiss from her, and she meekly went through a lot of ridiculous performances at his command, finally coming out of the spell with a jerking of her pretty head and a blinking of her eyes when he snapped his fingers and said, "All right!"

Dollie told her sister Mildred of the joke, and when the latter's beau came, a few evenings later, Charley had to hypnotize the three of them. They all proved to be good subjects, and he had a mountain of fun. Then when he and Dollie were alone again she unfolded a noble plan to him.

"Why not," she said, "hypnotize papa when you go to ask him for me: You've been putting it off and putting it off from week to week because you were afraid he might get angry, but if we are to get married he ought to be told at once.

"Go up to him, cast your spell over him, or at least partly hypnotize him, and then the rest will be easy. What do you think?"

"It's a capital scheme," said Charley. "I'll do it tomorrow. By George, what a lucky thing it is that I have this wonderful power!"

So the next day young Mr. Horton walked into Mr. Bidwell's office, sat down opposite the old gentleman and began gazing at him steadily.

Anthony Bidwell gazed back, wondering whether the young man had been rendered speechless or what was the matter with him, and was about to say something when Charley raised his hands, pointed his fingers at the father of the girl he loved and then made several passes in rapid succession.

Mr. Bidwell arose, grasped the back of his chair, with an inward determination to sell his life dearly if the worst came, and then began slowly backing out of the office, with Charley following, making passes and gazing at him with an intensity that was almost frightful.

Finally Mr. Bidwell reached the door, grabbed the knob and slammed it shut after him as he jumped into the hall. Then he hung on, bracing himself against the wall, and began yelling for help.

The porter, the elevator boy and several tenants of the building ran to his assistance, but before they could decide upon a plan of action Dollie, who had desired to see the fun, appeared upon the scene and asked what was the matter.

Her father knew she loved Charley Horton, and he looked at her pityingly for a moment before telling her the awful truth.

Then she laughed a merry laugh, whispered something in the old gentleman's ear, and he relinquished his hold upon the doorknob, at the same time telling those who had gone to his assistance that it was all right.

Just what happened after Dollie and her father got inside she refused to tell, but she and Charley went away happy half an hour later, and he has decided to do no more hypnotizing.—Cleveland Leader.

One Sided Dueling.

Colombey, in his history of dueling, tells an anecdote of a certain noted duelist of his time. One day this man, Mr. B., was at Desenne's shooting gallery watching the pistol practice.

There was one man who was shooting very well, and Desenne was threatened with the loss of all his glass balls and swinging dolls. Every shot was greeted by the spectators with exclamations of admiration. B. looked on for awhile, and finally in a calm voice made the remark:

"He could not do as well on the field."

The object of the slighting remark turned around, and in a loud and angry tone cried:

"Who are you to say that? Would you like to test the truth of your remark?"

"Willingly," replied the unrecognized duelist, as he led the way out to a secluded place.

After taking up their respective positions they drew lots, and it fell to B. to shoot last. He waited in silence for his adversary's shot. The man fired—and missed. B. lowered his pistol.

"What did I tell you?" he said, with a smile. Then putting his pistol in his pocket he walked away whistling.—Youth's Companion.

The Probable Reason.

"I wonder why people so like to wear squeaky shoes to church," said the nervous boarder.

"Perhaps," said Asbury Peppers, "they do so to call the pastor's attention to their soles."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOMEMADE OBJECTS.

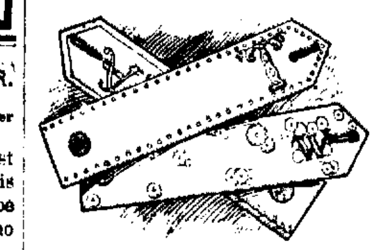
NOVEL NAPKIN RINGS AND EFFECTIVE SCRAP BASKETS.

Rings Made of Linen and Embroidered With Jeweled Initials Are the Latest Thing In Needlework—A New Idea In Scrap Baskets From Paris.

Something new in napkin rings has recently been devised by a clever woman. These rings have been illustrated and described in the New York Herald as follows:

The napkin rings under consideration are made of two thicknesses of medium or rather heavy weight round thread bleached grass linen. They are cut with one pointed and one square end, close to the required size, with a button and buttonhole, and have a small design of an initial jewel, or initial flower letter, or bird, or a tiny spray embroidered on the outside toward the pointed end.

Jeweled initial letters are much in favor. They are outlined in gold color or royal blue, and then set with jewels. The initial of the jewel must be



DESIGNS IN LINEN NAPKIN RINGS

the same if possible as the letter in which it is set. R, for instance, calls for rubies, S for sapphires, A for amethyst, B for beryl or bloodstone, T for turquoise or green tourmaline, and so on. Flower letters are worked on the same principle. R calls for roses, F for forgetmenot, W for (sweet) William, wallflower, wild rose, wistaria, etc.

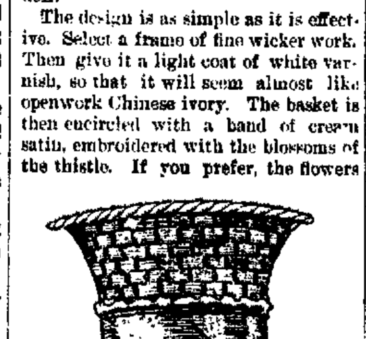
A very pretty variety can be obtained in this manner for half a dozen rings. The linen is cut into strips about 2¼ inches wide and 8 inches long, which allows of one-quarter inch turnings all round. A true half square point is made at one end of each eight inch strip before the rings are made up. The embroidery is also done on the upper piece before putting together, and the design is placed near, but not too close to the pointed end, so that when buttoned the design will be uppermost.

The embroidered piece is then sewed to a plain piece for a lining, turned through the square end, smoothed, pulled in shape, the square end blind stitched up and a tiny trail of brier stitch of French dots carried all round the ring to keep the edges in shape. A buttonhole is worked in the point and the ring completed by a button at the other end.

If buttons with shanks are used, the shanks can be sewed in place, or an eyelet hole made at the square end of the linen and the shank put through and secured by a ring or small tape tie on the under side. This plan admits of easy removal for the laundry, and as no two buttons need be alike is a good way of using up odd buttons too handsome to throw away.

There is no end to the pretty odds and ends and knickknacks that a woman of taste can employ in adding to the comfort, convenience and ornamentation of her house. Even if not instinctively ingenious, suggestions are always to be had in plenty, and all she needs is a set of nimble fingers and the materials to work with. A second instance of a pretty bit of work to which the spare moments may be devoted is suggested by the authority already quoted. It is a new idea from the French capital, a scrap basket, which, properly made, will be an ornament to the daintiest boudoir.

The design is as simple as it is effective. Select a frame of fine wicker work. Then give it a light coat of white varnish, so that it will seem almost like openwork Chinese ivory. The basket is then encircled with a band of cream satin, embroidered with the blossoms of the thistle. If you prefer, the flowers



THISTLE BLOSSOM SCRAP BASKET.

may be painted. Nothing is more decorative in its character than this plant, with its barbed leaves and its needle armed petals. It produces a very striking effect on the white satin background.

This is only one of many decorations for which the thistle may be employed. The feminine mind will readily accept the idea as a most suggestive hint.

How to Make Egg Gems.

Egg gems are an acceptable way of using up very small pieces of cooked meat or poultry one may have at hand. Chop the meat finely and add to it half its quantity of stale bread crumbs. Season well with butter, salt and pepper and make the mixture slightly moist with sweet milk. Butter shallow gem cups and fill them three-quarters full with this mixture, and then carefully break an egg upon the top of each one. Sprinkle the eggs lightly with salt and pepper, some fine cracker dust and a few bits of butter and bake them from eight to ten minutes in a hot oven and serve at once.

STYLISH HAIRDRESSING.

Present Fashions In Coiffures and Fashions to Come—Evening Headdress.

It is whispered abroad that in the immediate future the hair is to be again worn down in the neck, but at the moment there is no sign of such revealed. Every one wears her hair on the top of her head, waving it slightly at the sides,

FASHIONABLE HEADDRESS.

turning it back from the forehead and decorating it during the evening with whatever jewels fortune has bestowed upon her or with whatever flowers, feathers or bows its want may have rendered possible to her.

The most attractive decoration for the hair is a diamond ornament of broad inclination and glittering surface, and failing the real article, of course, we can all fall back upon the imitation jewelry, for happily we live in the times when the setting of the imitation stone is studied with so much care that the least valuable becomes charming to the eye of the beholder.

Jewels, however, are not alone as hair ornaments. There is much predilection in favor of a twisted band of jet or velvet fastened at one side with a single ostrich feather. Then the old turban would seem to have returned to us in a fold of gauze tied into a knot at one side, with an ostrich tip nodding over the top. Parisians are all wearing Louis XVI bows, either of jet or of velvet ribbon in black colors, wired and shaped and bearing in the center knot an osprey of white or black. These bows may also be found in cut steel, and the luxurious will no doubt soon realize their charms in diamonds.

An evening coiffure fashionable at the present moment may be thus briefly described: The hair is frizzed in front, slightly waved at the sides and carelessly coiled up at the back under a jeweled comb. On the top of the head rests a soft roll, secured with another jeweled comb and an aigret.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that the same authorities who predict that the hair is to be worn down in the neck also predict that next spring the popular hat will be low in the front and trimmed high at the back, after the fashion of the directoire period.

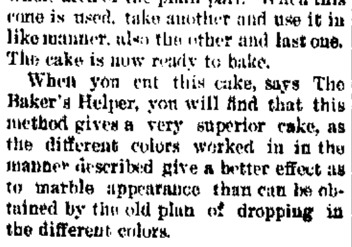
New Way to Make Marble Cake.

A new and simple way of making a good looking marble cake is to make a silver cake mixture, using all whites and no nutmeg. Divide this into two equal parts. Let one part remain plain, placing it in the cake tin, which you are supposed to have ready papered, and level it. The other part divide into three equal parts. Color one part pink, another yellow, another brown with chocolate. Place these three colored parts into three separate paper cones, fold them up and cut the ends off to leave an opening a little over a quarter of an inch in diameter. Take one of the cones, push the end into the mixture in the tin and force out the contents of the cone, moving it about so as to traverse the whole area of the plain part. When this cone is used, take another and use it in like manner, also the other and last one. The cake is now ready to bake.

When you cut this cake, says The Baker's Helper, you will find that this method gives a very superior cake, as the different colors worked in in the manner described give a better effect as to marble appearance than can be obtained by the old plan of dropping in the different colors.

A Novelty In Trunks.

Another new trunk has just come out. This time it is for the convenience of men and is a boot trunk. As illustrated



BOOT TRUNK OPEN, WITH TRAYS.

and described in the New York Herald it is a long flat trunk, designed to hold 3 pairs of men's boots on the lasts and 10 or 12 pairs without lasts. It is believed that this boot trunk will prove quite as popular as the woman's hat trunk.

Old Time Oyster Fricassee.

To make an old fashioned oyster fricassee put the liquor from a pint of oysters in a small granite pan with a heaping tablespoonful of cracker dust and set it over the fire. Place the oysters in another pan with 2 ounces of butter. Cover the pan and let the oysters cook over a slow heat until their edges are ruffled. Have ready a hot platter with pieces of buttered toast about two inches square, and when the oysters are done take them out with a wire spoon and lay them upon the toast. Turn the broth mixture into the pan where the oysters were cooked, season it with salt and cayenne pepper, and when it again comes to the boiling point stir in half a cup of cream and turn the mixture over the oyster toast.

"I suppose you took in the Bowery when you were in New York and listened to the delightful Chimmie Fadden dialect?"

"I did, but I didn't hear any of the dialect. I don't believe the illiterate creatures have read the book at all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perseverance Always Wins.

Smith—After trying for ten long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect.

Brown—Are you sure of it?

Smith—Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot.—Chicago News.

"77"

BREAKS UP

COLDS

The first day

More easily than if the Cold is permitted to run on.

Those who keep "Seventy-seven" handy, and take a dose at the first sneeze or shiver, never have a bad Cold and are saved from Pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases.

"77" cures Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat and Fever.

A 25c. vial leads to a Dollar Flask.

At druggists or sent on receipt of price. Ask for Dr. Humphreys' Specific Manual of all Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Humphreys' Med. Co., New York.

A LOCAL Disease, A Climatic Affection.

CATARRH

Nothing but a local remedy or a change of climate will cure it. Get a well known pharmaceutical remedy.

Ely's Cream Balm.

It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine, No Mercury, No Injurious drug. Full size 50c.; Trial size 10c. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

COLD IN HEAD

McCoy's New European Hotel

COR. CLARK AND VAN BUREN STS.

CHICAGO.

FIRE PROOF.

One block from C. R. I. & P. and L. S. & M. S. Railroad depot.

Improvements costing $75,000.00 have just been completed, and the house now offers every convenience to be found in any hotel, including hot and cold water, electric light and steam heat in every room.

Rates 75 cents per day and upwards.

First class restaurant in connection.

WILLIAM McCOY, Owner and Proprietor.

LE BRUN'S FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy being injected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet. Cure guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, $1.00. Sold only by

G & G CURE

Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun street, O. G. Klinkenburg, 33 E. Berry street, corner Clinton st.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY RECORDER.

EDITOR SENTINEL: Please announce that I will be a candidate for recorder of Allen county, subject to the decision of the next democratic nominating convention.

FREDERICK FRY,
Jefferson Township.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL, CONSULT

DR. WENGER,

So well and favorably known as America's leading and most successful

SPECIALIST

For his many and wonderful cures in all

BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, sores, spots, pimples, scrofula, syphilitic taints, tumors, tetter, ECZEMA, and blood poison of every nature.

KIDNEY AND URINARY, weak back, pain in side, abdomen, bladder, sediment in urine, brick dust or white, painful urinations, Bright's disease and all diseases of the bladder.

PRIVATE DISEASES—Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Inflammations, Discharges, Strictures, Weakness of Organs, Syphilis, Hydrocele, Varicocele and kindred troubles quickly cured.

LOST MANHOOD and all its attending ailments, both YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED AND OLD MEN. The awful effects of early indiscretions, producing weakness, NERVOUS DEBILITY, night emission, exhausting drains, pimples, bashfullness, loss of energy and weakness of both body and brain. Cancers, tumors, piles, cured without knife or pain.

Do not let timidity or prejudice keep you from calling.

OFFICE DAYS:—Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

Sunday Hours 2 to 4 only.

DR. N. R. WENGER, 135 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

—OUR—

Annual Cost Sale

OF

STOVES

Commences Monday, Jan. 3rd, 1898.

Great Bargains.

Seavey Hardware Co.,

19 and 21 West Main Street.

WANTED.

WANTED—House cleaning of any kind. Address 149 Wallace street. 11tf

WANTED—A good girl for general house work at 99 East Wayne street. 2tf

WANTED—Roll top desk; also safe. Must be cheap, for cash. P. O. Box 134. 2tf

WANTED—If you want to borrow money, see "ad" on first page, first column. 7tf

WANTED—$20 weekly to give away Toilet Soaps. Sample free. Forshee Co., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—A lady attendant. Must have good references. Apply, Allen County Orphans' Home. 31tf

WANTED—Salesman; salary paid weekly, experience unnecessary, permanent. Brown Brothers Co., Chicago.

WANTED—Private party will make small loans to ladies, school teachers, salaried people and others on satisfactory security. Room 23, Bass Block. 11-1m

WANTED—Horses to winter at the "Oak Lawn Farm," two miles north of the city; rates low; large warm barn; best of care. Address, W. B., care Sentinel.

WANTED—To buy a couple of 2 or 3-light gas chandeliers, suitable for small dwelling. Must be cheap. Address, with description and price, "S." P. O. Box 2014, City. 31t2

WANTED—Agents; $4.00 to $8.00 a day to either sex; new goods; new plan; sells at sight; every family needs it; no capital needed. Household Co., Box 424, Cincinnati, O. No13-sat6mo

WANTED—A partner with $500 who can devote all or part of his time in a good paying business. This is an opportunity of a life time to the right party. Address Box 11, care of Sentinel. 1t2

WANTED—To trade three houses in east end, near Lutheran College, and 4 doors from street car. Income $25 per month, for land west of city. Address, Sleepy Hollow, city general delivery. 1t2

WANTED—I would like the public to try my Lung and Cough Syrup. It is infallible in case of grip or hemorrhages; an old family medicine of sixty years standing. Call at 35 Fairfield avenue. 06-2m

WANTED—Men and women to work at home. I pay $8 to $16 per week for making crayon portraits, new patent method, anyone who can read or write can do the work, at home, in spare time, day or evening. Send for particulars and work at once. Address, H. A. Gripp, German artist, Tyrone, Pa. Sept. 11-s126

WANTED—Great inovation; new opportunities for young men; only eight weeks required to completely learn barber trade; good demand for graduates of this system, practice, instructions, lectures, examinations, diplomas, wages Saturday's from start; steady pay when competent; complete outfit of tools donated; illustrated catalogue mailed free. Moler System Barber School, Clark & Van Buren Sts., Chicago. Branches, N. Y., St. Louis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis. 1t6

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—If you want money on household goods, see "ad" on first page, first column. 7tf

FOR RENT—The finest cottage in Lakeside, 101 Rivermet ave.; six rooms, $12. Inquire, 93 Rivermet ave. 15tf

FOR RENT—A brick house, 37 Wilt street, 7 rooms, natural gas. Inquire Hoffman Bros, 200 West Main street. 30t5

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms on East Taber street; modern improvements. Inquire Gilmartin Lumber yard. 4tf

FOR RENT—An 8-room house, bath room, artificial and natural gas, electric lights; $16 per month; No. 520 S. Calhoun St. 18tf

FOR RENT—Oct. 1, suite of rooms suitable for offices, now occupied by Dr. Younge, 107 Calhoun street. Apply at Sentinel office. tf

FOR RENT—Eight room house, centrally located, electric light and gas furnace, hot and cold bath. Inquire at 49 Harmer St. 25tf

FOR RENT—One handsome furnished room in private family, bath, electric light, furnace heat. Reference required. Address box 3, Sentinel office. 20tf

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, on first floor, all complete for light housekeeping; or suitable for two young ladies or gentlemen. 16 West Jefferson street. 31t2

FOR RENT—A very nice eight-room house, in first-class condition, No. 142 Columbia ave., just vacated; rent reduced to $13.50. W. E. Dond, over Old National bank. 17-tf

FOR RENT—Seven room brick house, No. 212 Webster street, corner Highland, has been newly papered and put in first-class order. Inquire in the morning or after 6 p. m., at No. 153 Broadway. 25tf

FOR RENT—Dwellings, No. 21 W. Creighton ave., 10 rooms, modern improvements; No. 228 Fairfield ave., 10 rooms, stable, bath, closet and furnace; No. 214 St. Marys ave., 8 rooms and stable; Nos. 232 and 234 St. Marys ave., 4 rooms each; Nos. 96 Franklin ave.; No. 72 Gay street, 5 rooms; No. 32 Maple ave., 8 rooms and stable; No. 220 West Wayne street, 8 rooms; No. 37 Wilt street. Schrader & Wilson, first floor, 7 Court St. 23tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—If you want money on personal security, see "ad" on first page, first column. 7tf

FOR SALE—House and lot, cheap, with small payment down, balance on small monthly payments; lot 33x150. Call on or address A. W. Iroian, No. 116 Chestnut avenue, north of new yards. 25-1m

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and Residence 38 Madison Street.

Specialty:—Diseases of Women. Telephone 410. Office hours 9 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

DR. NISWONGER Makes a specialty of treating veneral diseases and skin diseases and has a new discovery for the treatment of catarrh and hay fever. Free trial treatment. Office at Post Office Drug Store.

Clairvoyant!

50c—And Up—50c.

Mrs. Idella Rose.

The wonderful clairvoyant gives truthful advice on business, love, law, speculation, lost or stolen property; unites the separated, causes speedy marriages; gives names, dates, facts and figures. A call will convince you that Mrs. Rose is the best medium that ever visited Fort Wayne. Hours, 10 to 8. Letters answered that have stamp enclosed.

Parlors

148 E. WASHINGTON ST.

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The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

THE LARGE CIRCULATION OF
THE SENTINEL
Makes it Most Valuable as an Advertising Medium at this time

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898. [PART FIRST.] PRICE FIVE CENTS.

If You Are Looking for
FIRST CLASS
TABLE LINENS
At Low Prices,
ATTEND OUR
JANUARY COST SALE.
GEO. DeWALD & CO.

MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.
MONEY. MONEY. MONEY.
MONEY. MONEY. MONEY
ANY PERSON TEMPORARILY EMBARRASSED, CAN BORROW ANY AMOUNT YOU WISH, FROM $10 UP ON THE FOLLOWING SECURITY.
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE & PIANOS. HORSES, WAGONS, CARRIAGES, ETC.
THE PROPERTY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED IN YOUR POSSESSION; YOU CAN GET THE MONEY THE DAY YOU MAKE APPLICATION.
NO PUBLICITY, NO DELAY, LOWEST RATES.
IT PAYS TO BORROW OF US.
We claim to loan money cheaper than any other loan company in the city, therefore if you fail to get our rates and terms before borrowing elsewhere you do an injustice to both yourself and family.
INDIANA MORTGAGE LOAN CO.,
35 Calhoun St., Room 5, First Flight of Stairs, FOELLINGER BLOCK.
Open Saturday Evenings 7 to 9 P. M.

FREESE & RANKE,
Dispensing Chemists.
Sole Agents for
Huyler's
New York,
Candies, and
English Violet
Perfume,
88 Calhoun St.

SALARIED PEOPLE
Holding permanent positions with responsible concerns, can borrow money on their own names, without collateral security or endorsement in sums to suit. Can be repaid in small weekly, semi-monthly or monthly payments. Business strictly confidential.
MERCANTILE DISCOUNT CO.,
Room 2, Seidel Bld'g., 125 Calhoun St.

ALL
TOILET ARTICLES
AND
HOLIDAY NOVELTIES
AT COST.
New York Hair Baazar,
124 CALHOUN ST., Lau Block.

MONEY TO LOAN
At lowest rate on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, carriages, etc., and leave the property in your possession.
Payments arranged on the monthly installment plan or to suit you.
Loans placed same day application is made.
No charges taken out in advance.
Business confidential. No publicity.
Fort Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 2 Seidel Block, up stairs, 125 Calhoun St.

SALT RHEUM
Most torturing and disfiguring of itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else fails.
Cuticura
FALLING HAIR [illegible]

SOME STEPPERS.

Correspondent Talks About Fort Wayne Horses.

Spicy Budget in Which the Equine Situation is Sized Up in Very Interesting Style.

A correspondent of the Chicago Horse Review has sized up the horse situation in Fort Wayne in the following spicy style:

"The snow brigade will be out in full force this winter, and Washington boulevard promises to be the scene of many hot races. In fact we will have a little circuit of our own, and all that is lacking now is the snow—everything else is in readiness. The money (?) as well as all the glory, will stay at home, all the participants will be local nags. Frank Gruber will probably take the lead with his pacer, Red Elgin, 2:15¼, as he is a number one snow horse. Oscar Wobrock will also be a candidate for high honors. He owns Crescent, by Red Bird (son of Jay Bird), that was timed better than 2:30 in her races last year, and a black mare by Atlantic King. The latter, with only nine days' work, trotted in 2:20¼, the half in 1:08¼, but threw a splint, and, consequently, could not be trained further. She will be a good mare for the green classes next year. Oscar was quite a 'teamer' the past season, and will be out again in '98. Helen K., by Nil Desperandum, out of Minnie, by Blue Bull, may be seen on the snow this winter. Charles Lohr, an engineer on the Pittsburg railroad, owns her.

"Look out for Cyrus Zimmer and 'Lacona,' as they go down the line this winter. They are old hands at the business, and a hard pair to beat. G. L. Potter will likely be seen on the snow path at his leisure hours, with his Electioneer gelding, Ivo 2:26, and should he conclude to cut him loose he will not be far behind at the finish. Raleigh Niswonger will chase the boys with his Red Bolt pacer, and Henry Huffman has a Strathmore mare that can pace a blue streak. Drs. Barnett have a mare by Wayne Wilkes, out of Cuchara, by Gen. Hancock, that can 'june some.' Joe W. Bell will be out with his stallion, Director Chief, by Director; and Herman Tapp will have something good, as usual. Coroner J. H. Kappel gets his flyers mostly from Michigan, and they can step some, too. The genial Doc had about closed a deal for the 'P'inter Hoss,' once upon a time, but Ed. Geers interfered and spoiled the trade. Now he has it in for brother Ed. Harry C. 2:17¼ has been fired and will not be raced next year. In the meantime Charles McDougall will take his spins behind Big Ike, by Coastman 2:08¼. 'Uncle Tom' Tolley has a three-year-old sorrel filly, by Ambassador, dam by a son of Hambletonian 10, that he will exercise behind this winter. Mr. Tolley used to interest the boys with 'Old Toney,' but, 'alas! he cannot do it any more,' having sold the old horse."

"The following parties own good horses, and all of them, together with many others not mentioned, will be out for honors on the snow this winter: Fred Myers, Frank Perry, Will Shebondy, Dr. K. K. Wheelock, Dan Lehman, Henry Kanning, John Wilkins, Chas. G. Pape (who owns a brother to West Wilkes 2:13¾), W. M. McKinnie, George Kuntz, Jap Compton, R. L. Krall, Dr. L. A. Worch, Louis Romy, O. D. Hutzell, Frank Fox, Joe Luper, J. B. Ryan, Al. C. Mick, Dan. Rhodes (owner of Lorna Doone 2:24¼) Jessie Orice, Dr. A. E. Van Buskirk, Joe Welch, H. A. Wiebke, Chas. D. Tillo, Walt. Adams, Wm. A. Rinehart (with a brother to Cash Boy, 2:27½), Chas. Habecker, Abe Towsley, etc., etc. The pacing mare Roteen 2:21¼, by Wayne Wilkes, dam by Belmont Prince, has been sold by J. Y. Shoaff, of this city, to Charles Campbell, New York, for $350. She was entered in the Splan Newgass sale. Frank Burns, a machinist in the Pittsburg shops, owns a brother to Eleanor, 3, 2:11, coming four years old, that is a trotter and will certainly get some of the money next season. He was worked some last spring, but was considered too growthy to stand hard training. H. C. Sites, a leading dentist, has a couple of good ones; a bay mare by Red Bell, dam by Strathmore, that showed 2:20 speed last summer, and a bay filly by Maelstrom, son of Strathmore. He also owns the dam of the latter, which was sired by Abdallino, brother to Princeps. Minnot 2:13¾ has been sent to Circleville, O., to be bred to Wilton early next spring. There will be another combination sale held here in the spring. R. T. McDonald, H. C. Rockhill and H. W. Tapp will be the chief promoters of the affair, with possibly a few outside consignors. About 150 head are to be sold, mostly young stock, well bred and promising. The well-known trainers, J. M. Stevens, Frank Bogash and J. W. Pearse, are giving their respective horses slow jogging in preparation for next year's racing. Mr. Stevens has seven head: Charmion 2:29¼, by Strathmore; Eureka S., by Wayne Wilkes, dam by Strathmore; a two-year-old filly by Red Bell, out of Charmion; Belfield, by Belfield, dam by John E. Wood, and three others. Frank Bogash's string consists of seventeen, mostly youngsters and the get of Atlantic King 2:09¾. Frank is also wintering his namesake, Frank Bogash 2:03¾ (now owned by George VanDyke, Boston, Mass.) with whom he expects to be 'strictly in it' with the free-for-allers in 1898. W. C. F. 2:29¾ and Sir Arthur 2:17¼ are the chief pupils of Mr. J. W. Pearse. He also has Maj. Pearse (brother to Minuet 2:13¾), by Strathmore-American Girl 2:20¼; Cresado, by Strathmore, out of Crescent 2:21¼, by Ira Wilkes, a three-year-old chestnut gelding, owned by Secretary Rockhill, and bred like Crescendo, and a yearling filly by a son of G. F. Clay 2:18, out of Little Daisy 2:19½. Mr. Pearse's old-time favorite. J. T. Reid had the misfortune to lose a valuable yearling filly, by Sir Edward, the other day. She was killed by a street car. Mr. Reid will make a stud season next spring with his young Nutwood stallion, Georgewood 27239, out of Georgiana 2:26¼, sister to Patchen Wilkes."

MERZ WAS MERRY.

Assaulted a Woman While in a New Year's Mood.

Mayor Fines Him—Lieutenant Lapp Files His Monthly Report—Train Jumper Released.

Peter Merz was fined $5 and costs by the mayor this morning for assault and battery on Jennie Bower, who lives on Lafayette street. Last night Miss Bower went to Tom Clark's saloon, bought three bottles of beer and proceeded homeward. Merz followed her and while trying to force her to give up the beer two bottles fell and were broken. Thereat the woman shrieked and Merz escaped. Later he was arrested at Vogely's hall on Maumee road, where he was attending a dance. Merz left police court with an officer, trying to hunt up a friend who would pay his fine.

MONTHLY REPORT.

Lieutenant Lapp has compiled the following report of arrests for December:

Intoxication	32
Selling liquor without a license	5
Criminal prosecution	2
Malicious trespass	2
Climbing on cars	1
Vagrancy	12
Petit larceny	6
Forgery	1
Trespass	1
Prostitution	2
Associating with prostitutes	4
Burglary	1
Carrying concealed weapons	1
Wife desertion	1
Being a tramp	1
Grand larceny	2
Total	81

NOTES.

Will Stegall, a train jumper arrested by Officer Heller, was let go.

It was very dull in police circles today.

LOCAL LINES.

The "Friendly Ten" will give a smoker at Sleepy Hollow homestead tonight.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the South Congregational church occurs Wednesday evening.

W. C. Drajier, manager of the Remington typewriter business in this city, has gone to Kendallville for a several days' stay.

Mrs. Christopher Scholtz has as her guest her aunt, Mrs. Dora Bench, and two sons, Masters Eddie and Harry, of Albany, Ind.

The employes at the School for Feeble Minded Youth celebrated New Year's eve in a quiet way at the hall of the school last evening.

Herbert Stonecifer, after a visit at his home in this city, will leave tomorrow to resume his studies at the Indianapolis dental college.

Dr. Mary A. Mixer, professor in the Woman's Medical College, Chicago, is the guest of Dr. Delia Howe, at the School for Feeble Minded Youth.

Dan Myers has closed up his branch store on East Wayne street, and will go to Columbia City to superintend the work in his cream factory.

Misses Maude Gaskins, Mabel Crosby and Edna Parham arrived home today from Van Wert, where they were the guests of Miss Edith Parham.

Miss Ruth Blake and Miss Alice Scott are spending New Year's day in Chicago as the guests of Miss Blake's parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Vila Blake.

C. Stone, representing the Employers' Liability Insurance company, has returned to Indianapolis, after a business stay of several days in the city.

Benjamin Gregg and Cash Olinger, of Garrett, who were guests of the latter's uncle, J. B. Olinger, of 131 Horace street, have returned to their homes.

Mrs. Ben Burgess, of Danville, Ill., and Miss Eugene Burgess, of Chicago, have returned home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, of South Calhoun street.

Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Dexter, of 200 Harrison street, are entertaining their brother, Alexander Kirkpatrick, of South Dakota, and Mrs. Dillman and Mrs. Spinson, of Pierceton.

Dr. English will start a class for the study of the Bible in the Wayne street Methodist Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:30. All persons not already in Sabbath school are invited to join this class.

Mrs. Stephen Parrish has returned from Laotta, Mich., where she has been visiting relatives. Her little daughter who accompanied her there, was unable to return with her, having met with a bad fall which fractured the bones of her leg.

A CURFEW LAW.

Some Opinions From Men Who Can Talk Advisedly.

Humane Officer, Prosecuting Attorney and Police Officers Discuss the Proposed Measure.

During several months past there has been some agitation and a great deal of discussion with respect to the enactment of a curfew ordinance in Fort Wayne. Among all classes of good citizens, especially among those who take most deeply to heart the moral growth of the city, the enactment of such a measure has for the most part met with favor. A few weeks ago Councilman Schuhler, of the Ninth ward, announced that he was engaged in the preparation of a curfew ordinance which he purposed soon to introduced to the attention of the city council. For some reason or other that purposed ordinance has been leading a very unostentatious existence. Just why this is so, as Lord Dundreary would say, "is something no fellah can find out."

The Sentinel has secured some expressions of opinion regarding the necessity for a curfew law and the merits of such an expedient. The gentlemen interviewed, as will be seen, are men who have the best reasons to be familiar with the evils proposed to be regulated. Mayor Scherer, in an interview with The Sentinel some weeks ago, expressed his approval of the curfew law, but when approached a day or two ago upon the same subject, declined to express himself further.

The subjoined interviews will, if they do nothing more, establish the fact that officers of the law recognize the existence of an evil whose prompt correction is demanded imperatively by high consideration of the public good. Those opinions follow:

HUMANE OFFICER SCHLAUDROFF.

The cases coming to the attention of the humane officer are numerous and he often meets with pitiable conditions of the young, brought on by indiscretions or by crime, and traceable to a beginning on the streets. Mr. Schlaudroff has long been a champion of the curfew law, has watched its success in other places and hopes that the city of Fort Wayne will adopt it. He gives his opinion as follows:

"While a few of our citizens think we do not need the curfew law, I believe it would be a good thing and a hardship on no one. No city is too large for such a law. The larger the city the more need for it. I believe that if all the records of the boy thieves were looked up it would be found that about eight out of ten of them are boys who have come home when they pleased at night when they were little children. If a father could see his son of eight or ten or twelve years of age standing in a group of toughs eighteen or twenty years old, (some of whom have perhaps already been in prison for some offense), and hear what his children are learning he would take him home at once, and after that keep him out of such surroundings.

"The Sentinel can put me down for the curfew law. I feel sure that it would do no harm to try it for awhile, anyhow, and see how it works. It might be the means of keeping some of our boys out of the reform school. The streets of a city of the size of Fort Wayne are bad places for children to roam in at will day or night. I have some statistics showing that 13,000 policemen in large cities arrested 150,000 men, women and children at an expense of $25,000,000, while among an equal number of farmers there were not 5,000 arrests. Of the 12,000 boys and girls in the reform school, in 1890, 98 per cent. went from cities, towns and villages. In view of such facts as these would it not be better for a future generation if we had a curfew law covering the age of sixteen years?"

PROSECUTOR DOUGHMAN.

Here is another earnest officer who wants the curfew. His position as prosecuting attorney has given him a chance to make a thorough study of the situation. He does not regard the curfew as political in any sense and says it is ridiculous to regard it in that light, as a few have done. It is, in his estimation, a splendid support for the officers in their efforts to take the children from the streets when they should be at home. Mr. Doughman says he will do all he can to bring about the curfew. He said, in reply to a question put by the reporter:

"I believe that a curfew law, reasonably enacted and properly enforced, would accomplish great good in a city like ours. The permitting of children to be about the streets of the city after night, unaccompanied by their parents or some other proper person, has a demoralizing effect upon them. Young boys in that way early learn habits of dissipation, come in contact with older ones addicted to crime, and gradually thereby drift into bad habits and perhaps criminal conduct. Much of the petty thieving done about the city is done by young boys who go about the streets and alleys at night. These boys first commence by stealing small things and soon learn to commit thefts of more importance. I can call to mind several instances of boys who have been arrested and punished, who, I think, owe their downfall to being permitted while young to congregate at different parts of the city at night. The permitting of young girls to go about at night unattended soon has a tendency to make them bold, and later they soon drift into improper places in the way of wine rooms, which are open at night. I favor the enactment of a proper curfew ordinance. This will enable the officers to compel children to be off the streets at night."

SUPERINTENDENT GORSLINE.

Superintendent of Police Gorsline has given much reflection to the moral benefits sought in a curfew law. When interviewed he had not arrived at a definite conclusion as to the precise provisions and scope such a law for this city should have, but as a general proposition he favors such a measure.

"No one will contend" said Superintendent Gorsline, "that boys and girls ranging in age from eight to sixteen years should have unrestricted privilege to roam the streets at night. Such license should be taken from juveniles. No persons know as well as the members of the police force what mischief and even criminal offense is hatched by the youngsters who prowl about at night. The police would prevent it if they could, but wanting altogether specific authority to deal with the evil, they can do nothing. It seems to me a curfew law wisely framed and reasonably enforced would clothe the police with all essential authority to deal with the matter properly. Possibly it would not; but in the absence of any such authority whatsoever, it would be worth while to try it. One thing admits of no question. Young boys and girls should be kept off the streets at night."

CAPTAIN BORGMAN.

During his long years of service in the police department Captain Borgman has had wide opportunities to observe the ways of evil. He is unequivocally in favor of the curfew, basing his opinion upon experience as an officer of the law. His opinion, like that of the superintendent of police, has weight, because his duties have taken him into all sorts of places at all hours.

"As a member of the police force," said Captain Borgman, "I cannot conscientiously say anything else than that it would be a good law, for it would be a good thing for the children and society would be better for it. Many children are taught to go wrong while running the streets at night; many grow to follow pernicious lives because they drifted while young out into that element where temptation lies. With the curfew the police would be enabled to see that these children are kept under the eyes of their parents. Without it they cannot do so."

DETECTIVE COLING.

"Curfew law?" thoughtfully queried Detective Coling when asked by a Sentinel reporter for his opinion. "Yes, I am in favor of it first, last and all the time. The sooner the city can get it the better. Let me tell you that the average citizen has no idea of the number of children that are prancing around the streets. The are not all little children. Some of them are sixteen years old, but all of these older ones went through the A B C period on the streets. I say give the policeman the power to send home these youngsters and the benefits of the curfew will be seen.

EX-SUPERINTENDENT LIGGETT.

"From what I have seen while acting formerly in my official capacity I think the curfew law a good thing," said ex-Superintendent of Police James Liggett. "This law, properly framed and enforced, would be a grand help in improving the morals of the rising generation. I would like to see it tried in Fort Wayne."

COMPTROLLER BERGHOFF.

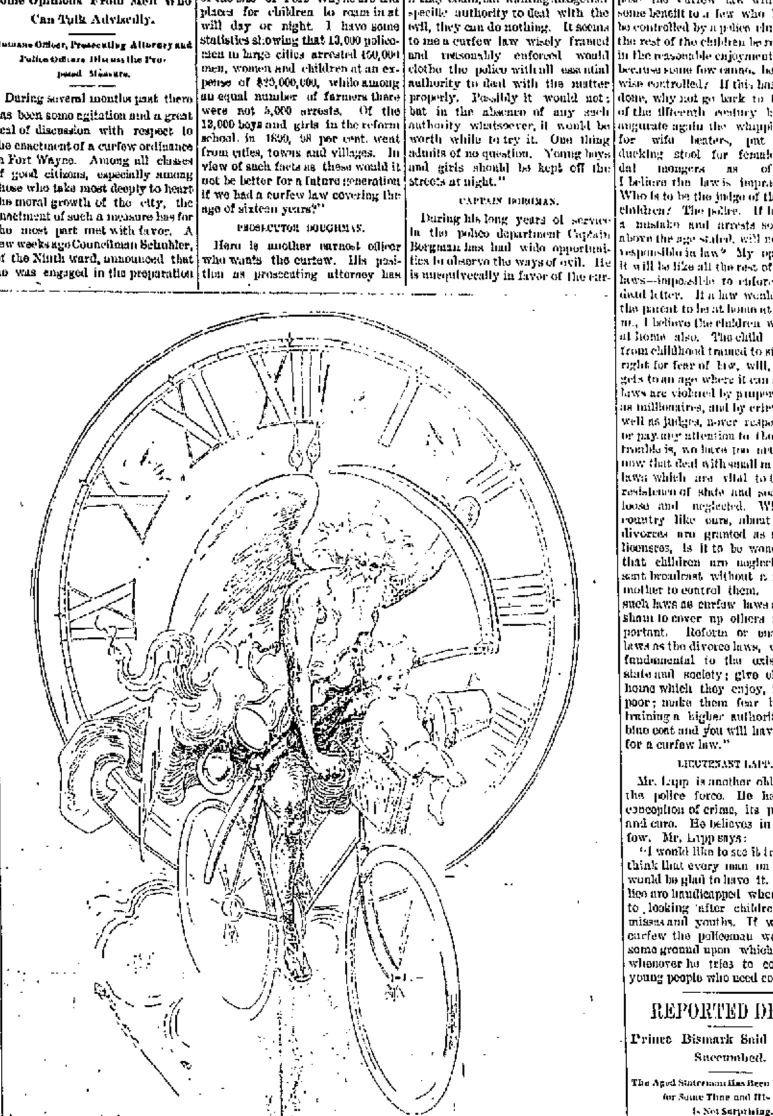
The law does not strike Mr. Berghoff as being a good thing for this city, yet he said to a reporter: "Give it a trial and if anything good comes from it all right, then I will be convinced—not before." Mr. Berghoff expresses his views on the subject as follows:

"I am opposed to the curfew law because I am opposed to all laws which tend to interfere with the natural rights of the parent in the education and training of his child. The curfew law does this. I do believe in moral training of children at home, in church and school as the foundation of all education, and if this is neglected, no curfew law or police club will do any good. Suppose the curfew law will be of some benefit to a few who have to be controlled by a police club. Shall the rest of the children be restricted in the reasonable enjoyment of life because some few cannot be otherwise controlled? If this has to be done, why not go back to the rest of the fifteenth century laws—inaugurate again the whipping post for wife beaters, put up a ducking stool for female scandal mongers as of old? I believe the law is impracticable. Who is to be the judge of the age of children? The police. If he makes a mistake and arrests some one above the age stated, will not he be responsible in law? My opinion is it will be like all the rest of similar laws—impossible to enforce and a dead letter. If a law would compel the parent to be at home at 8 or 9 p. m., I believe the children would be at home also. The child which is from childhood trained to simply do right for fear of law, will, after it gets to an age where it can see how laws are violated by paupers as well as millionaires, and by criminals as well as judges, never respect them or pay any attention to them. The trouble is, we have too many laws now that deal with small matters and laws which are vital to the very existence of state and society are loose and neglected. When in a country like ours, about as many divorces are granted as marriage licenses, is it to be wondered at that children are neglected, and sent broadcast without a father or mother to control them. I say all such laws as curfew laws are but a sham to cover up others more important. Reform or enact such laws as the divorce laws, which are fundamental to the existence of state and society; give children a home which they enjoy, if ever so poor; make them fear by moral training a higher authority than a blue coat and you will have no need for a curfew law."

LIEUTENANT LAPP.

Mr. Lapp is another old-timer on the police force. He has a keen conception of crime, its preventive and cure. He believes in the curfew. Mr. Lapp says:

"I would like to see it tried, and I think that every man on the force would be glad to have it. The police are handicapped when it comes to looking after children, young misses and youths. If we had the curfew the policeman would have some ground upon which to stand whenever he tries to correct the young people who need correcting."



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

REPORTED DEAD.

Prince Bismark Said to Have Succumbed.

The Aged Statesman Has Been in Ill Health for Some Time and His Death is Not Surprising.

LONDON, Jan. 1.—The Evening News, of this city, reports the death of Prince Bismarck this morning at Fredericksruhe.

The aged German statesman has been in failing health for many months and his death is not the occasion of any surprise.

A few days ago "The Iron Chancellor" arose from his bed to greet Emperor William, who visited him.

It was thought at the time that only the prodigious will of the statesman enabled him to bear the effort.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

R. C. Bell Retires from the Law Business of Morris, Bell, Barrett & Morris.

Hon. R. C. Bell has retired from the firm of Morris, Bell, Barrett & Morris, and the business will be continued under the name of Morris, Barrett & Morris. The firm was organized five years ago. The approaching dissolution was generally known among members of the profession for several weeks. Mr. Bell is absent on a hunting expedition in Mississippi, and his future plans are not known.

LOCAL LINES.

Mrs. J. E. Reuben and Harry Reuben, of Payne, Ohio, are visiting in the city.

Hugo Thieme, of an eastern university, is visiting his brothers and sisters during the holidays.

Mrs. Townsend, mother of the genial Dick Townsend, went to Decatur this morning, where she will reside in the future.

Mrs. C. J. Deming and Miss A. M. White, of New York, are guests of the former's son, Dr. N. L. Deming, at the New Aveline.

The week of prayer will be observed by a special evangelistic service in Plymouth church every evening next week, the pastor preaching a short, pungent sermon at each service.

Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Henson will keep open house this evening at the Baptist parsonage from 7 to 10 o'clock. All members of this church and congregation and all other friends are invited.

Joseph and Siegmund Kirchheimer have leased the double store room in the Randall block, adjoining Pollitzer's commission house and immediately after the first of the year they will engage in the wholesale paper business. The name of the firm will be Kirchheimer & Bro.

MERRY HUSTLERS.

The Old Club Again in Pleasure's Realm.

Members Meet After Four Years to Recall Memories of Happy Events of Other Days.

The reunion of the members of the old M. H. club, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Comparet, on Edgewater avenue, was one of the most notable of the many social gatherings last night.

The happy spirit of the season pervaded the company and the enjoyment was keen and high. There were hearty greetings as old members clasped hands and renewed the fraternities of former days. Always famous for the uniqueness of the diversions at its gatherings, the club last night was treated to fun of rare sort and excellent zest that passed all precedents into eclipse. The ingenuity of hostess and host had evolved a scheme of recreations that won an unanimous verdict of approbation from the first.

When the guests had arrived and greetings were over cards, were distributed. One side bore the name of the holder while on the other side was a description of the person who was to be his or her partner at the lunch table. This description was written in a manner not easily read, the following being a sample: "Mudime urbuan rahi, uleb ye s, rellrina, egunol," which translated meant "medium auburn hair, blue eyes, married, lounge." Under the lounge the owner of this card found a slip bearing the name of his intended partner and the legend: "FI ony loudw ryon scotre owkn uyo smut ot het naturic og." This in time was translated to read "If you would your secret know, you must to the curtain go." After a search of several minutes, a slip of paper written in the same puzzling manner was found, which translated was as follows: "You've had a long search, but 'twill please you to know that the good die young and to heaven go, and that you my friends, have no mansions below."

The translation of these cards consumed considerable time and at its close, 10:30 o'clock, a literary and musical program was rendered, ending with a reply by the club's poet laureate to the prophecy made by himself at the last previous meeting four years ago:

THE PROPHECY.

But where will we be when four years roll round
And what will we all be doing?
Where can the "M. H." all be found?
Their daily toil pursuing?

I asked a medium, she could not say,
A fortune teller did better,
She wrote it down in a minute and a half,
And here it is to the letter.

THE FUTURE.

Charley Comparet tends a peanut stand;
His wife is a ballet dancer.
George Campbell runs a medicine fake,
His specialty is cancer.

Mr. Smith is practicing at the bar;
Will Lorch is a Mormon preacher;
Miss Fanch is boss in a milliner shop,
Mrs. McLibermer is a teacher.

Harry Davis has bought out Welmerwurst Hall;
Mrs. Lorch is running a dairy;
Tom Comparet is traveling as a freak
With the show of Colonel Heary.

George Hench is filling the president's chair
Of a firm that makes bologna;
Frank Stone is peddling from house to house,
The very best macaroni.

John Ferguson joined a German band,
And passes the hat for nickels;
Miss Lola clerks in a grocery store,
And eats up all the pickles.

Mrs. S—— eloped with a hardware man,
And is spending his money quickly;
Mr. H—— has erected a hospital
For cats and dogs that are sickly.

Ed and Tom Davis have "skipped the town"
For the sunny land of flowers,
Because their wives had grown so cross
When they look at cream it sours.

Mrs. C—— cooks in a boarding house,
Miss Grace waits on the table;
Miss Lena has joined a circus troupe,
Horace works in a livery stable.

Jennie C—— has a dancing school,
Mr. Melsheimer is a scholar;
Mrs. Davis is a medium, famed,
And "takes in" many a dollar.

Mrs. Matson is keeping a barber shop;
Mrs. Smith runs a kindergarden;
Mrs. Ferguson has bought a Chinaman out,
And wears a dolly varden.

Will and Emma are married and live in style,
In Comparet's roomy garret;
Gene Gordon sells horseradish on the street,
And makes his wife prepare it.

Your poet came to an untimely end;
The club voted him a dummy,
And shipped him off to the land of the Nile,
Where they wrapped him up for a mummy.

Such was the prophecy of four years ago, and how it was fulfilled is told in the following lines by the same poet:

The fortune-teller was sadly mistaken;
Our faith in her is rudely shaken,
Four years have passed, not one came true
Of all the readings she gave to you.

Charley Comparet is a traveling man,
And tells his stories a [illegible]
Frank Stone carries 'round the same old pack;
His wife still sings "The Cat Came Back."

Will dances a baby on each knee
And is just as happy as he can be.
Manning Smith is selling the same old shoes;
Mrs. Conover runs 'round to tell the news,
George Hench is not in the president's chair,
But says he expects some time to get there.

The rest are plodding in the same old way,
Growing older and handsomer day by day.
So we'll give the prophet another five years
And then see the prophecy then appears.

But we have some strangers among us tonight,
To not briefly mention would hardly be right.
Before you get ready for all the first dance
I must tell you a story of Squire Henry France.

Squire France went out on his wheel in the rain,
His clothing got wet and [illegible]
A passer-by said, with a good deal of wit:
"For your conscience a boat would be better."

A [illegible] Squire France's face,
[illegible]
That [illegible]
[illegible]

We are not all here, the circle is broken.

The parting hour came, the sad farewell was spoken;
And one has gone from us, in youth's rosy morning,
When hope lit the future with beauteous adorning.
And others are gone whom we oft met with gladness,
And thoughts of the past bring feelings of sadness,
For we know the same scenes will return to us never,
And the old club is dead forever and ever.

After the reading of the poems came a repast such only as Mrs. Comparet is capable of serving and whose talents in that line have added luster to the enviable reputation for hospitality enjoyed by the couple. During this repast and for several hours afterwards, Prof. and Mrs. R. R. Houlton discoursed sweet music. Supper was followed by dancing, which was prolonged into the morning hours, the last number being completed as the bright rays aslant the eastern horizon indicated the approach of day.

M. S. ROBISON OUT.

Judge O'Rourke Makes an Allowance on Receiver's Claim.

Mr. Robison's Report Accepted and He Is Given $6,000 for His Services.

Judge O'Rourke last evening took action on the final report of M. S. Robison as receiver of the Fort Wayne Consolidated Street railway. An allowance of $6,667 was made for the receiver and his resignation was accepted. Mr. Robison has retired from the receivership and the management of the property.

Judge O'Rourke cut down Mr. Robison's demand for $20,000 to a third of the claim and allowed Judge W. G. Colerick's claim for $1,000 for services as attorney for the receivers. The hearing of testimony engaged the court until evening and just before the close the court informed the principals that the introduction of further testimony was useless as he had been enabled to reach a decision.

It is the opinion of a number of lawyers that the allowance for Mr. Robison is incommensurate with the services he rendered.

As it is, Mr. Robison's resignation is accepted by the court and he has retired from the receivership and from the management of the street car lines. Mr. Scott, his successor as manager, will assume his duties at once. Mr. Robison will soon leave Fort Wayne and engage in business in Chicago

THEIR SORROW DEEP

Mr. and Mrs. John Burke Have a Treble Bereavement.

Bereft of Three Children in as Many Weeks—Paralysis Ends the Life of Mrs. Mary Hillis.

This morning occurred the death of Josie, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Burke, of 15 Brandriff street, of membraneous croup. The parents have been bereft of three children in as many weeks. Their seven-year-old son, Edward, died on the 20th, and on Christmas day they lost their three-year-old son, David. They all succumbed to the same disease. The only child left in the family is an eight months' old babe, which is now in good health.

OTHER DEATHS.

Mrs. Mary E. Hillis, aged fifty years, died last night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. D. Maples, of 81 Force street. Paralysis was the cause of death. The funeral arrangements will be announced later.

Charles Degitz died at Hope Hospital last night, aged seventy-nine years. Deceased was an old citizen and worked for years in the street department. The funeral will take place from the residence of his son, the time to be announced hereafter.

Clara, the ten-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stoolo, of 300 Winter street, died last night of brain fever. The funeral will take place Sunday afternoon and Rev. Miller will officiate.

Mary Young, aged fourteen days, died at 10:15 yesterday of congestion of the brain. She was the daughter of Amos Young, of Custer avenue. The funeral will be held at 10 o'clock Sunday from the residence.

Rev. J. L. Leeper, D. D., at Westminster church on Sabbath evening will present with the aid of the stereopticon, the subject "The Christ in Art." The pictures shown will cover 100 square feet of canvass, and will be reproductions of the masters of the brush as Merson, Correggio, Dobson, Diez, Knaus, Plockhorst, Raphael, Ittenbach, Murillo, Rubens, Millais, Mengelberg, Hoffman, Pardons. Critical comments will be offered upon these masterpieces which tourists travel the world round to see at great expense.

There will be a quarterly meeting at the West Creighton avenue Church of Christ tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Every member of the church is earnestly requested to be present, as important business is to be transacted. By order of the board of deacons.

Jacob Flaugh, son of the dairyman, while out celebrating New Year's eve, was accidentally shot in the face. The weapon was loaded only with powder and the injury is not fatal, though very painful.

Only rounded spoonfuls are required, of

Cleveland's
BAKING POWDER.

not heaping ones.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY F. A. M. MACMETT.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

JANUARY—1898.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15
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TONIGHT.

Revival Services—Rev. Sam Small, at Berry Street M. E. church.

Schroeder's Hall—Play, "Hickory Farm," followed by dance.

Lodges—Order of Red Cross; Mad Anthony Hive No. 27.—Bethlehem Sisters; Queen Esther, Daughters of Rebekah; Deborah lodge, Daughters of Rebekah.

Masonic Temple—Attractions for the week:

Saturday—"The New York success, "A Bachelor's Honeymoon."

MARK HANNA has not only troubles of his own, but it seems must pay the freight on the troubles of others.

THE Terre Haute Gazette observes: "Sam Small is in Fort Wayne and is giving Old Nick a taste of the place that Ingersoll says is not."

THE Chinese fear of the eclipse is not so distinctly superstitious as it seems. There is abundant and substantial reason why China should apprehend an eclipse.

TO ALL its readers THE SENTINEL gives greeting for the new year. May no misfortunes be repeated and may all blessings multiply many fold. The year just gone has been full of good and the new year promises to be better. For each and all THE SENTINEL wishes the achievement of every good purpose the fruition of every worthy hope.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, Colonel Taylor, of Fort Wayne, Judge Baker, of the United States district court, Attorney General Ketcham, Congressman H. U. Johnson, Will Cumback and Governor Mount, if Lieutenant Governor Haggard can bring it about, are all casting sheep's eyes at the seat in the United States senate now occupied by Senator Turpie. And yet, if Turpie is not his own successor, ex-Governor Matthews will be elected. The next Indiana legislature is tolerably certain to contain a democratic majority.—Terre Haute Gazette.

Tale '97—Salve '98.

At midnight 1897 dropped into the great void of the past and the stars led to dawn the virgin morn of 1898. Let barren regret be entombed with the dead year in the sepulchre of changes and let buoyant hope, firm courage and high resolve, glowing with fresh inspiration, greet the new.

The year just closed brought many blessings to this land. The country passed through the twelvemonth spared the visitation of great calamity, at peace with all the world and roseate in the abundance of glorious harvests. The raging grip of hard times was broken, business felt the hopeful pulsing of revival and industry awoke from panic-bred sloth to new strength and activity. Eighteen ninety-seven has left us upon the threshold of a future full of promise and security. All things look bright, and brighter still in contrast to the Old World prospect, where the clouds of war trail their skirts low on the nations, portentious of a drenching of blood.

We may peer through the fresh-opened portals of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Eight and view a sky just enough clouded to "temper the glare of the sun." May we seize all this wealth of national opportunity and, rich and strong in the benisons of a generous providence, "go on prospering and to prosper," moving forward with proud and victorious tread to the highest destiny of nations.

Vale '97! Salve '98!

AT THE TEMPLE.

Robert Mantell Coming Monday Night—Vale's "Twelve Temptations."

Robert Mantell will be at the Temple next Monday, presenting a new romance by W. A. Tremayne and entitled "A Secret Warrant." The scenes are laid in Paris during the regime of the Regent Duc d'Orleans. Mantell is a picturesque actor, who has a strong sense of such dramatic effects as are to be produced from a study of the beautiful in dress and appropriate details. Besides this he manages his situations with unusual skill. He is not loud or melodramatic, but achieves his strong points by a well advised development of artistic methods. He has always favored the romantic drama and especially the French historical works, and it is safe to say that he is unexcelled in these productions. To present such plays the ensemble must be in keeping with the star, and we have every confidence in Mr. Mantell's surroundings. His leading lady, Miss Charlotte Behrens, is a clever actress, and the company, now under the management of M. W. Hanley, will surely be a select and competent one. The equipment will also be perfect, in short, the lovers of romance will doubtless be more than satisfied at the presentation of "A Secret Warrant."

CHAS. H. YALE'S "THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS."

Chas. H. Yale's magnificent spectacle, "The Twelve Temptations," a product, it is said, that leaves all other spectacles a long way behind it, comes to the Temple on Tuesday next.

It is said by far to be one of the most sumptuous and amusing entertainments now before the public, and is made up of such varied and novel elements as to prove a series of genuine surprises from the rise to the final fall of the curtain. It has a store of expensive and beautiful scenery and costumes. Hosts of grand ballets interpreted by famous premier Signoritas Ferrero and Bassegglia, who have the assistance of a truly remarkable ballet troupe made up exclusively of young and charming ladies especially chosen by London's celebrated Maitre de Ballet, Signor Aurelio Coccia. There are also specialties by the Rosaires, acrobats, singers and dancers; Rose Kesner, eccentric character commedienne.

"PUDD'NHEAD WILSON."

"October is one of the peculiarly dangerous months in which to speculate in stocks. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February," says Pudd'nhead Wilson. The months in which it will please you to meet "Pudd'nhead Wilson" are twelve in number, beginning with January and ending with December. "The Latch String is Always Out" at Dawson's Landing, Missouri, and the folks Mark Twain has introduced to the world as citizens of that village on the Mississippi, and who Edwin Mayo and his excellent company of players will make you personally acquainted with, will be as glad to see you, as you will be to see them. The coining of this play with its Missouri flavor will no doubt make its appearance at the Temple, Thursday, January 6th, one of the most enjoyable theatrical events of the season.

REAL ESTATE SALES

As Reported by the Brotherhood Abstract Company.

William Schneider, commissioner, to Henry Hatfield, north 60 acres in northeast quarter, section 29, range 13, and part southeast fractional quarter, southwest quarter, section 20, range 13 east, for $2,320.

Henry Brinkmann to Frederick and Sophia Rodenbeck, lot 16, Skinner's addition, for $1,200.

Emanuel Weisser (by will) to Magdalena Weiser, lots 1, 4, 5, and 6, Pugh's subdivision (no consideration.)

George A. Whittern et al. to Charles Salway et al., part south half, northeast quarter, section 13, township 29, range 14 east, containing 20 acres, for $730.

Eliza Ulory to Charles F. G. Collins, lot 60, in the town of Colerville, for $1, and love and affection.

Anna M. Christen to William and Frances M. Christen, west 40 feet lot 340, Lakeside park addition, for $850.

Joseph E. Whittern et al. to Lavina N. Whittern, the south half, northwest quarter, section 18, township 29, range 15 east, containing eighty acres, for $3,600.

Joseph E. Whittern et al. to Cornelius Whittern, part northwest quarter, section 21, township 29, range 11 east, containing twenty-five acres, for $750.

Cornelius Whittern et al. to Lavina N. Whittern, part section 18, township 29, range 15 east, for $600.

Lavina N. Whittern et al. to Nelson H. Whittern, part northwest quarter, section 24, township 29, range 14 east, containing 25 acres, for $750.

Lavina N. Whittern et al. to Joseph Whittern, north half, southeast quarter, section 13, township 29, range 14 east, containing 80 acres, and 25 acres off south side south half, northeast quarter, section 13, township 29, range 14 east, $3,140.

Cornelius Whittern et. al. to Lavina N. Whittern, part northeast quarter, northwest quarter, section 13, township 29, range 15 east, containing ten acres, for $320.

The sheriff of Allen county, Ind., to Edward Seidel, lot 4, Bond's subdivision, for $2,137.

Orra J. and Julia A. Bowser to Catharine M. Conrad, lot 105, Archer's addition, for $1,200.

James and Ella Ormiston to Mary A. Hess, lots 131 and 132, Ormiston heirs' addition, for $175.

Orlando E. and Ella Bradway to Sebastian Eutrodacher, lot 182, Eliza Hanna, sr.'s addition, for $610.

Christian and Charlotte Zepernug to William and Amelia Westenfeld, undivided two-thirds lot 37, College addition, for $375.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

Sash Ribbons and Made Sashes Are Becoming Popular.

DECLINE OF THE PUFFED SLEEVE.

New Silks and Ribbons—Evening Dresses Described—Bodice and Sleeve Drapery For Light Dresses—Jewels and Ornaments for Evening Wear—The Novelties.

[Copyright, 1897, by American Press Association.]

Sash ribbons and made sashes are taking a prominence just at present that they have not had before within the recollection of the present generation. Some of the sashes are of plain taffeta, satin, moire or grosgrain ribbon. Some are of the most refined of the plaids. There are some where the plaid is more suggested than seen, and these have small but exquisite designs of flowers in natural colors set in the squares formed by the plaid lines.

One very new and striking design had a cream white ground, with faint green lines across the ribbon, while through the center lengthwise was one line of green and two narrow ones of maroon. The tiny bunches of roses were in the white blocks. Along each edge of the ribbon there was another line of green, bordered on each side with a thick beaded line of white cord. The whole was a delicate green and white plaid, with the sprays of pale pink roses, and one could scarcely bear to leave it.

The late Henry Ward Beecher used to buy half yards of ribbon and dainty silks and also rich silks by the quarter of a yard just for the pleasure of looking at them in intervals of sermon writing. Mr. Beecher once showed me perhaps a hundred pieces of fine brocades and printed silks which he had bought just to look at. His taste was only for those with floral design. Those also afforded great joy to friends to make up into pinafores and things. There is a design of new ribbon that would have delighted the dear preacher. This is offered in two widths—six, four and six inches. The ground is a soft ivory and the ribbon of close, fine taffeta, crisp and firm. On it are regular interlacings the most exquisitely designed and colored bouquets of violets with their foliage in almost natural size. The shading of bud, blossom, leaf and stem is the work of a true artist. One looks twice to see if they are not real flowers. Plaid dainties are also represented and are almost as beautiful. I think plaids and dainties lend themselves better to the weaver's art than most other flowers. But these ribbons are too beautiful to wear. They are, however, intended for sashes to evening dresses and for the bows and loops that are now massed together on the shoulder in place of sleeves.

The puffed and elbow sleeves were never as pretty as the slump sleeve. They hid the graceful round slope of the shoulder and destroyed its outline and covered the most beautiful part of the upper arm. Now that is to be seen, and if the lower part of the arm is not all that it should be, why, there are the monopotalous and half a dozen other styles of glove to mask the defect. There are still some puffed sleeves to evening dresses, but fewer and smaller than they were before.

A ball gown for a young married lady was of very light tan colored brocade, the pattern being in a light brown. The skirt was in deuteroula, with a binding of red brown fur around the bottom. On the right side this was lifted above the bottom and held with three pink roses with their foliage. The bodice was brought down in a sharp point and slightly draped on each side and fastened with amber ornaments. The upper part was opened a little in V shape over a vest of white satin edged at the top with lace. There were two small revers made of the brown fur, and over this fell a berthe of point lace. The sleeves were very short puffs, with triangular bits of fur set on the front to hold back the satin. The neck was thus in scrunching of a pompadour shape. The union of the tan and brown and white woman unusual one, but a very pleasing one. A black dog collar made of pearls was worn with this. Long white glace kid gloves were worn and showed two rather wide and quite heavy gold bracelets well. Nearly everybody wears neck chains, bracelets and jewelled dog collars now, and to mention earrings, and next to diamonds pearls are favorites, emeralds next.

Taffeta and shawl drapery to light dresses is a new thing, but seems to have already become popular. One gown trimmed in this way was of white crepe lisse over sulphur colored taffeta. The skirt was full and had rows of inch wide sulphur satin ribbon sewed all around it, an inch apart all up the skirt. Over this was a shawl front of the white lisse, with three rows of inbibed lisse one inch wide set six inches apart, one directly on the edge. The shawl coiled in the back in two large tabs bordered like the front. The waist was plaited lisse, the sleeves very short and puffed, and around the neck was a pretty lattice of the lisse closely plaited and bobbled, edged at the bottom with a ruffle three inches wide. This was sewed with four rows of narrow sulphur colored satin ribbon. On the left shoulder was a spray of cloth of gold roses.

There are some silk ribbons made on purpose to wear around the neck to form a foundation for the jewels, slides and fancy ornaments now so fashionable for evening wear. The ribbon is richly moire, and, though some is shown in colors, these usual in general are black or white. Unquestionably the jewels show up better on black and white. All sorts of fancies are shown in the designing of this jewelry. There are frogs, snakes, lizards, dragon flies, holly sprays, with garnets for berries, flowers of various kinds, and fruits, such as currants and blackberries. These all have leaves, blossoms and fruit in the one jewel. Precious stones and enamel go to make up these ornaments. Heavy chains and chatelaine belts, with no end of finding ornaments, are in vogue. Heart shaped lockets attached to thick link chains are worn around the neck outside of street blouses. Many are jewelled, though whether with real or imitation stones it is difficult to say in these days. Even metals and gut gemmies have come and tackle with sparkling stones. It appears now as if the long repressed forward gold and jewled ornaments for street wear has broken its barriers and pelted the vacillation of fashion for their use. Hearts are evidently trumps among the new jewelry all the way through.

Some of the fur novelties for this week are opulent and odd, and even in some cases almost grotesque with their multitude of tails and ridiculous little heads. Some capes are made so that the fur lies up in ruffles and plaits. It is odd, but entertaining. These are very warm and useful gloves offered of dogskin lined with different furs, close through, fingers and all. There are gauntlet tops to some, half mitts without fingers, and the wrists with buttons, and the rest left to simply drop gauntlets or are gathered at the inner wrist with an elastic. These are very pretty as well as warm. They are about four inches above the wrist line and intended to be worn outside of the coat sleeve. Muffs are of many kinds, the two most popular designs being those shaped like a spool of thread and the big bagpipe affair of olden days, big enough to hide a baby in. Stole sidelines with the fronts reaching the very bottom of the dress are among the newest. These are of ermine, chinchilla, mink or sable. Others are shorter. Fur is used on cuffs and for collars, revers and borderings of every possible kind. Quite a number of handsome ball gowns have fur added to them somewhere.

The rich, dark, yet brilliant new blue, when in velvet or velours, is superb when fur trimmed. Sable yellow when the shades are well matched. The gathering together in one garment of several shades of one color is always refined, and particularly so this year when the medium have become real models. Heliotrope in the slightest shade trimmed with the darkest mink is very pleasing. The skirt is of the lights shade of silk, with the darker one in satin, moire or velvet, which gives the desired variety. The sleeves also will be blue, yellow shading into brown and the green is always artistic.

Yesterday I saw some of the new thin goods which are to be worn next summer. The principal thing was the lung and varied line of organdies. These are unusually delicate and the lines are most exquisitely blended. They are mostly in wide stripes, each holding a floral length wise design, all in infinite coloring. Will roses in a tangle of foliage and in natural size form stripes 8 and 4 inches wide. Between these are what one might call a stripe of very light and delicate tint, shading down to white in the centre. Yellow lawn all over patterns, as nearly every design runs in stripes, with quite large flowers. Some of them have stripes of jet black an inch wide between the floral designs. This is very striking, and at the first view almost a shock, so decided is the line. These will be made, according to the designs which always accompany each lot of goods, in two ways. One will have the stripes perpendicular and in the other instances they will be sewed around to represent three skirts or deep flounces. The waists are gathered, but are more apt to be worn in surplice fashion than to be closed down the front. Ribbon to match the design in the goods is also shown. Ribbon will be much worn this coming season, and indeed it is now gaining daily, though probably lace will keep its present popularity.

A line of cotton goods for next season is regular chintz, though fine, in well chosen colors and artistic designs. Among the colors I noticed a regular nubbin colored ground with tiny purple stars thickly sprinkled over it. The most of the chintz patterns have stripes with vines and tendrils and blossoms between. There will be striped ginghams, seersuckers and striped muslin cloth, and all of them in rather subdued colors. Silks for next season also promise to be quantity of stripes, dainty and delicate in color.—MARY LYDON.

A COWBOY ARTIST.

Timberline is a Picturesque and Giant Creation of the Colorado Mountains.

Colorado has produced a unique and picturesque genius in the way of a cowboy artist who is known as "Timberline." He recently appeared in Denver with some remarkably good work to show, and was at once made the lion of the studios and art students. His artistic ability is wholly natural, for he has never had an hour's training.

Timberline's real name is O. G. Kepliger. He was born in Silver, Ia., where his parents still live. But 15 years ago, at the age of 22, he left home and has since lived among the peaks of the Colorado mountains, handling the altitudes where the timber leaves off and the snow and rocks begin; hence his nickname. He has become an expert with horses, and for years has made a business of training and breaking them. He is a handy man with his axe, has exhibited his bravery on more than one occasion, and at present is marshal of a camp called Dillon, not far from Breckenridge.

In appearance he is decidedly picturesque, for he stands 6 feet 4½ inches in his stocking feet and wears the dress of the typical mountain cowboy. Timberline must have inherited the soul of an artist, for, with no better materials than a white sage and a sharpened piece of lead pencil, he tried to depict some of the rugged beauties of the canyons and mountain peaks and with such success that his rough companions looked upon him as a genius, although they chaffed him about his "picture making" as much as was safe.

One day last summer a young woman from Denver happened to be up in the mountains and made the acquaintance of Timberline. She is an art student, and when he found that she, too, drew pictures his confidence was won. He showed her some of his drawings. She praised them and gave him some water colors, with a few instructions as to their use. Then she went back to Denver and heard nothing more from the mountaineer until Timberline recently stalked into that city with some of his work. He was made much of by the Colorado Art club members and was invited to stay a few days and received some instruction. He is drawing in pencil, his perspective accurate, and his coloring true to nature, which is remarkable considering his limited experience.

TIMBERLINE, THE COWBOY ARTIST.

THE SWISS FIGUREHEAD.

President Ruffy Has but Small Power in the Little Republic.

Eugene Ruffy, the new president of Switzerland, is a native of the French canton of Lausanne. He is a lawyer by profession, and for many years has been considered the head of the left or Radical party. Last year he was elected vice president of the federal council, the second highest office in the little mountain republic, and this year, in accordance with the usual custom, he becomes chairman of that body, a peak which comes so near to that filled by our chief executive as any in the Swiss government.

It should be understood, however, that the president of Switzerland is really a very subordinate official. The functions of the office are few and, the honor considered with it apart, practically he is only the chairman of the bundesrath, a federal council corresponding in a measure to our cabinet. By courtesy he is called president of the republic. He has no rank, either civil or military, has no power of veto and cannot even so much as pardon a criminal. He is not bothered by office seekers, because he has no offices to distribute. Although recently elevated to be a hard worked official, for besides acting as chairman of the federal council he is ex officio the minister of state and the minister of foreign affairs.

The members of the federal council are chosen by the national council and are always members of the upper branch of that body. This branch is known as the stadtsrath, and is something similar to our senate, while the lower branch is called the nationalrath. These bodies are elected every three years by direct vote of the people. The members of the two chambers are simply good business men who have won a commercial standing in their cantons and are thus thought worthy to be intrusted with the business of the nation. A mere posting center would stand no chance at all of election in Switzerland, and most of our political methods would fall there.

At the first meeting of the national council the members of the federal council are chosen. In most cases should members have decided without regard to party, the aim being to give representation to the chief cantons and to all the parties.

EUGENE RUFFY.

Quite Different.

Caller—Sir, I am reliably informed that you have been insinuating that I was a liar and a thief, and I have called to demand an immediate retraction, or, in lieu thereof, your worthless hide, sir.

Editor (of The Bugle)—All The Bugle has ever said about you, Major Gore, has been in a political way.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I was under the impression that you had been attacking my character."—Indianapolis Journal.

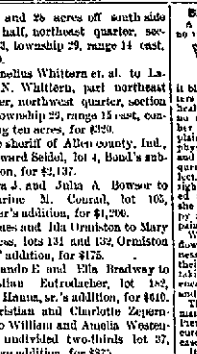
Then They Didn't Do a Thing.

"Hypocrite!"

"Base faced swindler!"

"Robber of the orphans!"

Having cleared the atmosphere, by thus mutually discovering, each other's identity, the gas meter and the short ton of coal satisfied themselves to the task of not doing a thing but run up the score.—New York Press.



Blind-fold.

A woman has no right to go

it blind" in matters of life and health. She has no right to shut her eyes to the plain facts of her physical being and the consequences of neglect. She has no right to be wretched and ill when she might be happy and free from pain.

Women who drag through life weighed down by some tottering, dragging weakness or disease of their sex are not doing their full duty to themselves. They are not taking the means which enlightened science affords them of being well and strong and capable.

The special complaints from which so many women suffer are not necessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription positively cures even the most severe and obstinate cases.

It is not a haphazard medicine. It is not a "nostrum." It is a scientific remedy devised by an educated and experienced specialist for the one purpose of curing the special diseases of women.

Tens of thousands of women have been restored to perfect health by this wonderful "Prescription." In many instances they were actually given up as hopeless by physicians and family doctors.

"I have taken half your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' for chronic inflammation of the uterus and bladder," writes Mrs. M. A. Reed, of Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., Minn. "Also had stomach trouble which was terribly distressing. I have been cured of all I had, and I suffered much for four years previous to taking your treatment, but began to feel the good effect at once."

Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" contains information of priceless value to women. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps.

"LOVIN 'LIZA ELLEN."

Well, I have had th' mumps an itch
An fever is apt to grip us such.
An cut or bruise a lump,
But nothin quite heartbreakin as
Th' ivy small ever wouldn't pass
Like lovin 'Liza Ellen.

Th' symptoms kind a feelin 'bout
A right smart while an then broke out
Like measles or slight at spelin.
For month or so, I feel bad myself,
But everything upon th' shelf,
Kept low an 'Liza Ellen.

My head just whirled! I couldn't sleep
At nights. My liver got like sheep
You've seen it when it ain't in.
Pharmacies wain't a circumstance
To how he fared while an dance
Th' air was full of Ellen.

I couldn't eat, an feet th' night
O' nine fazed my appetite.
No use of my relishin.
For I was soaked plumb through an through,
Wished everything in kal mauna,
Kept me an 'Liza Ellen.

On mem'ry farm things wouldn't set.
I'd go t' town an clean forget
T' ask how eggs was selin.
Remember'd I'd promised to take
A dancer home t' keep th' date
Fixed up with 'Liza Ellen.

All nature seemed t' wear store clothes.
An I seemed t' be blowery now
About th' place was smellin.
I never did care shucks for birds,
But when they'd sing they'd jest say words
T' me o' 'Liza Ellen.

I'm mixed, but things got mixeder still—
Hence was a corpse, child, a kill,
An wind wuz blowin.
I fetched an shed "Bowed I was fool
An ought t' be caged somewhere in school
For rumpin on 'Liza Ellen."

I mulled round an fed an sly,
But got no thin t' cure my blues here
A change was just compellin.
It came—quite suddent—in th' fall,
When I—she—said, "Ma'ry Jane, all
Flipped out 'bout me an Ellen.

I didn't die! I lived I would,
But in a week was feelin good.
Th' rest 'tain't worth while tellin.
Last week she married "number three."
I s'pose they all tire worse than me
Ackin 'Liza Ellen.

—Paul L. McKendrick in Atlanta Constitution.

A Phrase That Fascinated.

After a long period of silence, Meandering Mike raised himself on one elbow, pushed the hay from his friend of his face and in a matter of fact tone said:

"Hooray!"

"What's de matter wit yer?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"I've been intendin ter do dis for a long time. An I come ter de conclusion dat deys was no use t' puttin it off no longer. It's a debt o' gratitude I'm a great man, an I'm goin ter pay up. Hoorray!"

"But who are you hoorayin for?"

"Spoker Reed."

"But he never done nothin for you."

"Not personally. But he expressed my feelin's. I understand he's de man dat come out flatfooted for a do nothin policy."—Washington Star.

Who can measure the influence of a Mother!

It lasts through all ages and enters the confines of eternity. With what care, therefore, should she be guarded and how great the effort she should make her life happy.

Mother's Friend

makes child-birth easy, assists nature in its sublime office, leaves the Mother stronger after than before confinement, and rids the trying hour of its terror. No Mother can afford to neglect its use.

Of druggists at $1.00, or sent by express on receipt of price. Write for book containing valuable information for all Mothers, mailed free.

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President—Charles McCulloch.
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White National Bank,
CAPITAL $300,000.
SURPLUS $60,000.
Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits.
Safe deposit boxes for rent as $5 per annum.

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The purity of the lily, the glow of the rose, and the fresh dew sparkles in Pozzoni's wonderous Powder.

AS SURELY AS SPARKS FLY UPWARD

So surely will sleeplessness, nervousness, loss of appetite and similar troubles, shatter the constitution, make it an easy prey to all life destroying diseases. Bicola Pills, the new discovery, cure all nervous and blood troubles. Bicola Pills make the heart right, nerves right, because they make the blood right. As a female regulator Bicola Pills are invaluable, furnishing pure blood to the brain and spinal cord. Bicola Pills, Discovered and Perfected by THE TURNERS of Philadelphia. THE TURNERS also make

PHI-SO-LIA—The infant's friend, the invalid's benefactor, a perfect food. A new discovery for the little one and for the weak.

TURNER'S LITTLE LIVER CURERS—A very small pill. Purge your liver.

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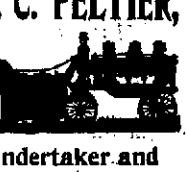

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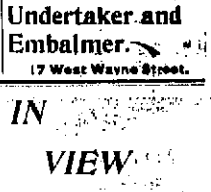

IN VIEW OF THE FACT

That people are looking for good things, we have determined to help them in their search. Our stock of Rockers, Parlor Goods, Couches and Christmas Novelties bristle with temptation for thoughtful buyers. Few of us have more money than we need, and to make it buy all that we need, economy is necessary. Our values and prices are calculated to please and surprise every purchaser; it is the unexpected prices that are most appreciated. We carry the largest assortment of Holiday Furniture in the city. A hand sled will be given Free with every $5.00 purchase this week.

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Roger Bros. 1847 Triple Plated Silver Knives and Forks, $3.25 per dozen.

10 Piece Decorated Chamber Set, only $2.00.

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We give you these prices to enable us to retire from business.

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REGULAR SPANISH

This is the exact size and shape of the Regular Spanish Cigar. The only 10c Cigar that sells for 5c. Made by
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WONDERFUL MEDICINE FREE!

PROMPTLY SENT, TO EVERY MAN WHO NEEDS A GENERAL BRACING UP.

IT BRINGS PERFECT MANHOOD TO ALL.

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GRATUITOUSLY, GLADLY SENT to all men who need it and who will write for it.

A large prescription of the men of to-day is need of the right kind of medical treatment for weakness peculiar to men. Many cases are due to early vices, others from excesses, which are not to be discussed in a circular, others from overwork, worry and other causes, which are well known to men who have lost the fire that makes life happy. Medical treatment, however, is now within reach, and we will gladly send, free of charge, to any man who writes us, a copy of our book, which discusses these matters, and contains many testimonials from men who have been benefited by our treatment. We have discovered a medicine which will cure the most severe cases. We have discovered a medicine which will cure the most severe cases. We have discovered a medicine which will cure the most severe cases

PART SECOND. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GIRARD'S FIFTY YEARS.

Coming Semicentennial of Philadelphia's Famous College.

ANECDOTES OF THE FOUNDER.

His Heroic Self Sacrifice During a Yellow Fever Scourge, When He Braved the Dread Disease and Acted as a Nurse, His Restrictive Will.

Early in January the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Girard college will be celebrated with great pomp and ceremony in the city of Philadelphia. This famous institution, established by the great mariner and merchant for the free education of orphan boys, is now conceded to be one of the grandest char-

STEPHEN GIRARD.

ities of modern times, unique in the history of personal philanthropy. The magnitude of the gift is beginning to be appreciated by the people, and, as it is, the character of Girard is beginning to reveal itself in a new and more favorable light to the people of the United States. Time and the cool, sober judgment that comes a half century after a man has passed away show this remarkable man to have been one of the great characters of the age.

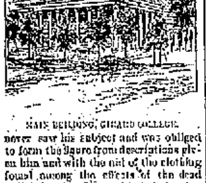
At the time of Girard's death his estate amounted to about $7,500,000. It was by long odds the greatest fortune in the United States at that time, and it was surpassed by few if any of the private fortunes abroad. One hundred and forty thousand dollars of this vast sum was bequeathed to members of the Girard family, $500,000 to the city of Philadelphia for the improvement of its water front, $300,000 to the state of Pennsylvania for internal improvements and the balance in trust to the city of Philadelphia for the erection, improvement and maintenance of a college for poor white orphan boys. In addition Girard devised to the cities of New Orleans and Philadelphia 280,000 acres of land in the state of Louisiana, but this was subsequently lost to the legatees by a decision of the United States supreme court.

Two million dollars was set apart by his will for the expense of the erection of the college. Excavations commenced on May 6, 1833, and the completed buildings were transferred to the board of directors on the 13th of November, 1847. It will thus be seen that 15 years were consumed in carrying out the preliminary instructions of Girard's will. The work, however, was largely delayed by reason of innumerable suits brought against the estate by the heirs of Girard.

Pupils were accepted as soon as the building was completed, and the number has been gradually growing larger year by year until the number of boys now being maintained and educated reaches the large total of 1,600.

There are hundreds of applications on the waiting list of the college, and it is considered a rare distinction to finally obtain admission to the institution. In 1832 the value of the estate left for the endowment of the college amounted to between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. In 1896 the total value of the estate reached the enormous sum of $14,021,898, and the net income amounted to $1,050,850.22, and this latter sum is now sufficient to maintain the college.

Girard left minute instructions regarding the construction and management of the college. The main building, which was built according to his directions, is of white marble, and in its design, resembles a Greek temple. It is considered the purest specimen of that style of architecture in this country. A colonnade of 34 Corinthian columns form the peristyle and aid in supporting the splendid marble roof. The remains of the great philanthropist rest in a marble crypt in this building, and in front of it is a marble statue of Girard. The face of this statue was copied from a death mask taken at the direction of Dr. John Y. Clark. The artist



MAIN BUILDING, GIRARD COLLEGE.

never saw his subject and was obliged to form the figure from descriptions given him and with the aid of the clothing found among the effects of the dead philanthropist. It cost $30,000, but has never been accepted as satisfactory by the friends of Girard. Last year a splendid bronze statue of Girard was erected by the alumni of the college, and now stands in front of the Philadelphia city hall.

The main building of the college is used as the president's office and also for the library of the institution. Besides this, one portion of this building is set aside as a sort of memorial museum. It contains the carriage, pictures and many personal effects of Girard. The philanthropist in setting forth the details to be followed by his executors arranged for dormitories and school buildings for the use of the boys, and there are now 13 or 14 of these upon the grounds, in addition to a very pretty Gothic chapel. There is one provision in the will of Girard that has attracted much attention and caused great discussion. It bars out any clergyman from the grounds of the institution.

This clause reads as follows:

"There are, however, some restrictions which I consider it my duty to prescribe and to be, among others, conditions on which my bequest for said college is made and to be enjoyed—namely, * * * Secondly, I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purpose of said college. In making this restriction I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect or person whatsoever, but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion among them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the college shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence toward their fellow creatures and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

Girard is generally supposed to have been a very parsimonious and close fisted man, without much love for his fellow men and solely engrossed in the accumulation of wealth, but a close glance at the details of his inner life, no less than at the provisions of the document creating his munificent charity, goes to prove the shallowness and falsity of this view.

One incident alone in his life is worth repetition at this time. In 1793 yellow fever broke out in a malignant form in the city of Philadelphia and grew to such proportions that the people of the town were panic stricken. Most of them fled from the city, and those that remained locked themselves up in their houses, being afraid to appear on the streets. Three of the daily papers were discontinued, and the death rate was so great that it was almost impossible to obtain a sufficient number of persons to care for the sick and to inter the dead.

In this grave crisis Girard proved himself a veritable hero. The minutes

THE MARBLE STATUE OF GIRARD.

of the proceedings of the committee appointed to attend to and alleviate the sufferings of those afflicted with the yellow fever contain this entry: "Stephen Girard and Peter Helm, members of the committee, commiserating the calamitous state to which the sick may probably be reduced for want of suitable persons to superintend the hospital, voluntarily offered their services for that benevolent employment. For more than 60 days Girard spent all of his time caring for the sick and attending to the last wants of the dying." The United States Gazette of Jan. 13, 1832, contains the following interesting paragraph told to the representative of that paper by a merchant who was hurrying by with a camphor saturated handkerchief pressed to his mouth:

"A carriage rapidly driven by a black servant broke the silence of the deserted and grass grown street. It stopped before a frame house in Farmers' row, the very hotbed of the pestilence, and the driver, first having bound a handkerchief over his mouth, opened the door of the carriage and quickly remounted the box. A short, thickset man stepped from the coach and entered the house. In a minute or two the observer, who stood at a safe distance watching the proceedings, heard a shuffling noise in the entry and soon saw the visitor emerge, supporting with extreme difficulty a tall, gaunt, yellow visaged victim of the pestilence.

"His arm was around the waist of the sick man, whose yellow face rested against his own, his long, damp, tangled hair mingling with his benefactor's, his feet dragging helplessly upon the pavement. Thus partly dragged, partly lifted, he was taken to the carriage door, the driver averting his face from the spectacle, far from offering to assist. After a long and suffering exertion the well man succeeded in getting the fever stricken patient into the vehicle, and then entering it himself the door was closed and the carriage was driven away to the hospital, the merchant having recognized in the man who thus risked his life for another the foreigner, Stephen Girard."

Thermopylae.

The word Thermopylae simply means hot springs, and the famous pass where the battle was fought between the Spartans and the Persians took its name from the warm springs flowing from the side of the mountain. Thermopylae was in ancient times the only practicable route for an army between northern and central Greece. The road was only wide enough for a single vehicle. The morass to the east of the pass has now become an alluvial plain from the retreat of the Maliac gulf, an arm of the Ægean sea, and the deposit of the river Spercheus.

A Foul Tip.

An Englishman was once persuaded to see a game of baseball, and during the play, when he happened to look away for a moment, a foul tip caught him on the ear and knocked him senseless. On coming to himself he asked faintly, "What was it?"

"A foul—only a foul."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was a mule."—Argonaut.

TWO NEW MINISTERS.

HAMILTON KING TO REPRESENT US IN SIAM.

William W. Thomas, Jr., Returns to the Post at Stockholm Which He Has Twice Filled Before—His Long and Interesting Diplomatic Career.

Professor Hamilton King, whose field of usefulness for some years past has been the preparatory department of Olivet college, and who is one of the best known educators in the state of Michigan, has been appointed by President McKinley to represent the United States at Bangkok as minister resident and consul general to Siam.

Professor King belongs to that large class of educators who owe their success in life entirely to their own exertions. He was born in Newfoundland in 1851, and his boyhood was spent in Auburn, Lewiston and Saco, Me., where he received his public schooling.

At the age of 18, having accumulated the sum of $10 as the profits of his ap-

PROFESSOR HAMILTON KING.

prenticeship at the trades of carpentry and engineering he divided his savings with a chum, and together they traveled west on an emigrant train. Landing in Illinois, 1,200 miles from home and with no friends, with but 50 cents between them in which to begin the struggle for existence, the two boys sat down on a stone and sang to keep up their spirits. Today Professor Hamilton King as principal of the preparatory department of Olivet college for 20 years is one of the best known educators in Michigan, while his chum, Professor F. H. Hall, occupies a similar position in Drury college and enjoys a like reputation in the state of Missouri.

By the strictest economy two years of farm work yielded sufficient capital to begin a seven years' course at Olivet college. During the college year he supported himself by janitor work around the college buildings and by tutoring. His vacations were spent in hard toil. He was graduated in 1878 and was soon called to the faculty of the college as principal of the preparatory department and instructor in Greek.

Another important diplomatic appointment recently made is that of William W. Thomas, Jr., as minister to Sweden and Norway. Mr. Thomas has had long diplomatic experience and has twice before represented the United States at the Scandinavian capital. He was first appointed by President Arthur in 1883. He was recalled by Cleveland in 1885 and reappointed by Harrison in 1889, only to be again recalled four years later by the second Cleveland administration.

Mr. Thomas was the first minister of any power to address the king of Sweden in an official speech in the Swedish language. He was also the first minister to hoist his country's flag at Stockholm. Of him the king publicly said, "I esteem it an honor that the president of the United States has sent to my court an American who speaks the language of my country."

Minister Thomas acquired his knowledge of the Swedish tongue while consul to Gothenburg, Sweden, to which post he was appointed by President Lincoln. He had previously been vice consul general at Constantinople and consul at Galatz.

Mr. Thomas is a native of Maine and traces his genealogy back to George Cleeve, who founded the city of Portland in 1632. He was graduated at Bowdoin college in 1860 with highest honors, Thomas B. Reed being one of his classmates. Mr. Thomas has practiced law in Portland and has served in both branches of the Maine legislature, having been speaker of the house two terms. He has written much on Scandi-

W. W. THOMAS, JR.

navian subjects and was instrumental in founding the Swedish colony of New Sweden in Maine a number of years ago.

The wife of Minister Thomas is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a Swedish senator, and it is expected that her return to Stockholm will be warmly welcomed.

New Use For a Poodle.

A southern woman says that she never sees a white poodle dressed up with ribbons and bells and waddling along in apathetic content without being instantly reminded of a former pet of her own.

This dog mysteriously disappeared, and although large rewards were offered for his return nothing was heard from him.

At last one day a servant of the house brought him in to his discouraged owner in an indescribably dirty and abject condition.

"Where in the world did you find him?" she asked with a mixture of delight and disgust as the dog looked up at her with malicious, twinkling eyes from under a soiled drab fringe of hair.

"Oh," replied the man, doing his best to repress a chuckle, "I done found dat Mopsy 'bout a mile from yar, missis! You see, dere was a trifling niggah, he'd got Mopsy tied on to de end ob a pole, and he was projecking to swab all his windows wid dat dog, but I reckon he didn't get mo'n seben or eight done, missis."—Youth's Companion.

MRS. JOHN W. GRIGGS.

Probable Addition to the Ladies of the Cabinet Circle In Washington.

When Governor John W. Griggs of New Jersey goes to Washington as attorney general of the United States, the circle of cabinet ladies will secure a charming addition in the person of the popular wife of Mr. McKenna's successor.

Mrs. Griggs is the second wife of the governor. She was married about five

MRS. JOHN W. GRIGGS.

years ago and has one daughter, Elizabeth. She is now about 30 years old. By his first wife, who died seven years ago, Governor Griggs has six children, four boys and two girls. The eldest boy is just 21.

Mrs. Griggs is a particularly attractive woman and extremely agreeable in manner. All the children are jealously fond of her, and her love for them is unbounded. She is a splendid conversationalist and a very keen observer. She takes an immense interest in her husband's career and has a pretty good insight into things political herself. She enjoys his pleasures and watches his success with eyes brimming over with admiration.

Governor Griggs, like Vice President Hobart, lives in Paterson, and the two families are on very friendly terms. It was due to the influence of Mr. Hobart that the governor is about to enter the president's cabinet.

A PEACE PROMOTER.

William Randall Cremer Is an Active Advocate of International Arbitration.

Arbitration is the specialty of Mr. William Randall Cremer, M. P., and it is in the interest of his hobby that he is now visiting Washington. It was his resolution which passed the house of commons strongly approving the plan of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and he has strong hopes of the success of the project, with similar treaties between all the leading nations of the world as an ultimate possibility.

Mr. Cremer visited Washington ten years ago in company with Sir Lyon Playfair and other distinguished members of parliament and presented a memorial signed by many members of the house of commons favorable to an arbi-

WILLIAM RANDALL CREMER.

tration treaty. Three years ago he again came here and presented to President Cleveland and congress a memorial signed by 354 members of the house of commons.

These steps served as the moral force to quicken the two governments to action, and out of it came the notable Olney-Pauncefote treaty, in which for the first time the two English speaking nations agreed to settle by arbitration such differences as diplomacy failed to adjust. That treaty was defeated in the senate.

Mr. Cremer is now here to urge that a similar treaty be introduced in the senate this winter and bears with him a memorial signed by 7,000 representatives of industrial organizations in Great Britain who are favorable to the project.

Rosa Bonheur's Mode of Life.

Rosa Bonheur, the famous artist, leads the life of a peasant, rising early and going to bed late. Every morning on getting up she takes a walk in her garden, invariably accompanied by her dog. From 9 o'clock until 11:30 she works in her studio. Then she has breakfast. At 1 o'clock work is resumed until 5, when Mlle. Bonheur goes for an excursion in the forest near her home. She finishes the day by reading.

The Shah Reveres Cats.

The shah of Persia has a great reverence for cats. He has 60 of them, and each one has an attendant of its own, with a special room for meals. When the shah travels, the cats go along also, being carried by men on horseback.

Sympathy.

"I'm really sorry for Ploddin," remarked young Mr. Hopgigo.

"Why?" inquired the friend.

"I asked him to lend me $10, and he only had 75 cents. I can't help feeling sorry for a man who only has 75 cents."—Washington Star.

COSTLY DIPLOMACY.

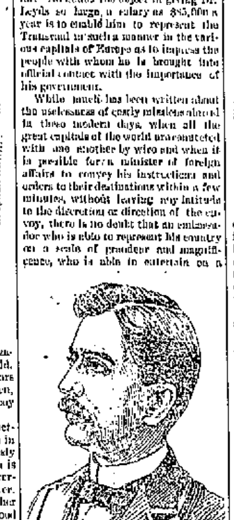
THE TRANSVAAL PAYS A FOREIGN MINISTER $85,000 A YEAR.

Sharp Contrast to Uncle Sam's Frugal Policy—American Ministers Must Have Private Fortunes—Advantages Which Money Gives In Diplomatic Negotiations.

Our state department at Washington must have read with astonishment the recently published report that Dr. William J. Leyds, secretary of state of the Boer republic, had been accorded the enormous salary of $85,000 a year for representing the Transvaal as minister plenipotentiary in the various capitals of Europe. Uncle Sam is so frugal in his expenditures for diplomatic purposes that such prodigality on the part of the puny South African Republic must have given the good gentleman a severe shock.

It is probable, however, that Oom Paul Kruger knows what he is paying for. No doubt the object in giving Dr. Leyds so large a salary as $85,000 a year is to enable him to represent the Transvaal in such a manner in the various capitals of Europe as to impress the people with whom he is brought into official contact with the importance of his government.

While much has been written about the uselessness of costly missions abroad in these modern days, when all the great capitals of the world are connected with one another by wire and when it is possible for a minister of foreign affairs to convey his instructions and orders to their destinations within a few minutes, without leaving any latitude to the discretion or direction of the envoy, there is no doubt that an embassador who is able to represent his country on a scale of grandeur and magnificence, who is able to entertain on a



DR. WILLIAM J. LEYDS.

large scale, has it in his power to serve the interests of his government far more efficaciously than a diplomat who for one reason or another can make no show.

Not one but dozens of treaties of the utmost international importance have been, so to speak, floated into port on a tidal wave of champagne, and this is even more the case nowadays, when alliances are influenced in the shape of postprandial toasts than it was when Lord Elgin came to this country with Laurence Oliphant in the fifties for the purpose of concluding his commercial treaty with the United States. That is why Great Britain accords to her embassador at Paris a salary of $50,000, together with allowances to the tune of an additional $20,000, and the use of a handsome palace entirely furnished.

The embassadors of Russia, Germany and Austria in Paris have abodes which, if not quite so sumptuous, are still very grand and stately, and salaries of about $40,000 per annum, while England pays her envoys in the other capitals of Europe on the same magnificent scale, providing in almost every case an imposing palace or mansion furnished even down to the item of gold and silver plate, as at Paris. The English embassador at Constantinople has two palaces, one at Pera and the other at Therapia, together with a couple of steam launches, a state barge and a government steam yacht, commanded by a lieutenant and manned by 80 British tars, all being maintained for the official and private use of his excellency by the British government.

It will readily be seen from this that unless the United States happens to find a man of wealth willing to undertake the not always grateful task of representing this country as embassador abroad he must necessarily, with his $17,000 salary, convey to the people among whom he is sent to reside a less powerful impression of the prestige and of the grandeur of his native land than his fellow embassadors.

It is only fair to add that these highly paid embassadors of European countries devote conscientiously all the money which they receive from the state to the purpose for which it is granted, many of them, indeed, dipping heavily into whatever private resources they may happen to possess.

As a rule Boer ideas of remuneration are not particularly extravagant, the president himself receiving but $20,000 a year. Dr. Leyds is one of a body of six who form the executive government of the Transvaal, and he is the only non-Afrikander on that executive. He is a native of Java and was educated in Holland. He studied law at the Amsterdam university, where he was graduated in 1884.

During that year President Kruger visited Europe and offered the position of attorney general of his republic to the young solicitor. After some hesitation Dr. Leyds accepted the post and removed to Pretoria. In 1889 he was elected secretary of state by the volksraad and was re-elected in 1892 and 1896, the term being four years. Dr. Leyds is about 40 years old and is described as a person of nervous but urbane manner and a pleasant voice.

Her Suggestion.

It was at a Jefferson avenue residence, and the young man in the case had been going often and staying late until the maiden fair felt the monotony of it. Last Thursday evening about 11 o'clock the conversation dragged so that it almost pulled the carpet out by the tacks, and for a minute or two he sat in cogitative mood, with his hand to his forehead.

"I was just trying to remember something," he explained.

"Yes?" she replied.

"I had something pleasant to tell you."

"Ah, what was it?" and she brightened a bit.

"I'm—um, let me see," he said, rubbing his head. "I can't just think what it was."

The light faded out of her face, then it came again.

"Perhaps it was 'good night,'" she suggested quietly.

He looked at her for a full minute, looked at her as if she had said something by mistake, looked at her as if she might have an explanatory remark or two to add, but she never flinched. Then he got up and went away, and he never came back.—Detroit Free Press.

LIVELY FOR LONDON.

Harmsworth Is a Hustler and the Foremost British Journalist.

Alfred C. Harmsworth, who recently presented the arctic ship Windward to Explorer Peary for use in his coming

ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

expedition, is easily the foremost British journalist, and it is doubtful even if any of our hustling American editors can hold a candle to him. That anything lively or enterprising should come out of London journalism seems incredible, but it is true. Mr. Harmsworth is the publisher of the London Daily Mail and 16 other journals and prides himself that he prints more papers than any other man living.

When Harmsworth was barely out of Oxford, he decided to become a Napoleon of journalism. He straightway started, with no capital to speak of, Answers, a weekly paper that immediately caught the British heart. Before he was 23 years old he was printing over a million papers a week. He started more papers, capitalized his business, sold £500,000 worth of stock and retained a controlling interest himself. Then he bought daily papers in London, Glasgow, Portsmouth and other places, and finally in May, 1896, he acquired the London Daily Mail.

The Mail burst on London like a meteor. It was full of bright ideas and wakened people up in a manner that startled but pleased them. As a result the paper distanced all its competitors, and the total output of Mr. Harmsworth's various publications is said to be something over 7,000,000 copies a week.

Mr. Harmsworth's gift to Peary is only a fresh evidence of his interest in the field of exploration. Three years ago he sent Frederick Jackson in search of the north pole on what was called the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, and the world has not yet finished reading the adventures of Mr. Henry Savage Landor, whom he sent to Tibet in an attempt to reach the sacred city of Lhassa.

GENERAL JACKSON'S VALET.

Uncle Alfred, Ninety-four Years Old, Still Lives at The Hermitage.

Uncle Alfred Jackson, 94 years old, the valet of General Andrew Jackson, still lives at The Hermitage, near Nashville, the home of Old Hickory, and acts as guide to visitors.

He has a wonderful memory, explains in detail the history of every object of interest in the building and introduces personal reminiscences of his old master. He becomes particularly enthused

UNCLE ALFRED JACKSON.

when pointing out a picture of the battle of New Orleans and tells with great gusto of General Jackson's reply when he heard General Pakenham's boast that he would eat breakfast in New Orleans the next morning. "If he eats breakfast at all, he will eat it in hell," was Jackson's comment. And Uncle Alf adds: "And he sho' did. He was killed before he eat his breakfast."

In his will General Jackson requested that his faithful valet be given a home at The Hermitage all his life. Uncle Alf chews, smokes and drinks, and thinks he is good for ten years more of life.

The Czar's Car.

The height of luxurious traveling has been reached by the czar and czarina. The empress' private car is upholstered in pale blue satin. The electric lamps are all in the form of lilies, and it contains writing and tea tables made of mother of pearl. The nursery is the next apartment and is as comfortable and handsome as the same rooms of any of the czar's palaces. There are dining rooms and drawing rooms and several sleeping apartments. In fact, this train is a miniature palace. The wheels are covered with india rubber tires.

A Princess' Favorite.

The Princess of Wales' favorite flower is the lily of the valley, and the largest grower of these flowers in Great Britain has his gardens near Sandringham.

An Aged Hairpin.

A woman in Hope, Knox county, Me., still wears a common wire hairpin which she has worn for 40 years.

THE PRESIDENT'S PASTOR.

Mr. Johnston, Who Preaches Sensational Sermons, to Be Supplanted Next March.

The sensational reports that President McKinley was indignant at the character of the sermons preached by the Rev. Hugh Johnston of the Metropolitan Methodist church, where the chief executive attends

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

divine service in Washington, do not seem to be fully substantiated. The story that the president had decided not to attend any more services at that church and that the present pastor would be removed for this reason likewise seem to have been without foundation. The latter is wholly improbable, for Dr. Johnston's five year term will expire in March next, and, according to the Methodist book of order, he must now shortly remove to some other pastorate. It has even been practically decided that his successor will be the Rev. Frank M. Bristol, now pastor of the First Methodist church of Evanston, Ills.

The Rev. Mr. Johnston indignantly denies the charge of sensationalism in the pulpit and is quoted as saying that he never preached a sensational sermon in his life. The fact remains, however, that some of them have touched on the border line, at any rate. They are always full of fire and force, and of late have been given a decidedly political and partisan flavor. Besides scoring Sunday newspapers, the Rev. Mr. Johnston has attacked Tammany Hall, "Jesuitism," and other alleged evils which sensational preachers are fond of denouncing. He prayed that the points of the Dingley tariff bill might be covered with confusion, he has talked about Cuba and Hawaii, and, in short, has given his frank advice on most of the topics of the day. His Thanksgiving day sermon caused wide comment, but since then he has preached another in which he expressed still more radical views.

The Metropolitan church of Washington is the most prominent Methodist church in the country. It was attended by General Grant, and ever since his administration has had a pew reserved for the president. McKinley is the first chief executive since Grant's day to occupy this pew, but of late he has not been constant in his attendance.

WILL PREACH WITHOUT PAY.

Dr. Farrar Gives Up a Big Salary to Work For Nothing.

Because he wishes to preach without pay Rev. James M. Farrar of Brooklyn will give up a salary of $8,000, relinquish the pulpit of one of the wealthiest churches in that city and go into the country, where he may do church work without compensation. For seven years Dr. Farrar has been pastor of the First Reformed church

REV. JAMES M. FARRAR.

of Brooklyn, which has many rich members. He has lived comfortably and enjoyed the good things of life. Now he feels that he has lived the life of a luxurious cleric long enough.

"I have built up this church until it has become strong and useful," he says. "Now I desire to give the rest of my life to building up souls, without money and without price. I have fully consecrated my life to my Master. Since I have been in the ministry I have constantly been called to larger and richer churches. I have gone from one to another, always bettering myself in a worldly way. It has struck me that we ministers count too much on the money we receive. We preach and instruct and advise, but we are well paid for what we do. In spite of our calling we give very little to the Lord. This is not a quixotic move or one prompted by undue claim upon me. Neither do I wish people to think that I am making a sacrifice. I am country born and bred and prefer the country to the city."

Indeed it is evident that Dr. Farrar is somewhat discreet in making the change, for he says that he has saved enough money to give him a modest income for the rest of his life. Not long ago he purchased a handsome city residence near his church with a view to its being part of the endowment, so to speak, of his new venture. He also owns a pretty country place in Chester county, Pa., which he calls Idlewild. It is there that he intends to locate, and in that section will he give his labors to the people free of charge.

Dr. Farrar has not stated the exact amount of the income which his savings will bring him each year, but he has told his friends that he calculates to be able to live on $700 a year. He has a family of seven—six boys and one girl—but two or three of his sons are almost old enough to make their own way in the world. Dr. Farrar is a most popular minister. He is tall, portly, well groomed and has the appearance of being well fed. Dr. Farrar does not intend to resign immediately, but will probably draw his $8,000 salary for at least another year.

"Mrs-sippy."

A very little girl who had learned with difficulty the abbreviation "Mrs." was asked for the first time to spell "Mississippi." Having conquered the first two syllables, as she supposed, she sailed gloriously over the new long word. She spelled it "Mrs-sippy." And she pronounced all her syllables like a good child, thus: "M r s (Missus) sippy (py) Missussippi!"—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"I know a man," said the overdressed boarder, "who believes in spirit materializations, the idiot."

"I thought you had a leaning toward a belief of that kind yourself," said Asbury Peppers. "I never saw another man with such a liking for unearthly ties."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A LAWYER AT SEVEN.

Precocious Kansas Boy Who Babbles Blackstone Like a Veteran Attorney.

A 7 year old lawyer is among the wonders which bolster up the claim of Kansas to be the most progressive state in the Union. His name is Byron Howe Gilbert and his home is in Atchison. He has received from the supreme court of Kansas a certificate of admission to the bar of that tribunal. This does not allow him to practice law in Kansas, but is to take effect when he shall reach his majority.

The development of this legal phenomenon is due to the training given the child by his father, W. D. Gilbert, who is him-

BYRON H. GILBERT.

self a lawyer, and has served as prosecuting attorney and judge. Byron took his first lessons in law at the tender age of 2, or as soon as he began to talk. The first words he was taught to lisp were legal phrases, and he babbled sentences from Blackstone instead of rhymes from "Mother Goose." This practice, begun in fun, was continued until the boy's father saw the possibilities of beginning a legal education in the nursery. From that time on Byron has had an almost daily drill, and even if he does not understand the principles of law he can rattle off legal terms and definitions with the ease of a veteran attorney.

Byron has been sent to school, but on Saturdays, instead of playing marbles, he usually accompanies his father to court and listens with much interest to dry legal proceedings. The other day Mr. Gilbert surprised the supreme court justices by presenting his boy for examination and admission to the bar. They took it as a joke at first, but after Chief Justice Doster had asked a number of questions usually put to a candidate and Byron had answered them without a hitch, they opened their eyes in astonishment and instructed the clerk of the court to make out a provisional certificate, embellished with a huge gold seal, which was signed and handed over to the juvenile lawyer.

Among the questions answered by the boy was, "What is law?" to which he gave Blackstone's definition word for word. He also defined murder, homicide, arson, larceny, grand larceny, felony and misdemeanor, winding up by going through the form of administering the prescribed oath to a witness.

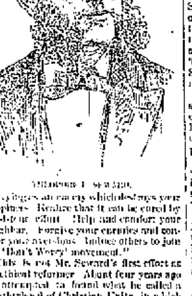
"DON'T WORRY" CIRCLES.

A New Movement Which Mixes Philosophy and Religion Most Comfortably.

A unique movement, which was started only a few weeks ago in a New York church, is already attracting considerable attention. The "Don't Worry" movement. It has been oddly named by its originator, Mr. Theodore F. Seward, and its aim seems to be to mingle a cheerful philosophy with religion in order that the mental tension of modern life may be relieved.

The first "Don't Worry" circle was formed at a meeting held in a private house on Nov. 5, and since then the movement has spread with surprising rapidity. There are now four "Don't Worry" circles in New York, and others are soon to be formed in several adjacent cities. The movement is the outcome of a little book written by Mr. Seward, the title of which is, "Don't Worry; or, Spiritual Emancipation the Scientific Law of Happiness."

Here are some of his "rules for conquering the worrying habit": "Consider what must be involved in the truth that God is infinite and that you are a part of his plan. Memorize some of the Scripture promises and recall them when the temptation to worry returns. Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies. Realize



THEODORE F. SEWARD.

worry is an enemy which destroys your happiness. Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort. Help and comfort your neighbor. Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions. Induce others to join the 'Don't Worry' movement."

This is not Mr. Seward's first effort as an ethical reformer. About four years ago he attempted to found what he called a Brotherhood of Christian Unity, in which he proposed to combine all Christian churches without respect to creed. It is hardly necessary to say that he was unsuccessful.

Mr. Seward is an active little man of 62 years and has been an earnest worker in the propaganda of liberal religious views. He is a native of Orange county, N. Y., and is a cousin of the great secretary of state William H. Seward. He is a musician and has devoted most of his life to teaching music and editing musical journals. He traveled with the original Fisk Jubilee Singers when they made their famous English tour about 20 years ago and wrote down over 100 of their songs the music of which had never before been put on paper. Later he was engaged as musical instructor at the College For the Training of Teachers in New York city.

The Real Sufferer.

"Is it so bad as that—pinch as you may, you will have hard work to make both ends meet?"

He—"I don't mind it so far as I am personally concerned, but it will be terribly hard for my valet to have to put up with domestic cigars after the prime havanas he has been used to."—Boston Transcript.

ABOUT MISS CORELLI.

SHE HATES CRITICS AND TAKES HERSELF QUITE SERIOUSLY.

Some Personal Characteristics of the Author of Many Popular Novels—How Her First Book Came to Be Published—She Poses as a Literary Recluse.

Marie Corelli is not, as seems to be popularly supposed, an assumed name, but is the real and legal patronymic of the author of "A Romance of Two Worlds" and other well known novels. Miss Corelli, for she is still "happily unmarried," is an interesting young woman of Italian birth, French by education and English by adoption. Her mother was the second wife of the late Dr. Charles Mackay, a writer of many popular lyrics, such as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and others of equal literary merit. She was taken into Dr. Mackay's family at an early age and still lives in the old Mackay home, on Longridge road, Kensington, London.

As a girl Miss Corelli was sent to a French convent and there imbibed the deeply religious sentiments which mark her works. From all accounts she was a most precocious and accomplished miss, being especially talented as a pianist, and it was Dr. Mackay's ambition to have her become a successful musician.

But when Miss Corelli was 20 she wrote "A Romance of Two Worlds" and thus marked out her own career. She sent her first novel to a big London publishing house, and if the opinions of the readers employed in that establishment had been followed it would never have seen the light. But their reports condemned it so unanimously and enthusiastically that the head of the firm read the manuscript himself and decided to bring it out. The critics treated it with contemptuous silence, but the reading public raved over it, exhausted edition after edition and still continue to buy it by the carload every year.

The big receipts did the business, and, critics to the contrary, the fame of Miss

MARIE CORELLI.

Corelli as an authoress was firmly established from that moment. Her later books—and she writes about one every year—have been equally successful.

I have said that Miss Corelli is an interesting young woman. She is interesting, but, come to think of it, she is hardly as young as she was once—somewhere between 30 and 35, I should judge. But all the women writers who go out to Kensington to interview her and drink tea with her speak of her as young and beautiful, gush over her "dresden china complexion," her "blue gray" eyes and her wonderful personality.

Miss Corelli's attitude toward the world in general is unique. Evidently she takes herself with much seriousness; but most successful writers do that. Toward the poor critics she fosters a very lively hatred. She never tires of abusing them, and they reciprocate by refusing to praise her books.

Society, which would like to lionize her, exhibits her at drawing rooms and quiz her about her fads, she affects to scorn. She does go out occasionally, but takes her cynicism along with her. But for people in the abstract and at a distance, especially novel buying folks, she entertains a kindly regard, which is very nice of her, I am sure.

Miss Corelli's favorite pose seems to be that of a literary recluse. It is plain that she thinks you and I and a lot of other people take a deep interest in the way she lives and works, and she is willing to indulge us by doing both in a manner as original as she can. For instance, she tells us that while she was writing "Barabbas" she knelt down in her study and prayed every morning before taking up her pen. Surely this is a departure in literary methods or else other authors have not been so frank. She has also said that she makes the first draft of her stories in lead pencil and an absolute frenzy of composition. Then she rewrites them calmly and in ink. She is not fond of the theater, because modern actors are crude and self conscious.

Perhaps Miss Corelli enjoys her own success fully as much as anything else. A couple of years ago the queen read one of her novels and then telegraphed her London bookseller as follows: "Send complete set of Miss Corelli's works. V. R."

This message Miss Corelli carries constantly in a little chamois bag hung around her neck. Yet she indignantly denies that she is patronized by the royal family. "They know better," she is fond of saying.

As the apostle of romantic mysticism Miss Corelli holds a place of her own in the literary world. The weird psychological theories which she introduces are not exactly new, but most of her readers are unacquainted with them. Some of the incidents which happen to her characters are of the kind that make your flesh creep. George Augustus Sala said that he read "The Vendetta" with a wet cloth around his head and his feet in a tub of ice water. This is the story in which a man is entombed while supposedly dead, but comes to life, finds his friend making love to his faithless wife and takes his revenge by shutting her alive in the same tomb. It is not altogether a cheerful yarn, but there is a thrill in every page, and most novel readers like thrills, you know. So Miss Corelli is well within her rights when she sniffs at the critics and takes herself seriously.

ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

Justified.

The following defense was made by a Savannah darky in the city court:

I stole dem britches, I 'knowledge de corn,
But 'twasn't no crime, sho's yo' born.
If de motif am right, den what's de sin?
I stole dem britches to be baptize in!

De sinners gang's got me, and de coal mine, too;
But what could a 'fenseless colored man do
When de jedge an de jury 'lowed it was a sin
To steal dem britches to be baptize in?

In de judgment day Gabriel gwine to say,
"Tong's straight as a shingle and clear as day."
He'll shout to de world dat it 'twasn't no sin
To steal dem britches to be baptize in.

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 2.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. iv 1-17. Memory Verses, 15-17. Golden Text, Matt. iii. 17—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Let me at the beginning of our study of the gospel by Matthew, in which we are to continue for six months, quote a few pregnant sentences from "Studies in the Gospels" by Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D. "The Bible is a history of the conflict between Christ and satan for man and his dwelling place of redemption provided by God preceding from His love, with love delivering the method and the end. The gospels are the history of that part of redemption which was wrought by the Lord Jesus Christ in His earthly life, death, burial and resurrection. The point of view of and the purpose for each gospel determines in every case what shall be inserted and omitted. The Old Testament closes with the Jewish nation looking for the fulfillment of the prophecies of a king who shall reign in righteousness, under whom the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. Matthew is the gospel of the Jewish King rejected, resulting in the rejection of the nation, until the church, His body, shall be gathered out of all nations. In the Old Testament God is for His people; in the gospels He is with His people; in the Epistles He is in His people. These three, that for us, God with us, God in us, are the method and the end of the divine dealing, holiness eternal in the heavens, incarnate on earth, embodied in the saints."

1. "O generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come." Chapter 1 gives the genealogy of the King from Abraham to Joseph, the husband of Mary, who was of the royal line through Solomon, son of David. Luke iii gives the genealogy of Mary, who was also of the house of David, but through Nathan, the son of David. Matt. i. 1, declares that Jesus Christ is the inheritor and fulfiller of all things promised to David and Abraham.

8. "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance," or, as in the margin, "answerable to amendment of life." Paul's preaching also was, "Repent and turn to God and do works meet for repentance." (Acts xxvi, 20). The teaching of all Scriptures is that by nature we are away from God; God is calling us to come to Him, even as He called Adam from his hiding place in the garden, and has ever since been seeking lost sinners. When we turn to Him, He receives us graciously, forgives us freely and makes us His children through Jesus' blood. Then He asks us to walk worthy of our calling.

9. "And think not to say, within yourselves, 'We have Abraham to our Father.' Even to our Lord Himself these people ultipersonally, "Make Abraham's seed free." He replied, "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham," and then He told them very plainly, "Ye are of your father, the devil" (John viii. 33, 39, 44). It will not do for us to say, "I am a member of the church, I have been baptized, my people are all Christians, I do the best I can," etc., as if any of these could save us. Therefore is a renewed profession of Jesus Christ as our own personal Saviour and a whole hearted reliance upon His merits only.

10. "Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Both in the Old Testament and in the New the believer is compared to a tree. See Ps. i, 3; Jer. xvii, 8, and compare our Lord's words in Matth. xv, 13. "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

11. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." John sought no square while the candy is still soft. When it becomes cold, it can be broken apart in the lines.

Take one cup of molasses, plus cover the fire a vessel containing 2 large cupfuls of granulated sugar and half a dozen tablespoonfuls of water. Let the mixture boil until, when a little of the syrup is dropped into a cup of cold water, it will harden. The moment it will do this add 2 tablespoonfuls of vanilla and a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Then take out a teaspoonful, and when cool enough to handle with the hands pull it until it is white, cut into short lengths and set it away to get cold.

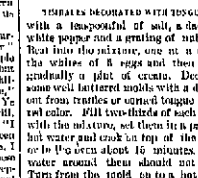
"Turkish delight" may be made as follows: Break an ounce of chocolate into pieces and soak in half a cupful cold water for two hours. Weigh a pound of granulated sugar and put it in a granite pan with half a cup of cold water. Stand the pan over the fire, and when the sugar is melted and comes to the boiling point add the soaked gelatin and boil steadily for 20 minutes. Flavor with the rind and juice of an orange, the juice of a lemon and a teaspoonful of rose. Wet a tin in cold water and turn the mixture in. Having it about an inch in thickness, and stand away to harden. When it is jellied, cut into inch square pieces and roll them in confectioners' sugar. A few chopped nuts added with the flavoring are good.

To make chocolate almonds, blanch the almond meats by pouring boiling water over them and let them stand a few moments, then turn the hot water off and throw cold water over them. The skin may then be easily rubbed off. Break some sweet chocolate into small pieces, put them in a small dish and stand this dish over the fire in a pan of boiling water. When the chocolate is melted, put a blanched nut meat on the point of a hot pin and dip it into the melted chocolate, then lay it on the paper to cool. When the chocolate becomes set, the meats may be again taken up with a pin. Such a second coating of the chocolate will please all who are very fond of chocolate.

Chicken Timbales.

The following directions are from the Boston Cooking School Magazine:

Remove the meat from the breastbone of two year chickens. Press it four or six times through a meat chopper. Season



TIMBALES DECORATED WITH TONGUE.

with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Rub into the mixture, one at a time, the whites of 8 eggs and then very gradually a pint of cream. Decorate some well buttered molds with a design cut from truffles or canned tongue of a red color. Fill two-thirds of each mold with the mixture, set them in a pan of hot water and cook in top of the stove or in the oven about 15 minutes. The water around them should not boil. Turn from the mold on to a hot platter and serve at once with a pint of white sauce into which a cup of chopped mushrooms has been cooking about ten minutes. Cut out papers to fit the bottom of the molds and put them in place before buttering the molds.

Decorative Hints.

For ordinary mantels in country houses a flower supplement, like those given away by the art magazines, can be framed in a delicate narrow band of whitewood and then placed just under the shelf. It insurprising how well they look. Decorative Furniture also suggests the following:

The ruffle which finishes a sofa pillow is often represented in different shades of ribbon carefully tree stitched on, forming some five inches in width, which when slightly gathered looks extremely pretty.

Things Women Want to Know.

Fancy bags of all shapes, sizes and kinds are among the most useful and acceptable of gifts to a woman.

The empire lamp shade, made of plain silk, lace or soft chiffon silk gathered, is the fashionable thing to have.

There is authority for the statement that many well dressed women are advocating and practicing home dressmaking.

Practical marketing—marketabley—is a new branch of study introduced into fashionable schools for young women this season.

There is now made a platform scale specially designed for use in houses, particularly in bathrooms, and called a bathroom scale.

The latest thing is the old fashioned cross stitch in wool, with the high lights in silk, such as our grandmothers used to work. A cushion done in this material will last a generation.

Household Gods.

The ancient Greeks believed that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of today is Dr. King's New Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds and for all affections of throat, chest and lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at Dreier & Bro.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the liver and kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold by Dreier & Bro. for 50c and $1.00 per bottle at Dreier Bros' Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

Climate the Best Medicine.

Throat and lung diseases yield to it when drugs are powerless.

For further information write to F. T. Hendry, 63 Griswold street, Detroit, Mich. n&34

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

Handsome Designs In Corded Taffeta Gowns.

POPULAR PLAID DRESS GOODS

Novelties In Various Fabrics—The Newest Colors—New Uses For Velvet Modifies Bodice To Use—Pretty Tea Gowns—Evening Costumes.

[Copyright, 1897, by American Press Association.]

One of the handsomest designs in taffeta dressmaking is where the entire skirt and the full blouse waist are corded at regular intervals all over the surface in a vertical and round pattern. No tailor sets the fat of the Dr. Lebaldi, who sews on one occasion, but these little chips, with side cord sewed in, seemed to give it all I needed to make a neat elegant finish. No one but a postgraduate in the art of dress making should make an attempt at making a taffeta gown. The preferred color for fine cloth and venetian and also silk cord taffeta suits is a dove gray, tan, mode, ideal and dark bellotrope. Some in period and cadet blues are also seen. The dark, however, does not show up well when made, and the light is very delicate and soiling quickly.

Orchids and draped cord suits are among the latest additions to the decoration of taffeta costumes. These orchids are precisely like those in vogue 10 and 11 years ago, the sole difference being in the braiding now not open than instead of the Turkish bands of old and the borderings of velvet or silk. These now are in shape, in draped taffeta and in long tunic form, caught up centre side in rich, heavy folds. A few are in the shape of a jupiter and are left open at the sides or in front and fastened centre with some arrangement or other to match the trimming or the rest of the gown.

That now the plaid dress goods are seen in unusually large number, but the clear

SILK MULL AND TAFFETA EVENING GOWNS.

plaids with their pronounced colors are for the most part relegated to children's wear and very stylish skirt waists. The darker, softer and more subdued colors are preferred for outdoor costumes, the dark blues, greens, browns and grays leading in favor. Velours and poplins are the leading plaids for very smart costumes, but cheviot, cloth, cassimere and homespun are better liked by the conservative gentlewomen. The velours plaids are shown in enormous patterns of green and blue, with narrow lines of light silk upon them, like yellow and white or green, pink, blue and dark red or silk gold. Velvet is as fashionable as ever, the most suitable combination and trimming to use with plaid, but some of the dark and bronzy blouses now are garnished with braid in military loops and frogs.

There are some novelty woolen suits where the solid color is of twill in pale tints, overlaid with a raised design in black wool, which gives it the appearance of Arabesque design in braiding. Sometimes graduated stripes in bugaloo designs are worn on, and in still other cases the Arabesque pattern is worn in shades lines. Still others are bordered with a sign of alternate blocks of woolly black and the dress material. Some now adopted and cassels, link studs form borders of deep wool stitching. Gimpe is shown now to this generation and is a durable and handsome fabric and is most often produced in solid color. Thousands of this are quoted for dressmaking purposes. It is not so heavy, but is more stiff, and of a surface. A few pieces of stitching cloth have a mixture of thrown in the weaving like covert suiting. Others again have dress materials of long silky black hair. Browns with the black hairs make up to most comfortable looking gowns for the winter. There are many novelties in ribbons, some of the newest having a mottled foundation in gray and black or gray and green, etc., but all with the soft diagonals lying like natural hairs over the surface.

Among the newest colors are purples of every shade and reds from bright crimson to deep yet blood. Brown, which has been out of date many years, and peacock blue are also among the new colors. Navy blue, pale, dulce and imperial are among the fashionable shades, but black, violet, sky and baby, besides ultramarine, are seen. Russian green, reseda green, rush and hunter's green are all seen in the clothes and velvets, bodice the silks and ribbons. Speaking of ribbons reminds me to mention a new taffeta. It was three inches wide and had six stripes of brilliant scarlet and one blue brilliant emerald green, with a fine line of cream satin between its two colors. It was for bright or dark tints for ordinary evening wear, but it was only one of thousands of pieces quite as gay filling for millinery purposes. The cream stripes for satin and velvet are used in waist have colors quite as nice, but somehow they are arranged so that the general result is rich without being inharmonious. Some of the finest of the new plaid silks have the fine narrow line of the ombre of the design made of black velvet. This gives an unusually rich effect, and this pattern obviously requires a little artistic knowledge of how to be successfully draped without it. Broad shoulders seldom look well in it. Several of the handsomest gowns of this season show decided attempts to restore the old shawl and kerchief fronts. The shawl points in some cases are bordered with fur and have a head and three little fur tails at the point.

Tea gowns are very pretty and as a general rule out of such impromptu or informal style as they have been. These now but one of plaids. That was of olive, blue and red in a kind of creamy white woollen all around the whole gown, down the front and around the bottom and sleeves, and also the enormous collar which was of the plaids, in a square collar shape. The front of the gown was full and draped loose over the bust and worn at the waist line. There was a loose belt of gold links, or with imitating turquoises, should have said that the front was of china crepe of a pink so faint that it was almost white. This was a superb gown, velvet plaid is no dearer than that with satin stripes.

Velvet as a material for street dresses, capes and coats—bodices only blouses too usual for ceremonious evening requirements and hats and bonnets is unusually popular this winter and will be more so. A new use for it has been found in making the pretty dress ruffle which is the fashion and taffeta. Nothing the ruffle now carefully chosen, and the velvet is applied in such way as not to interfere with the flowing fullness of the gown. Some belts, draped skirts and bodices, with, leaving the upper parts to be varied with the lighter stuff, in form of bertha or fancy yoke and collar, are all made of the velvet. Yellow velvet waists with tulle, lace, silk muslin or silk net in the same shade are beautiful and make the wearer look like a new kind of canary bird. Pink, blue and green are also seen. Not very much velvet is needed, but it is certainly is effective when it is arranged.

Nearly all the gowns now made look better for a slight distension in the back, and almost every handsome skirt has at least a tiny horsehair cushion set to the back at the belt. Many have regulation bustles to bring all the new down, only not very pronounced. The tunic over skirt and the blouse hang nearly to the feet, and the whole was lined with black plaid taffeta. The tunic together two gowns are made on a chance or guess to fall by some delicate color and taste simply trimmed. A gray one, with a little red braiding, or, if the maker is handy with her needle, a little embroidery of such flowers as would go well with the color, would be pretty. Lace and ribbons are all suitable for the decoration of tea gowns. I notice, too, among these decorations many fancy shoulder belts of metal, and also long, thick cords, with tassels, acorns or balls at the ends. Hitherto promise to be in fair demand for trimmings than they have been, but only the fine satin or gros grain ribbons are suitable for handsome gowns. The prettier made taffetas do well enough for everyday millinery, but only self colored ribbon is employed for the other requirements. Such ribbons are sometimes in delicately figured taffetas and also in satin stripes, but few care for them when so much daintier effects can be obtained by going while using heavy satin ribbon edged with full ruffles of chiffon or silk muslin.

The tea gown for home wear is of ordinary cambric was of mauve cashmere. The back was a tunic shape and the front falling full and loose from a pointed yoke. There was a rich purple ribbon left to the in front. An immense collar laid over the shoulders and the ends reached to the waist line. This was embroidered in dark green and gold thread, and was edged with a ruffle of lace. The lace ruffles turned to label folds and went on down to the bottom. This was pretty and graceful. There was a very perfect of pale blue china silk. The tunic had a deep hem and a row of the blue baby ribbon run through the hem stitching. The sleeves were long and loose and bordered with double ruffles of lace with pale blue ribbon. The neck was finished with one upon one of alternate black and white lace. It was exceedingly tasteful. It was loosely belted with rather wide pale blue ribbon. These tea jackets are very popular. Many are made from an empire coat or an outdoor open jacket, but the material, the lace and ribbons show plainly their intended use.

Evening gowns are first now the topic of greatest interest in fashion, as the most of the other garments have been already purchased. Two lovely dress goods may well be copied. One is a pale taffeta with a delicate pink overlaid with a gauffering around the bottom and in deep points and sleeves. Maroon chrysanthemums and ribbon decorate the corsage. The other was of apple green taffeta, which is here of a little lower than running the length of the skirt. White lace ruffles are put on the bottom to form tabs. A similar arrangement is at the neck, with a puffing of white tulle at the top. A changeable crimson and green taffeta silk satin was made to tie in the back. A sash was also put at the back of the pink dress, made, however, of the silk mull.

MATE LEMAR.

THE BOAT WAS LATE.

But Old Charon Had a Good Excuse For Tardiness.

The day has ended into dusk, the furnace fires gleamed redly against the black background of night, and still there was no sign of the boat. Pluto, waiting at the ship, cursed Charon for a loitering old dotard and made a mental vow to replace him with a younger man on the morrow. Minutes slipped into hours, and day came again, but not the boat. Pluto's anger had given way to anxiety, and he feared that the fiery red waters of the Styx now surged in requiem over the body of his trusted old ferryman. Just as he was about to send out a two-day search party, the missing boat came round the bend with old Charon all safe and sound sitting at the helm. Pluto seem to start the boat was packed with people, and progress was of a necessity very slow. Pluto's face was hard and stern as he watched the people land, and it grew even more so when old Charon approached, with the passengers list in his trembling hand.

"Please, O master, it wasn't my fault!" he cried supplicatingly.

"It wasn't they? Then whose was it?"

"Why, it was that trolley car conductor. He kept insisting that there was room for one more."—New York Journal.

Serious.

Lecturer—And was the rescue attended by any serious results?

Narrator (concluding)—And as the result of the rescue I won a wife.—New York Journal.

A Bond of Sympathy.

"That new hired girl of ours goes out every night."

"I can sympathize with you. So does our furnace."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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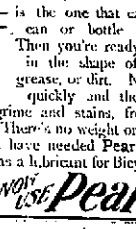

is the one that carries a little can or bottle of Pearline. Then you're ready for anything in the shape of mud, dust, grease, or dirt. Nothing will so quickly and thoroughly take away all wheeling-grime and stains, from hands or clothes or anywhere. There's no weight or bulk to speak of. How many times you have needed Pearline when far from home! Unequalled as a lubricant for Bicycle chains.

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SQUAW CREEK FOLKS.

JEP JONES TELLS OF A FIGHT WITH A BIG NOSOUITO.

Joe Hobson, Who Declared He Was No Liar, First Saw the Insect Which He Asserted Was as Large as a Goose—Every One Knew He Prevaricated.

During the palmy days of Squaw Creek, when nearly every man in town prided himself on being a liar, a fellow named Joe Hobson moved up from Barnegat and went into the lobster business. One of the first men he struck was Ebenezer Higgins, and Eben shook hands with him and said:

"I never was down at Barnegat, but I hear you have some awful liars there."

"Yes, some of the baldiest kind of liars," replied Hobson.

"Eh they be! I guess they'd beat a long ways."

"I dunno, but I guess they'd beat a long in trym."

"Are you much of a liar yourself?" asked Eben, with an anxious look.

"I'm no liar at all. I can't remember that I ever told one in all my life. I wasn't set up in lyin down at Barnegat, and I'm not goin to be set up in lyin at Squaw Creek. It's just my way not to lie. There ain't no use in lyin, and I'll be neighborly with 'em, but I shall keep right on knockin lobsters and sticking in the truth."

"I dunno how you'll get along in this town if you don't lie. We haven't got but one kind of society, and that's high society, and no man who hasn't a liar is considered swell. Better jump in."

Mr. Hobson said he thought he'd keep on in the old way for awhile anyhow, as the doctors said he had heart trouble and he wasn't giv'n to malice whisk. Eben saw just as quickly as to the fact that the Barnegat man was no patriot nor patronizer of home industry, and he got the cold shoulder on all sides. If he'd lin within to listen to other folks' lies, we could have had respected him, but he wouldn't. The infinit that any one began to tell of a shark 30 feet long, a sea serpent big as a hogshead or a one eyed whale mountain around the bay and carry in an anchor in his mouth Mr. Hobson would take out his Testament and begin to read aloud. He had a nice wife and two children, but society in Squaw Creek gin the family the cold cent, and all the grocers wanted cash down for sugar and tea. Things was so almighty lonesome for the truthful man, and at the end of three months Abraham Spooner met him out day and says:

"Mr. Hobson, are the lobsters walkin into the pots according to expectation?"

"I can't say they are," replies Mr. Hobson.

"Do you find Squaw Creek folks all you could wish for?"

"I can't say that I do. No, I can't scarcely say that and speak the truth."

"Take it all around, things is purty bouncickish, I guess?"

"That's what they be, and I'm purty mighty discouraged."

"Mr. Hobson," says Abraham in a feelin way, "it ain't no use to hold out agin high society any longer."

"I'm sorter thinkin that way," says Hobson, "but my mind hain't fully made up yit. I'm mighter afeard of my heart, I am."

"Shoo about your heart! Just git up humorer mornin and begin to lie, and it warmes your heart will be all right. If you want to help to pick you, just call on me, as I'm one of the pioneers of this town. In fact, I told the first lie ever shot off in Squaw Creek."

Mr. Hobson wouldn't promise anything definite, but we began to hev hopes of him. One morain three or four days later he told about venin across the bay wasn't alight and been jumped on by a skewer which he declared was as big as a full grown goose and had claws which rattled and teeth which chanked. When he told that, we almost wept for joy, and Moses Gubby put his arms around Mr. Hobson and cried out:

"Brothers, another liar has come among us and must jog our love and hospitality. All hail the noble liar from Barnegat!"

"But I hain't no liar," says Mr. Hobson.

"But I'm tellin the solemn truth about that skeeter, and I want you to believe me. If I'm a liar, then I be struck dead."

Then we rejoiced sum more. He lied, and we knowed he lied, and we jined hands and circled around him and took him into high society at once. That night he was out on the sandy sig'n, hantin for a lost knife or sumthin, and next day he raced that same story about the skeeter. He did more. He showed us where skeeter had bit him, the same as if a dog had put his teeth into him, and his coat was torn and his hat was chawed. He talked so sincerely and made so many mistakes that his wife and children believed he was tellin the truth. Nobody else in Squaw Creek did, however. We knowed Mr. Hobson had let go of the truth and disowned out as a liar, and while we rejoiced over it we also felt that we had got to brush up and git some more lies or he would be champion.

The Eternal Feminine.

"What did she want?" asked the cashier, as the feminine visitor flounced indignantly out of the bank.

"She asked for a New York draft," meekly responded the teller.

"Well?"

"She wouldn't take it. Because I told her we didn't give trading stamps."—Chicago Journal.

He Remained.

"When I saw you in Sing Sing," said the visitor, "you went by the name of Sam Swiggs. Do you go by that name still?"

"No," said the prisoner sadly; "that is my name, but I don't go at it."—New York Sunday World.

A Composer.

Ethel—Who was that man you just bowed to?

Penelope—That was Hobson, the great composer.

Ethel—A composer, did you say?

Penelope—He manufactures soothing syrup.—London "Tit Bits."

Hired.

First Bicycle—Been has been hurt recently by a clown in Christiania. Could anything be more shocking?

Second Bicycle—I believe I could stand to see it. I have heard him read by a 16-foot-old elocutionist.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Now He Acquired Them.

Ned—Here comes one of my sisters down the avenue.

Hal—Why, I wasn't aware that you had any sisters.

Ned—Oh, yes; I have three—by refusal.—Chicago News.

His Blunder.

"Ah, I see I have conveyed a wrong impression!" said the young man who had mistakenly kissed the young woman's maiden aunt in the darkened hallway as he came in.—Chicago Tribune.

Pertinent.

"Ah, yes," said the star, "I have been married for eight years."

"Continuously?" asked the critical one, but the query was deemed unworthy of reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Recognized It.

"One of the leading Gaelic rejoices in the name of Cawcock."

"Why, I recognize that. It's the analysis of a mercury very slow Pluto's face was hard and stern as he watched the people land, and it grew even more so when old Charon approached, with the passenger list in his trembling hand."

Plainly Denied.

"Honest!" he exclaimed. "Honest! Well, rather. He not only wouldn't steal from an individual, but he actually refused to steal from the government once when he had the opportunity."—Chicago Post.

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SCULPTURE OF THE DEEP.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Talks About God Amid the Coral Reefs.

The Wonderful Masonry of the Minute Marine Insects—Lesson From the Coral—God's Love of the Beautiful.

In the following sermon Rev. T. De Witt Talmage leads his auditors through a rare channel of contemplation of God's wonders. The text is:

No mention shall be made of coral.—Job xxviii; 18.

Why do you say that, inspired dramatist? When you wanted to set forth the superior value of our religion, you tossed aside the onyx, which is used for making exquisite cameos, and the sapphire, sky-blue, and topaz of rhomboic prism, and the ruby of frozen blood, and here you say that the coral, which is a miracle of shape and a transport of color to those who have studied it, is not worthy of mention in comparison with our holy religion. "No mention shall be made of coral." At St. Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum built by the chief citizen, as I examined a specimen on the shelf, I first realized what a holy of holies God can build and has built in the temple of one piece of coral. I do not wonder that Ernst Heckel, the great scientist, while in Ceylon, was so entranced with the specimen which some Cingalese divers had brought up for his inspection that he himself plunged into the sea, and went clear under the waves at the risk of his life, again, and again, and again, that he might know more of the coral, the beauty of which he indicates can not even be guessed by those who have only seen it above water, and after the polyps, which are its sculptors and architects, have died and the chief glories of these submarine flowers have expired. Job, in my text, did not mean to depreciate this divine sculpture in the coral reefs along the sea coasts. No one can afford to depreciate these white palaces of the deep, built under God's direction. He never changes His plans for the building of the islands and shores; and for uncounted thousands of years the coral gardens, and the coral castles, and the coral battlements go on and up. I charge you that you will please God and please yourself if you will go into the minute examination of the corals—their foundations, their pinnacles, their aisles, their pillars, their curves, their cleavages, their reticulation, their grouping—families of them, towns of them, cities of them, and continents of them. Indeed, you can not appreciate the meaning of my text unless you know something of the coral. Labyrinthian, stellar, columnar, floral, dented like shields from battle, spotted like leopards, embroidered like lace, hung like upholstery—twilight and auroras and sunbursts of beauty! From deep crimson to milk-white are its colors. You may find this work of God through the animalcules eighty fathoms down, or amid the breakers, where the sea dashes the wildest, and hails the mightiest, and bellows the loudest. These sea creatures are ever busy. Now they build islands in the center of the Pacific ocean. Now they lift barriers around the continent. Indian ocean, Red sea and coast of Zanzibar have specimens of their infinitesimal but sublime masonry. At the recession of the tides you may in some places see the top of their Alpine elevations, while elsewhere nothing but the deep-sea soundings from the decks of the Challenger, the Porcupine and the Lightning of the British expedition can announce them. The ancient Gauls employed the coral to adorn their helmets and the hilts of swords. In many lands it has been used as amulets. The Algerian reefs in one year (1873) had at work amid the coral 311 vessels, with 3,150 sailors, yielding in profit $565,000. But the secular and worldly value of the coral is nothing as compared with the moral and religious, as when, in my text, Job employs it in comparison. I do not know how anyone can examine a coral the size of the thumbnail without bethinking himself of God and worshipping Him, and feeling the opposite of the great infidel surgeon, lecturing to the medical students in the dissecting room upon a human eye which he held in his hand, showing its wonders of architecture and adaptation, when the idea of God flashed upon him so powerfully he cried out to the students: "Gentlemen, there is a God; but I hate Him." Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out: "There is a God, and I adore Him!"

Nothing so impresses me with the fact that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never comes to human observation. Sunrises and sunsets He hangs up for nations to look at; He may green the grass, and round the dew into pearl, and set on fire autumnal foliage to please mortal sight, but those thousands of miles of coral achievement I think He has had built for His own delight. In those galleries He alone can walk. The music of those keys played on by the fingers of the wave He only can hear. The snow of that white and the bloom of that crimson He alone can see. Having garnitured this world to please the human race, and lifted a glorious Heaven to please the angelic intelligences, I am glad that He has planted these gardens of the deep to please Himself. But here and there God allows specimens of submarine glory to be brought up and set before us for sublime contemplation. While I speak these great nations of zoophytes, meandrinas, and madrepores, with tentacles for trowel, are building just such coral as we find in our text. The diamond may be more rare, the crystal may be more sparkling, the chrysoprase may be more ablaze, but the coral is the long, deep, everlasting blush of the sea. Yet Job, who understood all kinds of precious stones, declares that the beauty and value of the coral are nothing compared with our holy religion, and he picks up this coralline formation and looks at it, and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of, and cries out in ecstasy of admiration for the superior qualities of our religion: "No mention shall be made of coral."

Take my hand, and we will walk through this bower of the sea, while I show you that even exquisite coral is not worthy of being compared with the richer jewels of a Christian soul. The first thing that strikes me in looking at the coral is its long-continued accumulation. It is not turned up like Cotopaxi, but is an outbuilding and an outbranching of ages. In Polynesia there are reefs hundreds of feet deep and 1,000 miles long. Who built these reefs, these islands? The zoophytes, the corallines. They were not such workers who built the pyramids as were these masons, these creatures of the sea. What small creations mounting to what vast aggregation! Who can estimate the ages between the time when the madrepores laid the foundation of the islands and the time when the madrepores put on the capstone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guess through how many years the corallines were building the Sandwich and Society islands and the Marshall and Gilbert groups. But more slowly and wonderfully accumulative is grace in the heart. You sometimes get discouraged because the upbuilding by the soul does not go on more rapidly. Why, you have all eternity to build in! The little annoyances of life are zoophite builders, and there will be small layer on top of small layer, and fossilized grief on the top of fossilized grief. Grace does not go up rapidly in your soul, but, blessed be God, it goes up. Ten thousand million ages will not finish you. You will never be finished. On forever! Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise the reefs, the islands, the continents, the hemispheres of grandeur and glory. Men talk as though in this life we only had time to build; but what we build in this life, as compared with what we shall build in the next life, is as a striped shell to Australia. You go into an architect's study and there you see the sketch of a temple, the corner-stone of which has not yet been laid. O, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets! You do not scold the corallines because they can not build an island in a day. Why should you scold yourself because you can not complete a temple of holiness for the heart in this short lifetime? You tell me we do not amount to much now, but try us after a thousand million ages of hallelujah. Let us hear the angels chant for a million centuries. Give us an eternity with God, and then see if we do not amount to something. More slowly and marvelously accumulative is the grace in the soul than anything I can think of. "No mention shall be made of coral."

Lord, help us to learn that which most of us are deficient in—patience. If Thou canst take, through the sea-anemones, millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or 50 years without complaint, without restlessness, without chafing of spirit? Patience with the erring; patience that we can not have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems slow fulfillment of Bible promises; patience with physical ailments; patience under delays of Providence. Grand, glorious, all-enduring, all-conquering patience! Patience like that which my lately ascended friend, Dr. Abel Stevens, describes when writing of one of Wesley's preachers, John Nelson, who, when a man had him put in prison by false charges, and being for a long time tormented by his enemy, said: "The Lord lifted up a standard when the enemy was coming on like a flood, else I should have wrung his neck to the ground and set my foot upon it." Patience like that of Pericles, the Athenian statesman, who, when a man pursued him to his own door, hurled at him epithets, and arriving there when it had become dark, sent his servant with a torch to light his enemy back to his home. Patience like that eulogized by the Spanish proverb when it says: "I have lost the rings, but here are the fingers still." Patience! The sweetest sugar for the sourest cup; the balance-wheel for all mental and moral machinery; the foot that treads into placidity stormiest lake; the bridle for otherwise rash tongues; the sublime silence that conquers the boisterous and blatant. Patience like that of the most illustrious example of all the ages—Jesus Christ; patient under betrayal; patient under the treatment of Pilate's oyer and terminer; patient under the expectoration of His assailants; patient under flagellation; patient under the charging spears of the Roman cavalry; patient unto death. Under all exasperations employ it. Whatever comes, stand it; hold on; wait; bear up.

Take my hand again, and we will go a little further into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is hot the coral is wealthy. Draw two isothermal lines at 60 degrees north and south of the equator, and you will find the favorite home of the coral. Go to the hottest part of the Pacific seas and you find the finest specimens of coral. Coral is a child of the fire. But more wonderfully do the heats and fires of trouble bring out the jewels of the Christian soul. These are not the stalwart men who are asleep on the shaded lawn, but those who are pounding amid the furnaces. I do not know of any other way of getting a thorough Christian character. I will show you a picture. Here are a father and a mother 30 or 35 years of age, their family around them. It is Sabbath morning. They have prayers. They hear the children's catechism. They have prayers every day of the week. They are in humble circumstances. But, after a while the wheel of fortune turns up, and the man gets his $20,000. Now he has prayers on the Sabbath and every day of the week, but he has dropped the catechism. The wheel of fortune turns up again, and he gets his $90,000. Now he has prayers on Sabbath morning alone. The wheel of fortune keeps turning up, and he has $200,000, and now he has prayers on Sabbath morning when he feels like it and there is no company. The wheel of fortune keeps on turning up, and he has his $500,000 and no prayers at all. Four-leaf clover in a pasture field is not so rare as family prayers in the houses of people who have more than $300,000. But now the wheel of fortune turns down, and the man loses $200,000 out of the $800,000. Now on Sabbath morning he is on a stepladder looking for a Bible under the old newspapers on the bookcase. He is going to have prayers. His affairs are more and more complicated, and after a while, crash goes his last dollar. Now he has prayers every morning, and he hears his grandchildren the catechism. Prosperity took him away from God; adversity drove him back to God. Hot climate to make the coral; hot and scalding trouble to make the jewels of grace in the soul. We all hate trouble, and yet it does a great deal for us. You have heard, perhaps, of that painter who wished to get an expression of great distress for his canvas, and who had his servant lash a man fast and put him to great torture, and then the artist caught the look on the victim's face and immediately transferred it to the canvas. Then he said to the servant, "More torture," and under more torture there was a more thorough expression of pain, and the artist said: "Stop there; wait till I catch that expression. There! Now I have it upon the canvas. Let loose the victim. I have a work that will last forever." "Oh," you say, "he was an inhuman painter." No doubt about it. Trouble is cruel and inhuman; but he is a great painter, and out of our tears and blood on his palette, he makes colors that never die. Oh, that it might be a picture of Christian fortitude, of shining hope!

On the day I was licensed to preach the Gospel an old Christian man took my hand and said: "My son, when you get in a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, send for me, and I will preach for you." Well, it was a great encouragement to be backed up by such a good old minister, and it was not long before I got into a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, and I sent for the old minister, and he came and preached, and it was the last sermon he ever preached. All the tears I cried at his funeral could not express my affection for that man, who was willing to help me out of a tight corner. Ah! my friends, that is what we all want—somebody to help us out of a tight corner. You are in one now. How do I know it? I am used to judging of human countenances, and I see beyond the smile and beyond the courageous look with which you hide your feelings from others. I know you are in a tight corner. What to do? Do as I did when I sent for old Dr. Scott. Do better than I did—send for the Lord God of Daniel, and of Joshua, and of every other man who got into a tight corner. "O," says some one, "why can not God develop me through prosperity instead of through adversity?" I will answer your question by asking another. Why does not God dye our northern and temperate seas with the coral? You say: "The water is not hot enough." There! In answering my question you have answered your own. Hot climate for richest specimens of coral; hot trouble for the jewels of the soul. The coral-fishers going out from Torre del Greco never brought ashore such fine specimens as are brought out of the scalding surges of misfortune. I look down into the tropical sea, and there is something that looks like blood, and I say: "Has there been a great battle down there?" Seaming blood scattered all up and down the reefs. It is the blood of the coral, and it makes me think of those who come out of great tribulation and have their robes washed white in the Blood of the Lamb. But these gems of earth are nothing to the gems of Heaven. "No mention shall be made of coral."

I take your hand again and walk a little farther on in this garden of the sea, and I notice the durability of the work of the coral. Montgomery speaks of it. He says: "Frail were their forms, ephemeral their lives, their masonry imperishable." Rhizopods are insects so small they are invisible, and yet they built the Appenines and they planted for their own monument the Cordilleras! It takes 187,000,000 of them to make one grain. Corals are changing the navigation of the sea, saying to the commerce of the world: "Take this channel;" "take that channel;" "avoid the other channel." Animalcules beating back the Atlantic and Pacific seas! If the insects of the ocean have built a reef a thousand miles long, who knows but that they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, and thus that by one stone bridge Europe shall be united with this continent on one side, and by another stone bridge Asia will be united with this continent on the other; and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel or the spread of a ship's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophecy: "There shall be no more sea."

But the durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for God. The coral is going to crumble in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer; unmercifully criticised by brother artists and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for 25 years, and forced, on his way to Vienna, to beg food and lodging at a very plain house by the roadside. In the evening the family opened a musical instrument and played and sang with great enthusiasm; and one of the numbers they rendered was so emotional that tears ran down their their cheeks while they sang and played. Beethoven, sitting in the room, too deaf to hear the singing, was curious to know what was the music that so overpowered them; and when they got through he reached up and took the folio in his had and found it was his own music—Beethoven's Symphony in A—and he cried out: "I wrote that!" The household sat and stood abashed to find that their poor-looking guest was the great composer. But he never left that house alive. A fever seized him that night, and no relief could be afforded, and in a few days he died. But just before expiring he took the hand of his nephew, who had been sent for and had arrived, saying: "After all, Hummel, I must have had some talent." Poor Beethoven! His work still lives, and in the twentieth century will be better appreciated than it was in the nineteenth; and as long as there is on earth an orchestra to play or an oratorio to sing, Bethoven's nine symphonies will be the enchantment of nations. But you are not a composer, and you say that there is nothing remarkable about you—only a mother trying to rear your family for usefulness and Heaven. Yet the song with which you sing your child to sleep will never cease its mission. You will grow old and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here, and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullabies of this century will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through eternity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet do you suppose the rhizopod said: "There is no need of my working; I can not build the Cordilleras." Do you suppose the madrepore said: "There is no need of my working; I can not build the Sandwich islands." Each one attended to his own business; and there are the Sandwich islands, and there are the Cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great enterprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world see its close. I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal coralline. I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. I pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the ocean's immortal gladness. Better be insignificant and useful than great and idle. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across the land and leave their skeletons through the strata, while the coral-lines went on bearing up the islands all covered with fruitage and verdure. Better be a coralline than a mastodon. So now I am trying to make one little coralline. The polyp picks out of the wave that smites it carbonate of lime, and with that builds up its own insectile masonry. So out of the wave of your tears I take the salt; out of the bruise I take the blue, and out of your bleeding heart I take the red, and out of them altogether I make this coral, which I pray may not be disowned in the day when God makes up His jewels.

Every minister feels that he is handicapped in his work in the vineyard by the outrageously poor singing of his choir.—Atchison Globe.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNAL.

How Mrs. Gill Helped the Wests on Their Feet Again.

To my mind this story has a correct and fitting title because all interested were poor. The Gills were living—that was all. Had they possessed the income of the Wests they would have felt independent, but the Wests were by far the worse off of the two families. Besides the Wests were six—four of them children. The Gills constituted Mr. and Mrs. Gill—that was all.

To go back in the history of the Wests for a moment. West was a first-class mechanic, a machinist. He was a faithful workman and for that reason always had employment even in the hardest times. Up to two years before this story begins things had gone well with the Wests. They had bought a lot and built a home, a little, one-story brick cottage. The payments had been met promptly and it had been paid for. Then West contracted the grip and before he was well enough to work again there was a $200 mortgage on the house. Worse than that, the doctor who had attended West during his illness had been free in prescribing whisky and when West got about he found a little nip rather agreeable after work was over.

Mrs. West was a pretty girl when West married her and a good housekeeper. She was neat and pretty still when West was taken down with the grip, but the worry of the illness and the sleepless nights and another baby soon after his recovery, ran her health down to quite an extent. Her interest in her house and the color from her cheeks disappeared. Besides, a year had passed and not one dollar of the mortgage had been paid. West promised to reform and did his best, but the best he could do was fail.

The man who kept the corner saloon learned that West would pay his debts and was susceptible to flattery, therefore he used to tell him what a clever fellow he was and permitted him to run

VISITED THE SALOON ON PAY NIGHTS.

in debt. When, on pay night, West stopped in to settle his score; he generally made a night of it and went home with perhaps a little silver.

I wish to emphasize the fact that the Gills had very little beside their health, which was fairly good. No matter what Gill did to maintain himself and wife—that has nothing to do with this annal. Some one told her the story of the Wests. She asked a few questions, got the Wests' address and went home resolved. At supper she informed Gill that she wanted him to enter into some charitable work.

"I would like to know what with," said Gill.

"With me."

"But you know, my dear, in these hard times—"

"It won't cost a cent, only, perhaps, a few car fares."

Well, Mrs. Gill called on the West family and got the story of West's fall. She cheered Mrs. West up, said she would see to it that West paid the grocery bill and then read Mrs. West a severe lecture on the condition of the house.

"I can't do it all, you must help," concluded Mrs. Gill. "I'll be over to-morrow. Have the house cleaned up, won't you?"

Mrs. West promised. Then Mrs. Gill went to the grocer and gave him a lecture on business.

"Why don't you make West pay that bill? Don't you know that he pays his saloon bills? Don't you know that there is a mortgage on his house and that it may be foreclosed and you lose your bill?"

The grocer became excited—he was a nervous little man.

"I'm going to try and straighten that family out," said Mrs. Gill, "and I want you to help me by making West pay that bill. Threaten to garnishee his wages. Walk into him—make him."

The grocer promised.

The next night after Mrs. Gill's call he came home and found the house looking bright and cheery. It staggered him, but it also reached his heart. The supper was quite the best his wife had ever set before him—so he said. The children, clean and healthy, made him feel proud of them. The wife smiled often and brought him an evening paper to read while she was doing the supper work. Then she came in and sat down beside him, and when he lay down his paper began to talk to him, not about his faults, but the happy days before they left England, when they were lovers. The hours slipped by and he did not speak of going out. At last, hours after the children had come and kissed him good-night—which was unusual—and had been put to bed, he said he believed it was bedtime. He looked up and saw tears in the wife's eyes back of their smile.

"What is it, lass?" he said, and she thanked him for staying home with her.

When Mrs. Gill called and heard how things were going she gave a few more orders and left.

West stayed in till pay night, then he fell, but he got home with most of his pay, and the next morning the grocer got five dollars on account. But the worst, according to Mrs. West, was to come—West would drink Sunday afternoon. Then Gill was pressed into the work.

Mrs. West had told her husband that Mr. and Mrs. Gill were going to call Sunday.

"I have no clothes fit to be seen in," said West.

"That will make no difference to them," declared Mrs. West, and he stayed till the Gills came.

Gill had his orders. Inside of five minutes he had West talking as if they had known him years. For hours they argued the matter of slide and rolling valves and other mysterious things concerning engines. Gill had read up before he came.

The afternoon wore away, and it was dark before the visitors left. Of course, toward the last Gill mentioned the fact that West had fine children, and a pleasant home. West made excuses about the matter of wardrobe for the family, and said he had been careless of late. In confidence he told Gill that the "missis," as he called his wife, had kind of let things run down, and he had been going out quite a bit.

"Too nice a family to neglect, West," said Gill, "fine children."

"Well," said West, "of late the missis has brushed up a bit, and I'm going to—"

Mrs. Gill kept Mrs. West's courage up, and the home brightened. West fought it out well. When he would begin to grow restless his wife would send word to the Gills, and the next evening they would drop in unexpectedly. The men would talk by the hour, and the women would sit near and feel hopeful. West confided to a certain extent in Gill, and told him how badly he wanted to go out sometimes, but how he fought it off. Gill, who was a bit of a student of human nature, would say: "You have a wonderful will-power, West. Why, do you know I would be surprised if you ever drank another drop." This would strengthen West's belief in himself, and bridge him over till the next call.

"It only took two months," said Mrs. Gill to me not long since, "and West was safe. The mortgage is paid off, and they are happy again; he never drinks a drop. I think we spent one dollar and five cents in car fare."—Paul Armstrong, in Union Signal.

ALCOHOL IN COOKING.

Thoughtlessness on Part of Housewives That Is Almost Criminal.

Shall we be required to answer for all sins of thoughtlessness? If so, a large number of Christian people will find a long score against them for tempting people who are trying to reform, or for creating an appetite for strong drink, by using alcoholic liquors in their cooking. Wine sauces, brandy puddings and cider-flavored mince pies have been the stumbling-block over which many a man, trying to reform, has fallen.

A young man who had been a hard drinker, and had been taken to his paternal home dead drunk many a time, decided to reform and make something of his life. He signed the pledge and fought bravely to keep it.

One day he said to a friend: "I do not think I can remain at home and keep my pledge."

His friend asked why, and he replied:

"I can make myself go past saloons, I can remain away from the club, but I must go to the dinner table at home, and there often I find wine sauces; and the very smell of them stirs up my old appetite so it seems as if I would go wild."

The mother was told of her son's trials, and replied, as so many other women have done: "O, it's all nonsense; a little wine or brandy in cooking can't hurt anyone; it's just an excuse."

The writer knows other men who have given up strong drink, who never dare taste of a mince pie or any kind of pudding away from home, for fear they might find some flavor of strong drink that would make it a hard fight for them to keep the pledge.

And yet women, when their attention is called to these facts, will say: "Men have no business to be so weak," and go on cooking with the recipes themselves, and recommend them to their neighbors, forgetting what the Bible says about making one of these little ones to offend.

If some voice or pen could only arouse these thoughtless women, and get them to banish wine, brandy and cider from their pantries, it would not only be a blessing to the men who are trying to reform, but would save many others from forming an appetite for strong drink at their mother's table.—Golden Censer.

IS VERY INJURIOUS.

A Respiratory Symptom Noticed in One Poisoned by Tobacco.

Dr. Morrow reports several cases of tobacco poisoning, in which a certain peculiarity of respiration was noticed. In each case reported the patient was an excessive user of the "weed," and all presented about the same symptoms. The patients would take a deep inspiration, and then there would be no further breathing for a considerable interval, when there would again be a deep breath, attended with a sigh. Chapman reports cases of a similar nature, where the breathing is described as irregular, consisting of several short, shallow respirations, followed by a deep and gasping one.

Experiments made upon rabbits which had been poisoned with tobacco gave results as follows: 1. Slowing of respiration. 2. Quickening to beyond the original rate. 3. Slowing again and shallowing. 4. A change in type, in which expiration became absolutely passive, and the breathing consisted of an infrequent deep respiration, gasping in character. Next the pneumogastric nerves were cut and the experiment repeated as before with practically the same results.

The poisoning seems to act principally on the respiratory center, paralyzing the expiratory division of it and rendering the whole center insensitive to afferent nervous impulses.

He concludes by stating that a fairly common symptom of tobacco poisoning is a deep, gasping inspiration, occurring at intervals and sometimes quite audible. This may be practically the only symptom complained of. It is probably due to the paralyzing action of the drug on the respiratory center, affecting especially the expiratory division, but also diminishing the irritability of the whole center to afferent impulses. This symptom may persist from a few days to some months after the poison is discontinued. — British Medical Journal.

LITTLE TEMPERANCE TALKS.

An acquired taste frequently results in an acquired headache.—N. Y. Journal.

The liquor traffic blocks the way of every honest reform.—National Temperance Advocate.

The best tonic and blood purifier is nature's own medicine—pure spring water.—Good Health.

When every teetotaler becomes an earnest Christian, and every professing Christian an aggressive teetotaler, the days of the liquor traffic will be numbered.—National Temperance Advocate.

It is reported that 50 per cent. of the young men of Switzerland who would otherwise be eligible for military service are rendered unfit for it, owing to the marked physical deterioration produced in them by excessive drinking.

A year ago not less than 43 total abstinence mayors were elected in England. Twenty of these were entertained recently by the lord mayor of London and gave their testimony to the benefits of total abstinence.—National Temperance Advocate.

By the increased flow of blood through the brain and by the contact of alcohol with the brain substances important changes are gradually brought about in the brain. The cells of the gray matter become fatty and shrunken, and as a result there is a shrinkage of the cerebrum. A proof of such change may be observed in the loss of mental power, the muscular trembling and shambling gait of the drunkard.—D. A. Robinson, M. D.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name."

We are Thy children; prone to go astray,
Wandering, self-willed, from the narrow way.
Help us to learn that only Heaven is home,
And present life prepares for life to come;
That love to Thee, fraternity with men,
Doing the good we would receive again,
Will help our common prayer to be the same.
Father—"our Father, Hallowed be Thy name!"

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in Heaven!"
"Thy will be done." Thy will is perfect peace.
That war and bloodshed should forever cease;
That innocence should take the place of crime,
Error be overcome by truth sublime;
That charity and kindness should succeed,
Rather than envy, selfishness and greed;
That all Thy creatures should unite as one,
In the petition: Let Thy will be done.

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Thy bounty feeds us, earth at Thy command,
Supplies our wants with ever liberal hand;
And we, Thy debtors, hopeless to retrieve,
Must ask to be forgiven, as we forgive.
Fearful the thought that pardon may depend
On that which to our debtors we extend;
Bankrupt are we, and crying in our need,
"Forgive our debts" and "Give us daily bread."

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Along our path many allurements rise,
Prompting to wrong in forms seductively;
Evil attends us still without, within,
Our good intents opposed by present sin.
Lead Thou us on; be Thou our guard and guide,
Through dangers that beset on every side,
Defenseless else; for none but the All-powerful,
Is able to "deliver us from evil."

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Thine is the kingdom;" over all supreme!
"Thine is the power!" Almighty is Thy name!
And "Thine the glory!" Heavenly hosts adore,
Veiling their faces as they bow before
The presence of Thy awful majesty;
Forever saying: "Glory be to Thee!"
Maker, Preserver, Ruler, hear us when
We join with reverence in the grand "Amen."

—J. H. Clayes, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

SACRED SILENCE.

It Is Helpful to Often Get Away from the Noisy World.

What a noisy world we are living in! For even the most retired it is impossible to get away from the clatter of machinery. The push and rush of the age is affecting us all. At no time have nervous diseases been so numerous as now, and those who are making it a study say that insanity is alarmingly on the increase. Is it not time to call a halt? Is not this incessant activity crowding out, to our great loss, the contemplative, meditative and reflective part of our nature and life?

The same activity is observable in religion. The church is a beehive compared with what it was a century ago. Societies of many names are found in every well-organized church. All is bustle and stir. It is the Martha age. To sit still like Mary at the Master's feet seems impossible. The two dispositions, however, suggest what ought to be found in every follower. The fully-sphered Christian life consists of halves, which fit each other and which ought never to be separated, the active and the meditative. "Let all the earth keep silence before Him," cries the prophet. What for? That they may hear the voice of God.

God is heard in the stillness. Ages ago God purposed to reveal Himself to Elijah. He was not in the tempest; He was not in the shock of the earthquake; He was not in the fire; but in the still, small voice. As in Eden He was known by the zephyr. The voice of conscience can best be heard, approving or disapproving, when the soul is silent.

The highest and best life alternates between great activity and silence. The Saviour left us His example. He frequently separated Himself from the crowds and sought a place of seclusion for meditation and communion with God. He withdrew into sacred, holy silence. Meditation is mental and spiritual digestion. By taking the truth and turning it over and over in our thoughts till our affections cling around it is to assimilate it and turn it into character. Activity is growth upward, meditation is growth downward; the one is the growth of trunk, limbs, leaves and fruit, the other is the growth of roots. Both are essential. The active and the contemplative cannot be separated. A separation of tree and roots means death to both; a complete separation of the active and the reflective in Christian life is equally fatal.

"Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."

—E. J. Blekkink, in Christian Work.

SPEAR POINTS.

Sharp and Pithy Sayings from the Columns of the Ram's Horn.

A lie, like a note, must be met at last.

The creed will not be wrong if the life is right.

If you wish to know a man's character learn his thoughts.

He who casts stones at others makes of himself a target for their return.

Reading should teach us how to seek for truth, meditation how to find it.

Whoever will do good will find life too short for the work he will find to do.

The development of the best within us is oftener due to our failures than to our successes.

He who always complains of the clouds, receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

Many a loud amen is nothing more than a brag by the man who makes it.

When the X rays are so perfected as to reveal a man's thought there will be a radical change in thinking.

Never hope to hold a neutral position towards an evil, that which you do not positively discourage you encourage.

It is the shadow on the dial that proves the sun is shining, so with our lives, affliction may show the presence of a Guiding Hand.

A Good Deed Done Is Capital.

He is well armed who goes into any of the conflicts of this life having in his hand the token of a good deed already done, a proof of former victory. Boys and girls who hope to achieve victories in the years to come will do well to remember that their future successes depend largely upon their present successes in the smaller places of responsibility that they hold now. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."—United Presbyterian.

Character.

Man decides the question of character. If God had made it impossible to sin, there could have been no character. Man at his best would have been a machine. Neither virtue nor heroism would have been possible.—Dr. J. R. Weir-wood.

GOOD COURAGE.

Needed to Cope with Difficulties and Discouragements.

Every Christian worker needs to have the secret of good courage. Courage is not more necessary to the soldier that fights his country's battles, than to the soldier of Christ who wages warfare against the evil of the world. The need of it is constant and urgent. To lose it is to lose power to overcome. Without it Joshua would have been but poorly equipped for the great task thrust upon him, after the death of Moses. No doubt he was dismayed when he saw what was expected of him. He was to lead Israel into the Promised Land. They had been rescued from slavery in Egypt, brought to the borders of Canaan, and were ready to enter upon the inheritance promised to Abraham and his seed.

But Moses, that prophet whom the Lord knew face to face, whose equal was not to arise in Israel, was dead, and Joshua was no such man of might, or leader of men, or prophet of the Lord, or prodigy of personal power. The greatest distinction he had was as the minister of Moses. He knew how uncertain was the loyalty of the people; he had seen them rebel again and again under Moses. It seemed that a man of great courage, wisdom and power was needed to show them how to enter in and take possession. He distrusted his own capacity and fitness, as well he might.

He would not have been able to cope with the difficulties and discouragements before him if God had not promised to be with him. Go over with the people, said the infallible Divine Leader, every place your feet shall touch I will give you, obey faithfully the law given by Moses, be of good courage, no man shall be able to stand before you, I will be with you, I will not fail you or forsake you, and you shall have good success.

Joshua went forth, not in the pride of his own power, but in the strength of the Lord, counting on His continual presence and guidance, and confident that He could and would redeem all His promises, deliver from all distresses, and establish His church on sure and lasting foundations and in aggressive power.

The instructions to the disciples were not unlike those given to Joshua. Bereaved of their great Head, they were to lead men out of the bonds of slavery to Satan, which Christ had broken forever, into the spiritual Canaan. Like Joshua, they felt their weakness and insufficiency; and like him, they were compelled to rest in the promise of the abiding presence of the Spirit of God. They were to be of good courage, because He was to be their Guide and Strength and Wisdom. Like Joshua, their first act was one of obedience. They prepared to go over in faith in the Divine promise.

The wisdom of men is indeed foolishness, but the wisdom of God is an everlasting and invincible power. The foundations of the Christian church were not laid by human hand, but by the Son of God; and the Divine equipment of the builders upon it was given directly, in complete fulfillment of promise, on the Day of Pentecost. Much unpromising material had the Apostles out of which to mold a holy nation. If the plan had been their own it would surely have come to nought, as have the human plans which the heathen world accepted at that time. To the eye of human wisdom it had no future. Its founder, claiming to have power over death, failed ignominiously to save his own life. His disciples were but ordinary men; they were not at one among themselves; some of them had even deserted the Master in His hour of need; what they preached was foolishness to the Jews and a stumbling block to the Greeks. Where was the hope of success?

There is but one answer. Christ set it forth as God's plan, and God, in the event, justified His Son's statement. He declared that it should withstand all assaults, overcome all opposition; the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Its history is a signal verification of the Divine promise. There have been rebellions and mutinies, idolatries and wickedness, with perversions and corruptions of the Gospel; but the church has triumphantly survived them all. What is the secret of it?

This: No plan or system is of any avail without God. The Gospel would be a mockery, stripped of the Divine life. With His Spirit to justify, regenerate, sanctify, the Gospel is life and power and purity and peace and honor and glory; and, thus endued, from above are Joshuas and Johns and Peters and Pauls, able to go over and possess. That is the secret of good courage.—N. Y. Independent.

OUR DUTY TO OURSELVES.

Indiscriminate Unselfishness, Though Genuine, May Be Mischievous.

A popular conception of duty to one's self is that it involves getting all which one can and keeping all which one gets. This, of course, is selfishness unadulterated. On the other hand, there are those who insist that utter disregard of self is the only proper rule of life. The truth lies between these two extremes. Of the two the latter often is claimed to be in accord with Christian teaching, and certainly is safer, nobler and more promotive of personal and general welfare than its opposite. But it must be understood with some qualification.

Sheer selfishness, strongly although it makes its appeal, always is ignoble and evil. There is no need of arguing to prove its indefensibility. When, then, is its opposite, entire unselfishness, susceptible of doing harm? When it tends to defeat its own purpose, we may answer. Parental self-denial for the sake of promoting the good of children is as honorable and creditable as it is beautiful in itself. But in many an instance it causes the children who are its objects to become indolent, selfish and inefficient. Everything being done for them at whatever cost of parental effort, they learn to depend more and more upon others instead of themselves, and usually grow increasingly grasping and blind to the sacrifices which are made in their behalf.

Unselfishness, which is thus indiscriminate may be genuine, yet it is mischievous. That alone is commendable unselfishness which studies the highest good of its objects. The obligation to illustrate it is not the only one resting upon us. We also are bound to consider ourselves in some degree. As individuals we have inalienable rights, to claim which is quite consistent with our duty to others. We may not always yield our judgment to that of others. We may not always regulate our conduct by the convictions of others, still less by their prejudices or whims. We may do them lasting harm by failing to resist the domineering spirit which prompts them to insist that we deny ourselves, or by neglecting the opportunity to show them in one practice that their opinions are mistaken. The weak brethren, whose weakness often proves a source of strength to them, frequently receive too much deference. The apostle's injunction must be interpreted in connection with his other teachings and his example and not solely by itself.—Congregationalist.

DUCK RAISING.

Points of Information Concerning a Profitable and Growing Industry.

A correspondent of The National Stockman gives the following valuable information concerning duck raising:

"Few people are aware of the magnitude of the duck trade in the cities, which has grown within the last ten years from a very limited demand to one of vast proportions. For years 'spring lamb' was the crowning dish on every well regulated table, and choice chops went up to a price almost fabulous. But it seems that this kingly dish is to be pushed aside for the tempting, savory duckling. A single duck farm on the Atlantic coast furnishes over 20,000 ducks annually for the New York market, aside from an immense sale of stock and eggs to breeders, and this is only one of many of these mammoth concerns. The supply which has grown so enormously each year is met with an increasing demand at prices which give a better return to the producer than any other class of fowls.

"They seem to be absolutely healthy and hardy—free from cholera, gapes, roup, vermin, frosted feet and many other ills which are so common among other fowls. They are of quick growth, and as egg producers they are without equal among fowls, to say nothing of them as feather producers. I raise Pekins exclusively. While they are not quite as large as some other breeds I prefer them on account of their domestic habits, white plumage and superiority as a table fowl, both in fineness of texture and flavor of flesh.

"In the selection of Pekins for breeding purposes choose those having lengthy bills of a deep orange color, large head and neck, with good length of body and

A MODEL PEKIN DRAKE.

the densest of plumage of a rich creamy white. Short, pale yellow bills or bills streaked with black, small head and neck and both short and oval, short body finishing too abruptly, and open, fluffy plumage with wry wings or tails or wings excessively large are serious objections. Any fowl showing any of these objectionable points would be debarred from entering my breeding flock, and a duck that lays green eggs is unworthy of a place among Pekins.

"For water a running brook is the most desirable, but they can be raised successfully when watered artificially. Where water is carried to them a basin can be dug out of convenient size and lined with broken stone or loose gravel pounded down firmly and cemented. This can be used for a plunge bath and washed out and renewed as often as necessary, and water for drinking purposes can be kept in a fountain or slatted trough.

"We have the best success with ducks during the laying season by allowing them to roam at will over the farm during the day and putting in a lot at night, turning them out in the morning after they have laid, as they always lay early in the morning. Our earliest broods are set under chicken hens. We keep about 20 turkey hens and sell their eggs, and after the laying season we use all the spare ones as incubators to hatch ducks. Turkeys are good, reliable 'sitters' and the most watchful of mothers—always on the alert for hawks.

"Eggs for hatching should be kept in a room of even temperature and turned every other day until they are set, and ducks should not be allowed to lay in the water, as the eggs may chill and fail to hatch. I prefer to set the eggs of all water fowls on the ground in a nest almost bare, as I think the moisture taken from the ground aids in securing a good hatch. The mother duck in a natural way makes her nest on the bare ground, and she makes a daily trip to water and often returns to the nest dripping wet, and that alone should teach us that duck eggs will bear a great deal of moisture. Young ducks are ready for market by the time they are full feathered, say from 7 to 10 weeks old. Last year we were offered 12½ cents a pound at 10 weeks old by hucksters at home, and old ducks sold for 5 cents at the lowest all fall and winter, and then there are never any culls on account of age.

"They can be picked every six weeks except from January on through the early laying season, giving good returns in the choicest of feathers. Again let me say, if you wish something hardy and profitable keep a flock of ducks."

One Variety Enough.

From what little experience the writer has had on the practical side alone, to say nothing about the fancy part, which is a much harder task, is enough to convince anybody that it is more than one man can do to successfully breed and care for many varieties.

When I first obtained the Brown Leghorns, I soon found that the food I fed the Light Brahmas was not the right kind at all. So I had to have two different messes in order to get the best results, and I find I don't know it all yet, after two years' experience. The Leghorns want a warmer house than the Brahmas, as a frosted comb stops all laying during winter, and they want to roost in the skies, while the Brahmas would just as soon have mother earth for a roost, but for all that I don't think the Leghorns will get to heaven first.—Emory E. Banks in Poultry Advocate.

He Forgot Himself.

Customer—I want some stockings for my little girl.

Shopwalker—Yes, madam. What size—infants or—

Customer—This is my little girl.

Shopwalker—Oh, Jerusalem!—Ally Sloper.

Day and Night.

"Gib us dis day ouah daily bread."
This prayah good Brudder White.
"We bread to eat, I'll git de meat
Myse'f most eby night!"

—Washington Star.

FRUIT HOUSE HOLIDAY PRICES

For Christmas, 1897.

The holidays will soon be with us as in former years. We have anticipated the wants of our customers, and in consequence have laid in a large supply of Christmas and New Year goods. The times have affected the prices of a great many goods, and holiday goods are about the same as last season. But groceries are some cheaper, especially Rio Coffee, which is four cents lower. The very best Golden Rio now selling at 15c lb. Fair Rio [illegible]

Not much change in Sugars. Granulated 5½c lb. Coffee A., 5c lb.

Our holiday goods consist of imported Toys, Drums, Dolls, and German Albums, all the latest styles, at 50c, 75c and $1.00 each. Extra nice at $1.25 each. Rich Bohemian Vases, high color and all styles, at 20c, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.25 each. Smoking Sets, pretty styles to suit the most fastidious, 50c, 75c and extra fine $1.00. Small toys for the little ones in an endless variety, such as Firemen, Hook and Ladder, Express Wagons, Divers, Locomotives, Trains of Cars, Horses, Cups and Saucers, Tea, Coffee and Dinner Sets, Jumping Jacks, Birds, Lions, Wolves, Tigers, Cats, Elephants, Guns, Swords, and many other pretty toys for the little ones. Also Christmas Trees and Christmas Tree Candles. Trees we sell at 15c, 25c, 40c and 75c for extra large ones. Christmas tree candles are very cheap this year, cheaper than they have ever been before. This year we will sell them at [illegible] per box, all sizes. Last year the price was [illegible] per box.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

The toy candies and all varieties, such as animals and fruits, we are selling at 15c per pound. Pure Stick Candy, 8c lb. Pure French Mix Candy, 7c lb. French Bon Bons at 15c and 18c lb. French Chocolates 15c, Very Best, 25c lb. Cinnamon Imperials and Jelly Beans 10c lb. Kisses 1[illegible] lb. Gum Drops, 6c lb.

We have a large assortment and please all who favor us with a call.

COFFEES DOWN.

The Best Rio in Market, 15c lb.	Good Rio 10c lb.
The Best Roasted Rio in Market, 15c lb.	Old Government Java, Green, 25c lb.
Old Government Java, Roasted, 30c lb.	Best Mocha, Green, 25c lb.
Best Roasted Mocha, 30c lb.	

SUGARS.

Best Granulated, 5½c lb.	Choice Yellow Extra, 4½c lb.
Standard A, 5c lb.	Choice Yellow Extra, 3½c lb.
Cut Loaf and Powdered, 5½c lb.	

TEAS.

There is little change in Teas [illegible]. They are some higher, but not enough to change our quotations. Our immense trade in Teas keeps up for the simple reason we are bound to hold our reputation for selling all goods at the lowest possible price.

We purchase direct from the importers and sell direct to our customers, thereby saving them the price of the middle man, which is at least 10c to 20c lb.

Good Young Hyson, 25c lb.	[illegible] good 30c
Very best Young Hyson, 35c lb.	Gunpowder, good, 30c, best, 50c
Japan Tea, 25c and best 50c lb.	Best Imperial and English Breakfast, 50c lb.
Tea Dust, 1 lb package, 15c	Oolong Black, best, 50c lb.

SYRUPS AND MOLASSES.

Best Golden Drips, 35c gallon. Good New Orleans, 35c gallon. Extra Nice, [illegible] gallon. Rich Yellow Sorghum, [illegible] gallon. Maple Syrup, best Vermont, [illegible] gallon.

OILS ALL KINDS.

Harness Oil, 50c gallon. Neatsfoot Oil, 75c. Boiled and Raw Linseed Oils, [illegible] gallon. Fish Oil, [illegible]. Castor and Lard Oil, 70c gallon.

CALIFORNIA DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS.

California Peaches, fine, 10c lb.	California Peaches, 3 lb cans, 15c can
California Prunes, good, 5c lb.	California Apricots, 15c can.
California Apricots, 10c lb.	California Green Gages, 15c can
California Prunes, best, 10c lb.	California Egg Plums, 15c can

FOR CHRISTMAS CAKE.

Leghorn Citron, per lb, 12½c	Shelled Almonds, per lb, 25c
Zante Currants, per lb, 5c	Seedless Raisins, per lb, 12½c
Layer Raisins, per lb, 10c	Orange and Lemon Peel, per lb, 15c lb.
Soft Shelled Almonds, per quart, 10c	Brazil Nuts, per quart, 10c
West Filberts, per quart, 10c	English Walnuts, per quart, 10c
Mixed Nuts, per quart, 10c	Texas Pecans, per quart, 10c

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Artistic Cigars, 65c box,	Home Made Cigars, $1.00 to $1.50 box.
Boys' Delight, [illegible] box	Royal [illegible] box
Pearl Beauty, 75c box	Flor D'Amelia, [illegible] box.
Battle Ax Plug, 25c lb.	Horse Shoe, plug, [illegible] lb
J. T. Plug, 35c lb.	Briar Pipe, 25c lb.
Bay Car Fine Cut, 35c lb.	Extra Choice Fine Cut, 40c lb.
Durham Smoking, [illegible] lb.	Sweet Sumpheron, [illegible] lb.
Mail Pouch, 35c lb.	

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL USE ONLY.

Sweet Catawba, 70c gallon	Kummell, $1.00 gallon
Port and Sherry, [illegible] gallon	Scotch Ale, imported, 25c bottle
California Muscatel, 90c gallon	Wines, all kinds, bottled, 25c
California Angelica, 90c gallon	Gin, per gallon, $1.75
Whiskies, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00	

CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, LINOLEUM, CHINESE & JAPANESE MATTING, LACE CURTAINS & PORTIERES

The whole country round is searched for these goods, and a most excellent assortment we have. Our Fall and Winter supplies are now laid in at extremely low prices.

We are selling a most elegant Rag Carpet at 20c per yard, equal to last year's 25c. Some [illegible] Carpet, 15c. Best All Wool Ingrains, 50c yard. Choice Brussels, latest styles and patterns, 45c yard. Best Moquette, $1.00 yd. Tapestries, 55c and 70c yard. Good quality Carpet, 25c yard. Ruggs in many styles and patterns from 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 up to $5.00 each. Floor Oil Cloths, one yard wide, 20 and 25c yard. Yard and half, two yards and two and half yards.

Window Shades, fine ones, 10c each. Other grades 25 and 50 each. All above goods are in stock, and we desire you to call and see them, even if you do not purchase. We can save you at least [illegible] on the dollar.

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE

Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

A BLACK LION'S SKIN.

A NEW YEAR'S SUPERSTITION IN ALGIERS IN EPISODE FORM.

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The best shooting in Algiers may be had about New Year's, and if the start be early in January, armed with a permits to chase—a legal permit to hunt—a good guide and an Arab stallion in can buy partridge, snipe and woodcock galore and in certain districts enjoy a crack at a panther, perhaps a lion.

There is more of a feeling of good humor throughout the "Tell," between the coast range and the sea, but the crown of it is to be found in the province of Constantine, not far from the great desert and among the foothills of the Aures mountains. In this province resides a mixed race of people, with the blood of ancient Byzantines, Roman and Vandals in their veins and beneath the most stalwart men and the hand-iest women in all Africa, perhaps in the world.

While even the Bedouins, those fleet sons of the desert, have been subdued by the French and are now governed by codes appointed by the conquerors, the north African Vandals have maintained their freedom and their ancient village rights. Among them even now falconry, that nice sport of the middle ages, is pursued with vigor, though only the high caste chiefs are allowed to indulge in it.

SHE WOUND HER HAIR, ROUND ARMS SHOWN MY BLOOD.

Coming down from Constantine, that famous city of the early Christian bishops of Africa, toured as all Americans, dropped off at Guelma, once the stamping ground of General the Lion Kleber. Hardly 40 years have elapsed since this intrepid Frenchman, Cecile Jules Basile Gerard, an officer of the Algerian army of occupation, slew, single handed, scores of lions in this very district.

The king of beasts even now occasionally ranges the hills and ravages the herds and flocks of this section. He is even just often enough to give a spice of adventure to the pursuit of smaller game and to send a nervous chill up and down one's spine when he hears an unusual rumpus in the woods. And this brings me around to my story.

We had put in a good day's shooting and were gathered at the little inn, half cafe and half lodgeh, comparing notes and awaiting impatiently the coming of our dinner. The proprietor of this "Hotel de Paris" had once lived in New Orleans and was more than delighted to entertain his erstwhile countrymen who had come to shoot for them the final no longer to spell and where he had spent the days of his rollicking youth, and so he served us with the best he had.

It was with the consciousness that we had in prospective a dinner which could not be duplicated between Guelma and Paris and with a most bountiful supply of credo material to reserve that we took for the commander of the irregular spahis stationed at this point. And that he appreciated fully the courtesy and the dinner we discovered long before the cloth was removed and the cigars and coffee brought in. How could he serve us more acceptably, he asked. Why, we answered, by telling us a story, of course, some tale of adventure, of skirmish with Bedouins, moonlight meetings with African Hors or something of that sort. We had often heard that the life of a spahis commander was full of adventure and treated his had been no exception.

"No, messieurs," he replied thoughtfully, even sadly, "I have not been spared adventure. 'Tis true I have interrupted many a raiding have disturbed upon some few lions. Indeed I have met the lion of Guelma."

After this brief statement, made in a low tone, as if communing with himself, the captain of the spahis leaned his head upon one hand and remained for a space lost in reverie. We then noticed, showing through the close cropped hair of his head, a long, scalloped scar, which seemed to glow with the intensity of his emotions, and at sight of it we all clutched at the idea that in some manner this reminder of a terrible wound was connected with our friend's experience with the lions.

None of us, however, dared ask the question that might elicit a solution of the mystery, lest we had hope, though this criterion of many years was by nature discreet and reticent, yet our wines were the very best to be had in Algiers, and we did not spare any efforts to have him drink them. Under ordinary circumstances you couldn't have drawn a story out of him with a corkscrew, but this New Year's dinner was not an ordinary occasion, and the champagne that followed the first portion of woodcock on toast was the most the Widow Cliquot cellar sent out from her cave.

"Long live the widow!" we all cried, elated with fervor, which awoke our captain from his reverie, and he joined in, "Oui, vive la veuve!" We pledged his glass anew, and he began his tale of adventure:

"It was about 10 years ago. I was then newly appointed to this post, and, being a young man, full of fire and nerve, my blood was boiling over with a desire to fight and also, perhaps, with a desire of another sort, not less common, being young and ardent and there is no other damsels here than the fair Vandalees, it fell out that one of them captured my heart, or at least my fascination.

"She was (you have seen her) very, and know it to be beautiful in a wild, fantastic way; a handsome, spirited woman and the name of her beauty was widespread throughout the region from Bona to Tunis. Why she favored me was clear to me then (some 10 years ago), men were not blind at that time, and besides she had I may say, all my money in some of the richest stocks and bonds of her people. Still, she accepted my love not in the most affectionate fashion, and the greater portion of my pay was spent in purchases for her. Horses, gowns and golden ornaments the wonder of her tribe are so inordinately fond of.

"I was steady in her bath, her mind without, even day or, since I rode hard the most honored I thought I loved her. Perhaps I did love her. Truly my passion was strong, and for the sake of keeping her love and to have peace with I had bought three duels with sword and spear before I had reigned three months in her hold. My last opponent, a fine young Arab, I mortally wounded, though I had not so intended. For his chief was the boy, and he was so rash and headstrong I had to meet him on the point of my lance. He fell from his horse, and as I bent over to raise him he gasped out: "Thank, sir! I am the last. The real favorite of Fatima is Abdul Said. He has sworn to kill you! Beware of him!" He in the blood poured from his mouth and he died.

"I did not mind fighting with Abdul Said, whom I knew by sight, but he was a slippery rascal, who always avoided an open encounter, and I soon became aware that he was awaiting a good opportunity for stabbing me in the back. Time came to stood at the opening of the winter of 1892. The height of the hunting season was near, and on Christmas week I prepared to have a fancy in the fields. My mistress also evinced no preparations without comment, but when finally, just as I was hurly to be off, I asked her what I should bring back from the hunt worthy of her acceptance she blushed and up and showed a genuine interest in the affair.

"There is one thing I desire of all things on earth," she said, speaking slowly and scoldily, "but it is something you dare not attempt."

"Dare not!" I yelled, with a show of indignation. "Have I ever shown fear of danger since you knew me? But why 'dare' not? What is there to fear?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and had an inscrutable smile, and turning away her head so that I could not look into her eyes she said, "I know—you have proved to me—but you fear not man. But what I desire is guarded by one whom all men fear."

"Name it!" I cried. "You shall have it, though fiends and devils guarded it, my beloved!"

She wound her lame, round arms about my neck and whispered in my ear. "Bring me, then, the skin of the black lion of Guelma."

Behind that ridge, my friends—you can see it without leaving your seats—is a broad plateau known as the Lions' Pleasure ground. Thence roamed the kings of the plain and the forest, and conspicuous of them all was the great black lion of Guelma. I had often heard of him. His fame was widespread, for he had killed more than a score of Arabs within the twelvemonth past.

LASSO HIM BY LIFT IS FRONT OF HIS

There was something in her manner that piqued me, but before I unwound her arms from about my neck I pressed a fervent kiss upon her lips and then said: "Very well. You shall have what you desire. Two days hence at this hour I shall bring it to you."

She remained silent, but looked at me incredulously, and this vexed me so that I stands away without another word. Within the hour I was on my across the plain with two trusty spahis attendant and mounted upon a white Arabian noted for his fleetness.

It was a moonlit night, but cloudy. Along about 2 in the morning one of my men, who was watching, stretched on the slope of a rock his long gun pointed toward the forest beyond, thought he saw a great form creeping through the underbrush and heard soft though heavy footsteps. He drew back and crept to the spot where I was sleeping, my head on my saddle, and touched me with the butt of his gun. I was awake and erect in an instant.

"Master," he whispered, "the lion—he comes!"

Hearing nothing, I was about to chide him for his fears when the air was rent by a roar that shook the earth as though all the thunderclaps of heaven had united in one grand outburst. Yes, the very earth trembled, and I am afraid I did also, but I reached for my carbine—which was a repeater of very large bore—girded my saber about me, loosened my revolvers in my belt and crept toward the rock behind which my spahi had been crouching.

The man followed me trembligly and unwillingly, poor fellow, but his companion I sickly ran the other way. I had nearly reached the rock when, suddenly leaping out of the gloom beyond, came the form of the least we were seeking and landed directly in front of me. Raising his enormous head, he emitted a roar that seemed to split the sky.

I was for the moment transfixed, but my spahi began to crawl back on the trail. I quickly recovered myself, however, and for the life of me, though I knew my life was at stake, I could not resist taking a shot at the terrible beast towering above me there, his mane in the air. To tell the truth, there was nothing else to do, as running away would be as dangerous as lying still, for the lion can overtake at running anything but the swiftest stallion.

So I pointed the muzzle of my carbine straight at his breast and drove a bullet into him. The effect was startlingly instantaneous, for almost without designed to crunch for the spahi the lion reached himself directly upon the air. As he passed over me I spot another bullet into his belly, but he kept on and landed flat upon my spahi, crushing him to the ground. The poor wretch cried out in smothered tones for help, and I had not the heart to run away and leave him there without an attempt at rescue. So I crept forward, intending to press the carbine against the lion's heart and kill him on the spot. I reached his side and thrust out the weapon, but as I fired the muzzle had touched out a gore and sweep it across my head, tearing the scalp away and leaving a flap of it hanging over my forehead.

I was blinded by the streaming blood and became unconscious before I could drag my man from his prostrate position. When I regained my senses, it was to find the surviving spahi by my side and the forest illuminated by the morning sun. The lion, he told me, though probably wounded unto death, had dragged himself away into the woods, whither he had not dared to follow him.

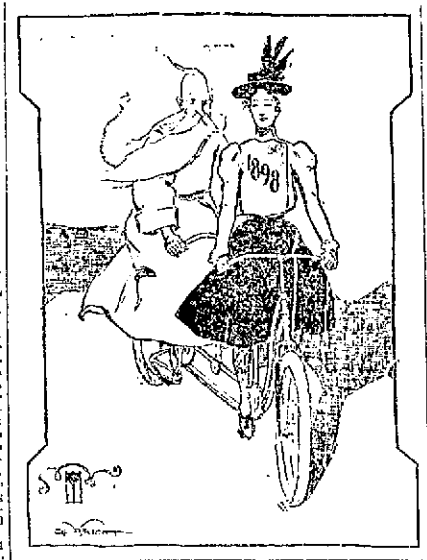
After he had placed my wounds in my turban and managed to stop the flow of blood I found I was able to ride, and we started upon our return. We had not gone far when we found the lion had lain down within the forest verge, both dead, the man mutilated to point all recognition. Following my directions, my spahi stripped the lion of his skin and placed it across the horse which had borne our dead comrade to the fatal spot. I sent a detachment to bury the soldier later, but hastened with my trophy to the fort, where my wound was seen dressed, and the skin became the center of a wondering throng at very gaudy full Arab.

The French commander laid his face in his hands. When he looked up, there was in his eyes an expression of tears. The crescentic scar was crimson.

"No," he replied to our eager, questioning looks. "Fatima did not get the skin of the black lion of Guelma."

"Why did she not get them? Oh, she had eloped with Abdul Said!"

A Bit shaker.



Fred—What made the sun do you suppose my father means by sending me a copy of Pollock's "Course of Time?"

Jack—Mean, old boy? Why, it must be a reminder for you to settle then. He can't expect us fellows to pay before.

PARDONED.

A NEW TRAIN'S STORY FROM THE FRENCH BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

Every one in the large block of workmen's dwellings in the Rue des Lombes, where Tony Rebreck had occupied a room for six months, believed him to be a widower, though it was not supposed he had been one very long, since his little 4 y., hardly 4 years old, with whom he lived alone, was always as well dressed as if he were cared for by a mother. However, neither father nor son were crazy on the last score.

Early every morning Tony Rebreck, who worked as a compositor in a printing establishment in the Latin quarter, would be out with his little son, who was often so tired that he fell asleep upon his shoulder ere they reached the school in the neighborhood where Adrian was left for the day.

In the evening, when his day's work was finished, Tony would call for Adrian and then go shopping, leading the little fellow by the hand. The purchases were very for their size, usually consisted of Tony's basket to his lodging, and he would be seen no more till the next day.

Tony Rebreck was not yet 30 and still a good looking man.

Every Sunday father and son, clad as new suits, used to take a walk. They had been out at the museums and the zoological gardens, and they had gone on a also before dinner time in a little cafe in the neighborhood, where Tony allowed himself his single sidearch of the week—a glass of absinth, which he sipped, while Adrian, sitting beside him on the settee, would look at the pictures in the paper.

"No," the compositor used to say sentimentally to the neighbors, "the widower will not marry again. The other Sunday we met in a path in the Montparnasse cemetery. It is doubtless there that his wife is buried. It was painful to see him with his orphan on his knee. He must have adored his dead wife. He is inconsolable."

Alas, yes. Tony Rebreck had dearly loved his wife and was inconsolable at having lost her, for he was not a widower. His was a sad and simple history.

Tony lost his heart to a little artificial flower maker of 19, good looking, but very frivolous, thinking of nothing but how to dress smartly on very little. Tony had some savings with which to start housekeeping comfortably, and he married his Clementine.

For a time all went well. Long they loved one another! They had fun for one on the fifth floor in the Boulevard Port Royal, with a small balcony, from which there was a view of all Paris.

They were so comfortable at home that they rarely went out. A nice bed, offset in the summer time, with the window open upon the town and the clear blue sky, and then, while Tony was lingering over his coffee and smoking a cigarette, Clementine would water the flowers in the boxes on the balcony, often being surprised by Tony with a kiss.

After a time they were blessed with a little one, but it lived only a year, dying at its nurse's at Malgnany. They were consoled, however, by the birth of Adrian, whom Clementine brought up herself, quitting the workroom in order to do this and taking in work at home. She earned only half as much as previously, but still she dressed as well and gayly as ever, playing the lady as far as possible when she went for a walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg with Adrian in his little wicker perambulator.

Gradually this costly finery was the means of holding them into embarrassment, and it was in vain that Tony worked like four men, on day and night shifts as well, to prevent their getting seriously into debt. The growing child was sent out to a day nursery, and the mother, often unoccupied at home, got into a state of mind and dangerously idle habits.

One evening Tony, carrying his son, whom he had brought from the day nursery on his way home from his work, found upon the mantelpiece a letter, from which, when he opened it, fell Clementine's wedding ring. In the few lines she bade him and Adrian adieu and brought their pension.

Tony was crushed by the blow. He felt more pain than anger at his loss and wept bitterly.

Clementine had fled in the first days of May, just as the odor of the lilacs was abroad.

Often Adrian asked: "Where is mother? Will she come again soon?" And Tony could only like the little one and say, "I do not know."

When the term Tony had taken the apartment for was at an end, in July, he sold the greater part of his goods to pay the debts and went to live in the Rue des Lombes, getting work for many as he could from the old associations.

He heard no more of Clementine till New Year's eve.

On this day for several years he had had the habit of going with his wife to place a modest wreath on the tomb of little Felix, their firstborn. For the first time Tony had only his little Adrian to accompany him. Entering the gate of the cemetery under a dull winter sky, his thoughts more than ever reverted to his absent wife. "Where is she now?" thought he. "What has become of her?"

Tony had some trouble to find the little tomb, and on arriving before it he started, surprised, for there upon the stone lay three or four new toys, such as would be given to children—a trumpet, a pouch, a dog and a whistle.

"Ah! Toys!" cried Adrian joyously, while his father hastily read the writing in a hand he knew so well on a small piece of paper pinned to one of them. "For Adrian, from his brother Felix." Then he felt his son press against him and heard him murmur in a frightened tone, "Mother!" And some spare away, kneeling by a group of cypresses, he saw a woman, poorly dressed, with pale sunken eyes, who held out toward him her clasped and supplicating hands. Quivering in pity at the forlorn and miserable condition of the woman behind so fondly loved, he gently pushed his little son toward her, saying, "Adrian, go and kiss your mother."

Clementine seized her child in a wild embrace, kissed him twice, then rose and turned toward her husband with an imploring look.

"How good you are!" she murmured. "But he was already near her and embraced in a dry and almost harsh manner.

"Don't speak. Give me your arm."

It was not far from the cemetery to the Rue des Lombes, which they quickly reached. Tony felt Clementine's arm tremble upon his. The child walked near them, his hand filled with his toys.

The concierge was standing at the door of Tony's lodgings.

"Monsieur," said he, "this is my wife, who has been in the country for some time, and who has now returned."

Mounting the staircase, he had almost to carry the unhappy Clementine, who was bursting with sobs and nearly fainting with emotion and joy.

Arrived in his poor chamber, Tony made his wife sit down on the only armchair, placed his son in her arms and then opened a drawer and took from it a small cardboard box. Drawing from it Clementine's wedding ring, he put it upon her finger, and without a better word for the past silently, gravely, with the tacit generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her upon the forehead, that she might be sure that he had pardoned her.

Perfectly Oblivious.

"Sammy Snaggs," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction?'"

"Noun," replied Sammy.

"What gender?"

"Masculine gender."

"Indeed!"

"Yes'm. If it was feminine, it would be 'malediction.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

THE OLDEST AND MOST WELCOME OF ALL HOLIDAYS.

The Philosophy of Good Resolutions—Present Giving—New Year's Calls—A Better Wish Than "A Happy New Year," A Touch of Sympathy.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

New Year's day is the oldest holiday that we know anything about. It has been celebrated by the Jews, the Egyptians, the Chinese and the ancient Romans in different ways, of course, but it has always been more or less a festal occasion. The day, commemorating what was supposed to be the first day of the year, has varied as to date, Christmas day, the Annunciation (March 25), Easter day and March 1 having been observed at different times. It was not until after the middle of the fourteenth century that Jan. 1 was universally accepted as the opening of the year. The celebration of New Year's has been observed by all religions from time immemorial, long antedating history. As a holiday it is thought to be at least 6,000 to 10,000 years old. What first gave rise to it is beyond knowledge, but it is conjectured that it had its origin in superstition connected with the sense of newness, which has appealed to the mind in all ages as emblematic of hope, expectancy and cheerfulness.

The custom, so common in this country, of making good resolutions on New Year's day, only to break them later, is by no means peculiar to Americans. It is characteristic of the average weakness of mankind. All of us prefer to do what we want to rather than what we ought, and we compromise with our consciences by declaring that we will reform at the beginning of the year, though we usually have no reason to believe that we shall. So it the mere declaration were a kind of virtue. Many men resolve to do better, to be better, regularly at the recurrence of every Jan. 1, nor do they appear to be in the least discouraged that they have remained after a few weeks to their old ways, to their objectionable habits. They still keep up the assumption of reforming, insisting that a promise to the resolves is more likely to be kept if made on New Year's, notwithstanding their continuous disproof of the likelihood. This is sheer superstition, as are the ill luck of Friday and the propitiousness of Sunday. Jan. 1 is doubtless associated with a deal of superstition, even in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which is for women in no effect than any amount of pleasant wishing.

Fifty years ago it was the general custom in the United States, particularly in the west and south, to give presents (the old name for them is handsels) at New Year's to kindred, friends and even ordinary acquaintances. The custom had come down from ancient times and is still preserved in many parts of the old world, but in the west it has grown obsolete, because present making is so in carried in excess and has become a serious tax. Its discontinuance is to be commended. All present making should be voluntary, not in any manner binding, as it is apt to be if regulated by fixed dates. Christmas is an exception, but to give presents again the week following is excessive, wearisome, often burdensome. It wholly spoils the spirit of what should be a pleasant surprise, a delicate attention, an unexpected courtesy.

In no quarter of the globe is so much made of New Year's as in China. There its observation occupies several days, sometimes a whole week. It is the most popular and noisy of festivals, surpassing that of the Dragon Boats, the Feast of Lanterns, the Fishermen or any other public parade and national rejoicing. The people are very fond of shows and processions, and on that special occasion they carry thousands of lanterns, have fireworks, explode crackers, play all sorts of pranks and games in the narrow streets, beat gongs, shout and sing in their high, shrill voices until they make of every middle town a perfect pandemonium. They are ordinarily so respectful and quiet, the orientals generally, that New Year's impresses foreigners as if the entire population had suddenly and irredeemably gone mad.

New Year's calls by men on their women friends continue to be made in most of our cities, though they almost entirely and suddenly ceased in the metropolis some 12 years ago. They will not probably be revived in this generation at least. They originated there, so far as this country is concerned, at the time of the Dutch settlement of the town, and yet New York was the first city to relinquish them. Old Knickerbockers were not, as many suppose, the first to introduce the social custom, imposing it from Holland. It has been in existence for hundreds and hundreds of years and in lands that we consider uncivilized.

The smart set of New York, who first frowned down New Year's visits, refusing to receive on that day, now emphasize their opposition by closing their town houses and going to their country seats for a week or two. This has become the fashion.

Although most of us feel when we are wished "a happy New Year" that it sounds a bit satirical we know that it is polite, even if it means nothing. And then as we wish those who wish it to us exactly the same thing we are conscious of having discharged a courtesy. Even if we know we were to be miserable we should relish kind wishes, or fond as we are of deceiving ourselves. Self deceit is what the most of us live on. Wouldn't it be better for us instead of wishing our friends "a happy New Year" to wish them "a happier New Year than the old one has been?" That we might easily have, and as happiness in any third sense does not come to the human family it would seem sincere, less like an empty phrase and would convey a touch of sympathy.

PAUL R. CLEVELAND.

He Was There.

Suitblim—I thought you were going to see the old year out at Chubberly's last night. I was there at 12, but didn't see anything of you.

Jingle—You didn't go far enough, old man. You should have looked under the table.

Good Cheer and Forgiveness.

Aside from the chants and carols of religious character there was nothing that appealed more strongly to our "inalienable rights" than songs in praise of wine and the vine. They knew little of the blue perhaps, but of the power of strong drink they were not ignorant. The word temperance as an modern signification did not exist, and so they stood about the festal board at New Year's, forgiving their enemies and swearing renewed allegiance to their friends, they lifted the foaming beakers and sang in strong, lusty voices:

Wassail, wassail, out of the mouth
Our best is waiting; our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maple tree,
We be good fellows all—I drink to thee.

HE SENDS IT FREE.

A Never Failing Remedy That Makes a Man Young Again.

True Manhood Quickly Replaces the Worn Out Nerves and Vigor.

When a man's strength and vigor is slowly wasting away from nervous weakness, the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mental suffering day or night. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of nervous debility, sunbeams, lame back, and the various other troubles of sexual weakness, until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all of his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that completely restored his general health and enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man, young or old, who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have free full particulars of this wonderful home treatment which quickly restored me to my full strength and vigor of youth. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

There are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth although they cost nothing to get are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, 170 Masonic Temple, Kalamazoo, Mich., and the information will be mailed in a plain, sealed envelope.

Watering Stock In Winter.

While farm animals do not require as much water in winter as in summer, yet what they do need they need just as badly at one time as at another. Stock should not only have all the Water they want, but have it when they want it.

It is not good economy to compel stock of any kind to drink ice cold water. The animal heat must come from the food, and chilling the blood with ice water increases the cost of maintaining animal heat.

Usually water drawn fresh from a well is several degrees warmer than that in ponds, tanks or even running streams. It will pay to take a little trouble to pump or draw up the water from the well and let them drink while it is warm and fresh. This is especially necessary for the milk cows.

All stock should have water twice every day at least. Of course it would be still better if water could be kept where the animals can help themselves at any time, but on most farms this cannot be done without exposing the stock on some days at least to needless cold and storms.

It is true that sheep and hogs can live several days without water, yet they will thrive better and keep healthier if given a supply every day. When the most is to be made out of them at the lowest cost, watering regularly daily is an important item. If the weather will permit, it is best to let the stock out and allow them plenty of time to drink all they want, taking care that it is pure, fresh and not too cold.—St. Louis Republic.

Young Ewes.

This year my ewe lambs are bred to ram from April to July. It is a matter of age and development. I am speaking of Southdown sheep, although the same things are true of Shropshires, as I know by experience. Now, briefly, the advantage of this early breeding is that it develops the maternal instinct and character in the ewe, while ewes who left virgin another year also would perhaps develop a mutton character, a tendency to fat and self appropriation of food nutrients that would mean for the lamb. It is not always think the best lambs are of great value. I do not keep them for breeders, but fatten and sell as early as I can.

Make no mistake by stinting the young another in amount of grain food after she has weaned her lamb. It could to be sick and in nutritional amounts. I use this mixture: Cut meal, 100 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; oil meal, 50 pounds. Then all the best hay that she wants, and no fear but that she will raise the lambs and grow herself at the same time. However, I suggest weaning the lambs early to give her a good chance to recuperate, after suckling them. Do not underfeed ewes as a plan of giving the giving of large rations of rich food to the ewe before she has become gradually accustomed to eating it. The second breeding of the young ewe should be done earlier, so as to have the lamb drop not later than May.—Cor. National Stockman.

HORSE'S HOOF.

From Birth to Death It Requires Faithful Attention.

From the birth to the death of the horse, says a fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, the hoof requires attention. If it is to be kept in a healthy condition. It is injurious the hoof is shod that the feet are generally neglected, and the animals suffer accordingly, because they are young and immature, and the bones and other tissues are soft and could be easily distorted to suit the conditions under which they are kept. The feet of foals and growing horses should therefore have attention given to them, since neglect at that period often leads the seat of continuous trouble. The hoofs should be kept clean by being "picked out" as often as possible to prevent any dirt or hard substance being forced to the sources of the feet. They should be examined from time to time (say every six or eight weeks) to detect any defects of shape that might be taking place. If the feet are not growing level and symmetrical, they should be rendered so by paring away the horn which is not naturally worn down. If that is neglected, the animal will soon have the toe joint bending over toward the outside. On no pretense whatever should the front of the wall be interfered with, for the glazed coating of its surface protects the horn beneath it. It should therefore be left untouched.

It would be as well to disabuse people's minds of a very popular fallacy—viz, that wet, soft ground and even manure yards are the best places to keep young horses, and some would even have the frogs and soles pared thin to allow the manure to penetrate more easily. No greater mistake is made than that, for the preservation of the hoof depends to a great extent upon the soil the animal was reared on. The best footed horses are bred on dry soils, and that is unknowingly the kind of ground best adapted to the healthy growth of horn.

Young horses require plenty of exercise, and unless they are allowed it the growth of the horn, etc., is sure to be defective. Then the question rises, When caught a horse to be first shod? The answer is, when the world required of the animal wears the horn away faster than it is formed or grows, or, in other words, so long as the horn of the foot can stand the wear required, it will not need protecting (shoeing). Moreover, if the young horses are not shod so early they will not be worked so hard, and fewer would be ruined in their youth, as is too often the case at the present time.

Stock Hogs In Winter.

Inexperienced swine breeders make the mistake of either keeping their breeding hogs too fat or too thin during the winter. It requires a keen eye and good judgment guided by careful observation or long experience to tell when breeding stock is in just the right condition. If too fat, the sows will have weak pigs, and as they will if kept too thin, and besides not have enough milk to nourish them. An excessive corn diet leads toward fatness of the dam and a poor development of bone and muscle of the pigs. Corn is an unbalanced ration, and a long feeding of it makes the system feverish. Corn fed brood sows often eat their pigs, because their system craves different food.

The aim should be to maintain the breeding stock in a healthy growing condition and with just enough corn to keep them warm and make them good and strong at farrowing time. Oats make an ideal ration and may be fed without grinding. Wheat or any of its improducts is good. A little linseed meal does not come amiss. Rye is also an excellent feed, but to stay of corn and give only a few ears a day. Roots are probably the cheapest food that can be fed and one of the best. They keep the bowels in order and the system in good working shape. Turnips, beets, apples, potatoes or carrots may all be fed whole, and the hogs will eat them greedily. If you have silage, feed freely of it. There is nothing better. A ration of clover hay two or three times a week is valuable.

In addition to sensible feeding give a warm bed in a dry, tight pen and a yard or field for plenty of exercise. When handled in this way, the pigs can be carried cheaply through the winter and the sows will come to farrowing in the best possible condition and drop strong, healthy pigs ready to grow from the start.—National Stockman.

Live Stock Points.

We have heard of a race horse named Dress Coats. A man who would give a horse such a name is that ought to be pursued and kicked every night by enraged nightmares.

A good horse feed is a mixture of ground corn and oats fed with molasses and water to the hay. It is a muscle making food and easily digested.

At recent sales in Kentucky horses of blood and training have brought excellent prices. There will be henceforth good market for all horses that are worth the name, but they must be of a much higher order than those offered for sale half a dozen years ago. The north horse in America must go, is going rapidly. Every man cannot raise a race horse or fast trotter, but every man can raise a large, fine carriage horse or a first class saddler or noble, gentle draft horses of size and beauty. The man who puts any or all these on the market will not go to the poorhouse. If they can be broken and trained at home, so much the better if the training is perfect.

The prize carload of fat steers at the Chicago show were Aberdeen-Angusses and sold for $6 a hundredweight.

The national congress of stockholders will be held in 1898 in St. Paul. It will commence Jan. 27 and end Jan. 22. The promoters of this worthy association are hoping for a gathering of stockmen from all parts of the country. Mr. David McGinnis, St. Paul, is executive manager.

A Pertinent Query.

Miss Elderly—How can I cure my habit of constantly thinking?

Miss Pert—Did you ever try soap and water?—New York Journal.

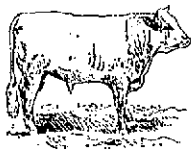
LIVE STOCK

SHORTHORNS.

Illustrations of Favorite Stock on Both Sides of the Atlantic.

Perhaps one of the most unaccountable fads in connection with pure bred cattle was the Shorthorn color craze, which began over 20 years ago and found its gratification in breeding all white animals of this breed. Nothing but dark red or dark roan Shorthorns would do, and if they could be bred all red so much the better.

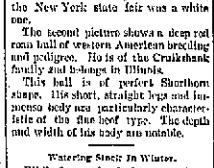
The craze never invaded England to any great extent. It was an American



LIGHT COLORED SHORTHORN.

fad, and British breeders continued to rear Shorthorns dark red and light roan, brindled and white. If a bull or heifer was large and well formed and of the proper type, that animal took the prize, though it had not a hair other than white upon it. This season the prize Shorthorn sire at the royal agricultural show was almost white, a little roan being about his legs and the lower part of the body. The illustration represents him and his color. His ears were red.

The champion bull at the royal show at Dublin was pure white. It is a sign of return to common sense on the part of American breeders that the champion



RED SHORTHORN.

Shorthorn heifer the present season at the New York state fair was a white one.

The second picture shows a deep red roan bull of western American breeding and pedigree. He is of the Cruikshank family and belongs in Illinois.

This bull is of perfect Shorthorn shape. His short, straight legs and immense body are particularly characteristic of the fine beef type. The depth and width of his body are notable.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R. R.

FORT WAYNE, CINCINNATI

—AND—

LOUISVILLE E. H.

(Natural Gas Route.)

NORTHERN OHIO R'Y

WILL SELL FOR THE

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS,

Excursion Tickets between all Stations on its own and connecting Lines, at the very low rate of

One and One-Third

FARE FOR THE

ROUND TRIP.

Tickets will be sold on December 24, 25 and 31, 1897, and January 1, 1898, limited going to date of sale, and good returning up to and including January 4, 1898.

For tickets, rates, time and general information, call on any ticket agent of the above route, or address

C. F. DALY,
General Passenger Agent.

GEO. L. BRADBURY,
Vice-President and General Mgr.

Indianapolis, Ind.

YOUNG WOMEN desiring to make their home at the new

Y. W. C. A. Rooms,

49 and 51 W. Berry Street,

should apply at once. Miss Johnson has charge of the rooms to be rented and may be seen after 5 o'clock at the association house West Berry Street.

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time

AS FOLLOWS:

Daily. | Daily except Sunday.

Fort Wayne to Toledo.

	ARRIVE	LEAVE
Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station, Fort Wayne, Indiana.		
East Bound.		West Bound.
*2 00 a.m.		*3 55 a.m.
*10 00 a.m.		
*11 00 a.m.	*3 10 a.m.	*3 10 a.m.
*3 10 p.m.	11 30 a.m.	11 30 a.m.
*7 00 p.m.	*7 00 p.m.	*7 00 p.m.
*8 35 p.m. Toledo, Chicago	*8 30 p.m.	
12 15 a.m. Toledo, Chicago	*4 25 a.m.	
*2 00 a.m. Toledo, Chicago	*2 05 a.m.	

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R.R.

In effect Nov. 28th, 1897.

NORTH BOUND.

*For Grand Rapids and north	7 40 a.m.
	3 05 p.m.
	2 35 p.m.
*From Richmond arrives	10 35 a.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

*For Richmond and Cincinnati	12 45 a.m.
	4 45 a.m.
	12 30 p.m.
*From Grand Rapids arrives	3 15 p.m.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILROAD.

Trains from Fort Wayne as follows, Effective Nov. 11, 1897.

GOING EAST

No.		DEPART.
18.	N. Y. & Boston Lim., daily	3 23 a.m.
20.	Toledo Local Express, except Sunday	7 45 a.m.
22.	N. Y. & B. Exp. Sleeper, daily	12 01 noon.
24.	Toledo Local Express, except Sunday	11 50 p.m.
26.	Detroit & Ft. Wayne Express	7 10 p.m.
28.	Decatur Accom. arrives on Sunday	8 15 p.m.

GOING WEST

No.		DEPART.
17.	Decatur Accom., except Sunday	8 31 a.m.
19.	Pacific Ex., ex. Sunday	2 02 a.m.
21.	Kansas City Express, daily	12 15 noon.
23.	Chicago Express, daily	12 50 noon.
25.	St. Louis Vestibule Lim., daily	4 15 p.m.
	Pullman Sleepers to St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Chicago.	

Phone No. 7. H. HODGES,
Passenger and Ticket Agent, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NICKEL PLATE

Tailored Colored Posters Street Stat and personal claim day coaches on through trains, mailing comprehensively clean cars, restaurants, Pullman Sleepers, Dining Cars.

EXPRESS TRAINS EAST.

	DEPART
Boston Express, ex. Sunday	3 18
Fulton Express, daily	3 32
N. Y. & B. Exp., daily	4 32
Mail, ex. Sunday	12 55

EXPRESS TRAINS WEST.

	DEPART
Western Express, daily	11 05
Night Express, daily	11 45
Chicago Express, ex. Sunday	2 10
Local Freight	7 00
Fast Freight, ex. Sunday	2 00

Daily except Sunday. Daily except S. M. Daily except Saturday.

Through Sleeping Room Sleeping Cars on Nos. 2, 4 and 6 to Chicago, Lake Bluffs, New York and Boston; on Nos. 1, 3 and 5 to Chicago.

Meals are served on Dining Cars, Boston to Buffalo, Buffalo to Chicago.

Tickets and Information at Nickel Plate Ticket Office, 1 Jackson Place, Indianapolis.

L. S. & W. TIME TABLE.

EASTERN.

	DEPART
No. 18 leaves (except Sunday)	7 10 a.m.
No. 14 daily	2 00 p.m.
No. 10 Local Freight	7 00 a.m.

WESTERN.

	DEPART
No. 9 leaves daily	11 40 a.m.
No. 13 daily except Sunday	10 25 p.m.
No. 15 Local Freight	10 30 p.m.

J. M. DAILY, Agent.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Way

Globe

GREAT CLEARING SALE

OF

Holiday Novelties.

For ten days only we offer the remainder of entire line of holiday stock of

Smoking Jackets, Silk Suspenders, Initial Handkerchiefs, Umbrella and Cane Sets, Holiday Neckwear.

And all other Holiday lines at

1-3 OFF.

We still can show a very choice lot of these lines, so do not fail to take advantage of our liberal offer. Sale positively closes Jan. 8th.

The Largest and Most Complete Men's, Boys' and Children's Outfitters In Fort Wayne.

GLOBE M. Hurst & Co.

Broncho Bill—(of Skull Gulch, Arizona) I jest busted th' tip off my cue, pard, but I guess I kin make this draw-shot without it.

AS USUAL.

Bildad—There'll be prosperity in most lines of trade this winter, but not all.

Buzzfuzz—That's so; I expect there'll be great falling off in the toboggan business.

First Tramp—Say, Woggin's yer don't look well, what's de matter?
Second Tramp—I slept in a hoss radish bed last night, an' I has a colt in my throat.

HIS EXPLANATION.

Miss Comely—Did you turn over a new leaf to-day, Mr. DeTanque?
Mr. DeTanque—Yes I did, but I was so nervous this morning that I blotted it.

ABOLISHED

Is the Office of Road Foreman on the Nickel Plate.

Mr. Work Appointed Round House Foreman at Stony Island—Local Gossip.

The office of travelling engineer of the Nickel Plate has been abolished and A. S. Work, who up to last night filled that position, has been appointed round house foreman at Stony Island. He assumed the duties of his new office this morning. Thus will Fort Wayne lose two most estimable citizens, for Mr. and Mrs. Work will have to reside in Stony Island.

Mr. Work has been with the Nickel Plate people ever since the line was built. He ran an engine which hauled one of the construction trains on the eastern division and later was the engineer on an accommodation train running between Cleveland and Conneaut. In 1882 he was appointed to the office from which he has just retired. Mr. Work is very popular with all his acquaintances and particularly with the Nickel Plate employes, to whom he is best known.

A NEW TIME CARD.

The Pennsylvania company will put a new time card into effect tomorrow. The chief changes are in the Crestline accommodation, which will leave this city at 9:30 a. m., instead of 6 a. m.; the arrival of the same at 8:45 p. m., instead of 5:45, and the departure of No. 30, westbound, at 12:15 p. m., instead of 12:55 p. m.

EASTBOUND SHIPMENTS.

Chicago, Jan. 1.—Eastbound freight shipments for the week ending December 31, amounted to 89,101 tons, against 76,245 for the week previous and 65,390 last year, divided among the different roads as follows: Fort Wayne, 16,761 tons; Michigan Central, 4,322; Wabash, 1,621; Lake Shore, 12,512; Panhandle, 14,857; Baltimore and Ohio, 7,324; Grand Trunk, 7,960; Nickel Plate, 9,217; Erie, 1,922; Big Four, 2,590.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Ferd Urbans, of Indianapolis, will be his brother's guest until Monday.

Nickel Plate Conductor Andy Anderson is off duty on account of sickness.

Robert John, the Nickel Plate engineer, is enjoying a visit with Chicago friends.

M. R. Hardendorf, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is the guest of his parents at Rome City.

Jacob Haldermau, the travelling passenger agent of the Wabash, went to Muncie this morning.

C. H. Meek, chief operator at the Nickel Plate yard office, is spending New Year day with friends at Pierceton.

Merch Baldwin, a Nickel Plate dispatcher, who was hurt a week ago, has recovered and yesterday resumed his duties.

John Hughes, and operator who was working in the Nickel Plate dispatchers' office a few days, has returned to his old place in Q office.

Brakemen Cramer, Cavanaugh, Bitner and Baridon have resumed their train duties on the Nickel Plate, after an absence for various reasons.

J. C. Collins and family, who had been the guests of Road Foreman A. H. Polhamus, of the Pittsburg, returned to their home in Valparaiso this morning.

Nickel Plate engine 96 is in service again, after going through a course of repairs at Stony Island. Engineer Ed. Wolf and Fireman F. Longsworth compose the crew.

Trainmaster C. E. Wells, of the Wabash, was in the city this morning.

W. A. S. Parry, clerk at the Wabash freight house, received a baby daughter as a New Year's gift.

The snowstorm which prevailed in eastern Ohio and Pennsylvania yesterday caused more or less delay in the running of trains. No. 5 on the Nickel Plate was over an hour late in reaching this city last night.

The men in the local freight service of the Pittsburg, and all the engines thus employed, are today out on the road hauling through freight trains. The traffic boom is still on, with no indications of any immediate abatement.

The Nickel Plate is now in the midst of a boom in freight traffic, such as it has not enjoyed for nearly a year. All the engines on this part of the line are constantly in service and the engine and train crews can scarcely find time to eat and sleep.

Notice was posted in the Union Pacific shops at Omaha, notifying all hands that after Monday next the full time of eight hours per day would be restored. About two weeks ago the time was cut to seven hours a day. The order affects more than 1,000 mechanics of all kinds.

Lon Evans and Miss Daisie Kenny were married last evening at No. 78 Howell street, Rev. Davies officiating. Mr. Evans is a locomotive fireman and is employed on the Nickel Plate. His bride is the daughter of highly respected people residing in South Whitley. The bride and groom will board for a week or two, when they will fit up quarters and go to housekeeping. Both are jolly, social people and a large circle of friends wish them a "long and happy married life."

CATS AND DOGS.

Many of Them Incinerated at the City Crematory.

Six Thousand Loads of Garbage Consumed the Past Year—Report of Superintendent Gocke.

The report of Superintendent Gocke, of the city crematory has been compiled. It shows that during the year 6,000 loads of garbage were consumed. The following animals were cremated: Dogs, 251; cats, 167; horses, 15. Collected by city wagons, about 4,581 tons and by other wagons, 581 tons.

Tomorrow, before the meeting of the International Brotherhood league the subject "Women's Work," will be discussed. The rooms of the league are at 33 Calhoun street, Vordermark hall and are open to the public.

Dr. Davis' Anti-Headache Cures where all others fail. All druggists.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

HYPNOTIZING HER FATHER.

Charley Thought It Would Be Easy After Experimenting on Others.

Charley Horton is one of the best young men in this city, but it is barely possible that there may be found here and there somebody who knows more than he does—or did.

A few weeks ago when Charley was visiting Dollie Bidwell—these, by the way, are fictitious names—he and she got to discussing hypnotism. Dolly loves Charley very much, but she loves a joke, too, and when he proposed to hypnotize her she not only consented, but pretended to immediately fall under the force of his spell.

In fact, she was as passive as a little kitten even when he took a long, sweet kiss from her, and she meekly went through a lot of ridiculous performances at his command, finally coming out of the spell with a jerking of her pretty head and a blinking of her eyes when he snapped his fingers and said, "All right!"

Dollie told her sister Mildred of the joke, and when the latter's beau came, a few evenings later, Charley had to hypnotize the three of them. They all proved to be good subjects, and he had a mountain of fun. Then when he and Dollie were alone again she unfolded a noble plan to him.

"Why not," she said, "hypnotize papa when you go to ask him for me? You've been putting it off and putting it off from week to week because you were afraid he might get angry, but if we are to get married he ought to be told at once.

"Go up to him, cast your spell over him, or at least partly hypnotize him, and then the rest will be easy. What do you think?"

"It's a capital scheme," said Charley. "I'll do it tomorrow. By George, what a lucky thing it is that I have this wonderful power!"

So the next day young Mr. Horton walked into Mr. Bidwell's office, sat down opposite the old gentleman and began gazing at him steadily.

Anthony Bidwell gazed back, wondering whether the young man had been rendered speechless or what was the matter with him, and was about to say something, when Charley raised his hands, pointed his fingers at the father of the girl he loved and then made several passes in rapid succession.

Mr. Bidwell arose, grasped the back of his chair, with an inward determination to sell his life dearly if the worst came, and then began slowly backing out of the office, with Charley following, making passes and gazing at him with an intensity that was almost frightful.

Finally Mr. Bidwell reached the door, grabbed the knob and slammed it shut after him as he jumped into the hall. Then he hung on, bracing himself against the wall, and began yelling for help.

The porter, the elevator boy and several tenants of the building ran to his assistance, but before they could decide upon a plan of action Dollie, who had desired to see the fun, appeared upon the scene and asked what was the matter.

Her father knew she loved Charley Horton, and he looked at her pityingly for a moment before telling her the awful truth.

Then she laughed a merry laugh, whispered something in the old gentleman's ear, and he relinquished his hold upon the doorknob, at the same time telling those who had gone to his assistance that it was all right.

Just what happened after Dollie and her father got inside she refused to tell, but she and Charley went away happy half an hour later, and he has decided to do no more hypnotizing.—Cleveland Leader.

One Sided Dueling.

Colombey, in his history of dueling, tells an anecdote of a certain noted duelist of his time. One day this man, Mr. B., was at Desenne's shooting gallery watching the pistol practice.

There was one man who was shooting very well, and Desenne was threatened with the loss of all his glass balls and swinging dolls. Every shot was greeted by the spectators with exclamations of admiration. B. looked on for awhile, and finally in a calm voice made the remark:

"He could not do as well on the field."

The object of the slighting remark turned around, and in a loud and angry tone cried:

"Who are you to say that? Would you like to test the truth of your remark?"

"Willingly," replied the unrecognized duelist, as he led the way out to a secluded place.

After taking up their respective positions they drew lots, and it fell to B. to shoot last. He waited in silence for his adversary's shot. The man fired—and missed. B. lowered his pistol.

"What did I tell you?" he said, with a smile. Then putting his pistol in his pocket he walked away whistling.—Youth's Companion.

The Probable Reason.

"I wonder why people so like to wear squeaky shoes to church," said the nervous boarder.

"Perhaps," said Asbury Peppers, "they desire to call the pastor's attention to their soles."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

HOMEMADE OBJECTS.

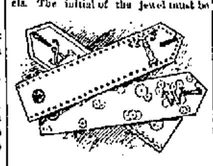
NOVEL NAPKIN RINGS AND EFFECTIVE SCRAP BASKETS.

Rings Made of Linen and Embroidered With Jeweled Initials Are the Latest Thing In Needlework—A New Idea In Scrap Baskets From Paris.

Something new in napkin rings has recently been devised by a clever woman. These rings have been illustrated and described in the New York Herald as follows:

The napkin rings under consideration are made of two thicknesses of medium or rather heavy weight round thread bleached grass linen. They are cut with one pointed and one square end, close to the required size, with a button and buttonhole, and have a small design of an initial jewel, or initial flower letter, or bird, or a tiny spray embroidered on the outside toward the pointed end.

Jeweled initial letters are much in favor. They are outlined in gold color or royal blue, and then set with jewels. The initial of the jewel must be



DESIGNS IN LINEN NAPKIN RINGS.

the same if possible as the letter in which it is set. R, for instance, calls for rubies, S for sapphires, A for amethyst, B for beryl or bloodstone, T for turquoise or green tourmaline, and so on. Flower letters are worked on the same principle. R calls for roses, F for forgetmenot, W for (sweet) William, wallflower, wild rose, wistaria, etc.

A very pretty variety can be obtained in this manner for half a dozen rings. The linen is cut into strips about 2¼ inches wide and 8 inches long, which allows of one-quarter inch turnings all round. A true half square point is made at one end of each eight inch strip before the rings are made up. The embroidery is also done on the upper piece before putting together, and the design is placed near, but not too close to the pointed end, so that when buttoned the design will be uppermost.

The embroidered piece is then sewed to a plain piece for a lining, turned through the square end, smoothed, pulled in shape, the square end blind stitched up and a tiny trail of brier stitch of French dots carried all round the ring to keep the edges in shape. A buttonhole is worked in the point and the ring completed by a button at the other end.

If buttons with shanks are used, the shanks can be sewed in place, or an eyelet hole made at the square end of the linen and the shank put through and secured by a ring or small tape tie on the under side. This plan admits of easy removal for the laundry, and as no two buttons need be alike is a good way of using up odd buttons too handsome to throw away.

There is no end to the pretty odds and ends and knickknacks that a woman of taste can employ in adding to the comfort, convenience and ornamentation of her house. Even if not instinctively ingenious, suggestions are always to be had in plenty, and all she needs is a set of nimble fingers and the materials to work with. A second instance of a pretty bit of work to which the spare moments may be devoted is suggested by the authority already quoted. It is a new idea from the French capital, a scrap basket, which, properly made, will be an ornament to the daintiest boudoir.

The design is as simple as it is effective. Select a frame of fine wicker work. Then give it a light coat of white varnish, so that it will seem almost like openwork Chinese ivory. The basket is then encircled with a band of cream satin, embroidered with the blossoms of the thistle. If you prefer, the flowers

THISTLE BLOSSOM SCRAP BASKET.

may be painted. Nothing is more decorative in its character than this plant, with its barbed leaves and its needle armed petals. It produces a very striking effect on the white satin background.

This is only one of many decorations for which the thistle may be employed. The feminine mind will readily accept the idea as a most suggestive hint.

How to Make Egg Gems.

Egg gems are an acceptable way of using up very small pieces of cooked meat or poultry one may have at hand. Chop the meat finely and add to it half its quantity of stale bread crumbs. Season well with butter, salt and pepper and make the mixture slightly moist with sweet milk. Butter shallow gem cups and fill them three-quarters full with this mixture, and then carefully break an egg upon the top of each one. Sprinkle the eggs lightly with salt and pepper, some fine cracker dust and a few bits of butter and bake them from eight to ten minutes in a hot oven and serve at once.

STYLISH HAIRDRESSING.

Present Fashions In Coiffures and Fashions to Come—Evening Headdress.

It is whispered abroad that in the immediate future the hair is to be again worn down in the neck, but at the moment there is no sign of such revealed. Every one wears her hair on the top of her head, waving it slightly at the sides,

FASHIONABLE HEADDRESS.

turning it back from the forehead and decorating it during the evening with whatever jewels fortune has bestowed upon her or with whatever flowers, feathers or bows its want may have rendered possible to her.

The most attractive decoration for the hair is a diamond ornament of broad inclination and glittering surface, and failing the real article, of course, we can all fall back upon the imitation jewelry, for happily we live in the times when the setting of the imitation stone is studied with so much care that the least valuable becomes charming to the eye of the beholder.

Jewels, however, are not alone as hair ornaments. There is much predilection in favor of a twisted band of jet or velvet fastened at one side with a single ostrich feather. Then the old turban would seem to have returned to us in a fold of gauze tied into a knot at one side, with an ostrich tip nodding over the top. Parisians are all wearing Louis XVI bows either of jet or of velvet ribbon in black colors, wired and shaped and bearing in the center knot an osprey of white or black. These bows may also be found in cut steel, and the luxurious will no doubt soon realize their charms in diamonds.

An evening coiffure fashionable at the present moment may be thus briefly described: The hair is frizzed in front, slightly waved at the sides and carelessly coiled up at the back under a jeweled comb. On the top of the head rests a soft roll, secured with another jeweled comb and an aigret.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that the same authorities who predict that the hair is to be worn down in the neck also predict that next spring the popular hat will be low in the front and trimmed high at the back, after the fashion of the directoire period.

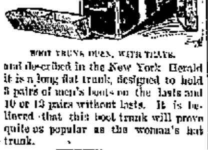
New Way to Make Marble Cake.

A new and simple way of making a good looking marble cake is to make a silver cake mixture, using all whites and no nutmeg. Divide this into two equal parts. Let one part remain plain, placing it in the cake tin, which you are supposed to have ready papered, and level it. The other part divide into three equal parts. Color one part pink, another yellow, another brown with chocolate. Place these three colored parts into three separate paper cones, fold them up and cut the ends off to leave an opening a little over a quarter of an inch in diameter. Take one of the cones, push the end into the mixture in the tin and force out the contents of the cone, moving it about so as to traverse the whole area of the plain part. When this cone is used, take another and use it in like manner, also the other and last one. The cake is now ready to bake.

When you cut this cake, says The Baker's Helper, you will find that this method gives a very superior cake, as the different colors worked in in the manner described give a better effect as to marble appearance than can be obtained by the old plan of dropping in the different colors.

A Novelty In Trunks.

Another new trunk has just come out. This time it is for the convenience of men and is a boot trunk. As illustrated



BOOT TRUNK OPEN, WITH TRAYS.

and described in the New York Herald it is a long flat trunk, designed to hold 8 pairs of men's boots on the lasts and 10 or 12 pairs without lasts. It is believed that this boot trunk will prove quite as popular as the woman's hat trunk.

Old Time Oyster Fricassee.

To make an old fashioned oyster fricassee put the liquor from a pint of oysters in a small granite pan with a heaping tablespoonful of cracker dust and set it over the fire. Place the oysters in another pan with 2 ounces of butter. Cover the pan and let the oysters cook over a slow heat until their edges are ruffled. Have ready a hot platter with pieces of buttered toast about two inches square, and when the oysters are done take them out with a wire spoon and lay them upon the toast. Turn the broth mixture into the pan where the oysters were cooked, season it with salt and cayenne pepper, and when it again comes to the boiling point stir in half a cup of cream and turn the mixture over the oyster toast.

"I suppose you took in the Bowery when you were in New York and listened to the delightful Chimmie Fadden dialect?"

"I did, but I didn't hear any of the dialect. I don't believe the illiterate creatures have read the book at all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perseverance Always Wins.

Smith—After trying for ten long years I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect.

Brown—Are you sure of it?

Smith—Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot.—Chicago News.

——OUR——
Annual Cost Sale
——OF——
STOVES
Commences Monday, Jan. 3rd, 1898.

Great Bargains.

Seavey Hardware Co.,

19 and 21 West Main Street.

A Local Disease. A Climatic Affection.

Nothing but a local remedy or a change of climate will cure it. Get a well known pharmaceutical remedy.

CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm.

It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine, No Mercury, No Injurious drug. Full size 50c.; Trial size 10c. at Druggists or by mail.

COLD 'N HEAD

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

McCoy's New European Hotel

COR. CLARK AND VAN BUREN STS. CHICAGO.

FIRE PROOF.

One block from C. R. I. & P. and L. S. & M. S. Railroad depot.

Improvements costing $75,000.00 have just been completed, and the house now offers every convenience to be found in any hotel, including hot and cold water, electric light and steam heat in every room.

Rates 75 cents per day and upwards. First class restaurant in connection.

WILLIAM McCOY, Owner and Proprietor.

LE BRUN'S G & G CURE

FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy being injected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet. Cure guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, $1.00. Sold only by

Geo. A. Polhous, 94 Calhoun street, D. G. Klinkenburg, 33 E. Berry street, corner Clinton st.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY RECORDER.

Editor Sentinel: Please announce that I will be a candidate for recorder of Allen county, subject to the decision of the next democratic nominating convention.

FREDERICK FEY, Jefferson Township.

WANTED.

WANTED—House cleaning of any kind. Address 149 Wallace street. 11tf

WANTED—A good girl for general housework at 82 East Wayne street. 2-tf

WANTED—Roll top desk; also safe. Must be cheap, for cash. P. O. Box 131. 2t

WANTED—If you want to borrow money, see "ad" on first page, first column. 3tf

WANTED—$20 weekly to give away Toilet Soaps. Samples free. Totchen Co., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—A lady attendant. Must have good references. Apply, Allen County Orphans' Home. 31tf

WANTED—Salesman; salary paid weekly, experience unnecessary, permanent. Brown Brothers Co., Chicago. s28-w&stm

WANTED—Private party will make small loans to ladies, school teachers, salaried people and others on satisfactory security. Room 23, Bass Block. 11-1m

WANTED—Horses to winter at the "Oak Lawn Farm," 1½ miles north of the city; rates low; large warm barn; best of care. Address, W. B., care Sentinel. nov11eodtf

WANTED—To buy a couple of 2 or 3 light gas chandeliers, suitable for small dwelling. Must be cheap. Address, with description and price, "S.," P. O. Box 2011, City. 312

WANTED—Agents; $1.00 to $6.00 a day, to either sex; new goods; new plan; sells at sight; every family needs it; no capital needed. Household Co., Box 421, Cincinnati, O. Nov13-af&so

WANTED—A partner with $300 who can devote all or part of his time to a good paying business. This is an opportunity of a life time to the right party. Address Box H, care of Sentinel. 112

WANTED—To trade three houses in east end; near Lutheran College, and 1 block from street car. Income $25 per month, for land west of city. Address, Sleepy Hollow, city general delivery. 112

WANTED—I would like the public to try my Lung and Cough Syrup. It is infallible in case of grip or hemorrhages; an old family medicine of sixty years standing. Call at 35 Fairfield avenue. 16-2m

WANTED—Men and women to work at home. I pay $8 to $16 per week for making crayon portraits, new patent method, anyone who can read or write can do the work, at home, in spare time, day or evening. Send for particulars and work at once. Address, H. A. Gripp, German artist, Tyrone, Pa. Sept. 11-6-20

WANTED—Great Inducement now opportunities for young men; only eight weeks required to completely learn barber trade; good demand for graduates of this system; practice, instructions, lectures, examinations, diplomas, wages Saturdays from start; steady pay when competent; complete outfit of tools donated; illustrated catalogue mailed free. Moler System Barber School, Chicago, St. Louis, Buren Sts., Chicago, [illegible] Cincinnati, Minneapolis. 116

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—If you want money on household goods, see "ad" on first page, first column. 3tf

FOR RENT—The finest cottage in Lakeside, 101 Rivermet ave.; six rooms, $12. Inquire 23 Rivermet ave. Tdf

FOR RENT—A brick house, 37 Will street, 7 rooms, natural gas. Inquire Hoffman Bros, 20 West Main street. 305

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms on East Taber street; modern improvements. Inquire Gilmartin Lumber yard. 11f

FOR RENT—An Anson house, bath room, artificial and natural gas, electric lights; $16 per month; No. 329 S. Calhoun St. 181

FOR RENT—Oct. 1, suite of rooms suitable for offices, now occupied by Dr. Younge, 101 Calhoun street. Apply at Sentinel office. 177

FOR RENT—Eight room house, centrally located, electric light and gas furnace, hot and cold bath. Inquire at 40 Harmer St. 2tf

FOR RENT—One handsome furnished room in private family, bath, electric light, furnace heat. Reference required. Address box 3, Sentinel office. 341

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, on first floor, all complete for light housekeeping; or suitable for two young ladies or gentlemen. 16 West Jefferson street. 312

FOR RENT—A very nice eight-room house, in first-class condition. No. 142 Columbia ave., just vacated; rent reduced to $13.50. W. E. Bond, over Old National bank. 17-tf

FOR RENT—Seven room brick house, No. 211 Webster street, corner Highland, has been newly papered and put in first-class order. Inquire in the morning or after 6 p. m. at No. 133 Broadway. 2tf

FOR RENT—Dwellings, No. 21 W. Creighton ave., 10 rooms, modern improvements; No. 23 Fairfield ave., 10 rooms, stable, bath, closet and furnace; No. 28 St. Marys ave., 8 rooms and stable; Nos. 22 and 24 St. Marys ave., 4 rooms each; No. 96 Franklin ave.; No. 77 Bay street, 5 rooms; No. 32 Maple ave., 8 rooms and stable; No. 220 West Wayne street, 6 rooms; No. 37 Will street. Schrader & Wilson, first floor, Court St. 2tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—If you want money on personal security, see "ad" on first page, first column. 3tf

FOR SALE—House and lot, cheap, with small payment down, balance on small monthly payments; lot 51x150. Call on or address A. W. Nelson, No. 116 Chestnut avenue, north of new yards. 25-1m

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and Residence 25 Madison Street. Specialty:—Diseases of Women. Telephone 450. Office hours 8 a. m. to 9, 1:30 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

DR. NISWONGER—Makes a specialty of treating general diseases and skin diseases and has a new discovery for the treatment of catarrh and hay fever. Free trial treatment. Office at Post Office Drug Store.

Clairvoyant!

50c—And Up—50c.

Mrs. Idella Rose.

The wonderful clairvoyant gives truthful advice on business, love, law, speculation, lost or stolen property; unites the separated, causes speedy marriages; gives names, dates, facts and figures. A call will convince you that Mrs. Rose is the best medium that ever visited Fort Wayne. Hours 10 to 9. Letters answered that have stamp enclosed.

Parlors

148 E. WASHINGTON ST.

For the holiday trade. Readings after January 5th.

"77"

BREAKS UP COLDS

The first day

More easily than if the Cold is permitted to run on.

Those who keep "Seventy-seven" handy, and take a dose at the first sneeze or shiver, never have a bad Cold and are saved from Pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases.

"77" cures Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat and Fever.

A small vial leads to a Dollar Flask.

At druggists or sent on receipt of price. Ask for Dr. Humphreys' Specific Manual of all Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Humphreys Med. Co., New York.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL, CONSULT

DR. WENGER,

So well and favorably known as America's leading and most successful

SPECIALIST

For his many and wonderful cures in all

BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, sores, spots, pimples, scrofula, syphilitic taints, tumors, tetter, ECZEMA, and blood poison of every nature.

KIDNEY AND URINARY, weak back, pain in side, abdomen, bladder, sediment in urine, brick dust or white, painful urinations, Bright's disease and all diseases of the bladder.

PRIVATE DISEASES—Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Inflammations, Discharges, Strictures, Weakness of Organs, Syphilis, Hydrocele, Varicocele and kindred troubles quickly cured.

LOST MANHOOD and all its attending ailments, both YOUNG, MIDDLE AGED AND OLD MEN. The awful effects of early indiscretions, producing weakness, NERVOUS DEBILITY, night emission, exhausting drains, pimples, bashfulness, loss of energy and weakness of both body and brain. Cancers, tumors, piles, cured without knife or pain.

Do not let timidity or prejudice keep you from calling.

OFFICE DAYS: Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

Sunday Hours 2 to 4 only.

DR. N. R. WENGER, 135 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING—NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 9, 1897.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Fort Wayne will be held at its banking house, Tuesday, January 11th, 1898, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., for the election of seven directors to serve the ensuing year. L. R. HARTMAN, Cashier.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MIDY

The Rosy Freshness And a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

Monday, January 3d

This store opens its doors wide, for the event of the year to Fort Wayne Shoppers. . . . . . .

ITS ANNUAL COST SALE.....

AND THE

ANNUAL HOUSEKEEPING LINEN SALE.

In its magnitude and low prices—we intend eclipsing any sale ever held in the store. No goods during this January Sale will be sold an atom above cost, and many lines will be sold at much less than cost.

This Sale will be Strictly for Cash.

No Charges will be Made to Any One.....

The extreme littleness of price for which all classes of goods will be sold, makes this an imperative necessity. . . . .

IN THE CLOAK ROOM

All goods will be sold at less than cost. Capes, Jackets, Tea Gowns, Coats, Wrappers, Furs, Men's House Coats, etc.

IN THE CARPET ROOM

All goods will be sold at PRIME COST.

AT COST--And less than cost—Silks, Dress Goods, Velvets, Velveteens, Trimmings, Linings.

AT COST--All Notions, Corsets, Underwear, Blankets, Comfortables, Flannels, Cotton Goods, Sheetings, Prints, Ginghams, Gloves, Umbrellas, Laces, Embroideries, White Goods.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods......

Look over the Linen Chest. This annual Linen Sale will be a beneficial one to every housekeeper. . . . . . .

Root & Company.

THIS WEEK

LADIES' 50c TEN-BUTTON OVERGAITERS

25 Cents.

THING & CO., - No. 32 Calhoun St.

ANNUAL

COST SALE....

ON ALL OUR

Stiff and Soft Hats, Underwear AND Colored Shirts

....Until February 1st....

See Our Superb Line of

SHIRTS, TIES, GLOVES, ETC.,

FOR FULL DRESS WEAR.

We are making a specialty of these goods.

Wm. Meyer & Bro.,

Exclusive Gents' Furnishers,

80 and 80 1-2 Calhoun Street.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By Depositing it With the

Allen County Loan & Savings Association,

32 East Berry Street.

Try our New Plan. Shares $1.00 each per month. Matures in seventy-seven months.

No Fines or Membership Fee.

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, Rooms 6-7, Bass Blk. 2tf

For a winter suit or overcoat, at the lowest price, call on Schmidt, the tailor, 70 E. Main street. Fit guaranteed. 3tf

FOR SALE—Entire stock of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware and Musical Instruments. Invoice, $7,000. Make me an offer. Inquire 20 Calhoun street. 12-30 tf

THE COATITORIUM

Is the cheapest place in the city to have your clothing repaired, cleaned, pressed and dyed. Goods called for and delivered. All work guaranteed. Home phone, 178.

FRED C. LUBS, Prop.,

30 Harrison St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fine Trouserings.

At this season of the year your wardrobe needs replenishing. A new pair of trousers are absolutely necessary and we want to call your attention to our superb line of all-wool worsteds in neat stripes and checks which we will make to your order and make them to fit at

$5, $6, $7, $8.

I. MAUTNER & CO.,

Up-To-Date Tailors.

POPULAR PRICES.

52 Calhoun St.

We have given you better values this season than you have ever gotten before in first class tailoring, and we propose to keep placing away until we get your trade, and when we do WE'LL HOLD IT. Just now we are offering some exceptional values in business Suits at $18, formerly $20 and $22 Suits at our store, and would cost you $25 in any other shop in the city. Step in and see our line of

Business Suits.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1898.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office - - - - - - - - No. 173.
Editorial Rooms - - - - - - - No. 650.

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. T. DeWald have returned from Peoria, Ill.

Miss Anna Trentman, of Auburn, Ind., is the guest for a few days of Mrs. C. F. Muhler, sr.

Mrs. W. A. Evans gave a thimble party yesterday afternoon for Mrs. E. G. Evans, of Toledo.

Miss Pearl Foster and Miss Mary Walton kept "open house" today at the home of Miss Walton.

The Owl and Crescent club gave a pleasant hop at their hall, in the White block, last evening.

Mrs. G. L. Greenawalt gave an afternoon company yesterday for her niece, Miss Mary Walton.

Miss Hazel Harrison and Miss Mary Makemson, of Columbia City, are visiting Mrs. W. E. Davis.

Miss Janet Humphrey gave a thimble party yesterday from 2 to 5 o'clock for fifteen young ladies.

Fort Wayne Lodge of Perfection kept an open house today and many Masons enjoyed a fraternal visit.

Professor Adams, of the College of Expression, returned today from his visit in Cleveland and Medina, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. O'Neil have returned from their wedding tour and are at home to their friends at 81 Brackenridge street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. McDonald gave a brilliant dancing party last evening for their daughter, Miss Mary, and their sons, Donald and George.

Senator T. E. Ellison has received copies of the Reflector, a new publication by the young men of the Indiana reformatory at Jeffersonville.

Miss Adah Louise Higgins was at home to a number of her young friends yesterday afternoon at a thimble party from 2 to 5 o'clock.

The Independent Five club entertained their friends in a charming manner last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Luly, on High street.

The Misses Maude and Jeanette Muhler and Miss Katherine Muhler have returned from a visit in Auburn with Mrs. F. J. Trentman and Mrs. Steele.

Miss Fannie Steinbrunner gave a "watch party" last evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. E. Barnes. Miss Flora Mack, of Joliet, Ill., was the guest of honor.

The board of public safety held a meeting last evening, at which little beside routine business was transacted. The resignation of Detective George Coling was accepted.

The firm of Grindle & Weatherhogg was dissolved yesterday by mutual consent, Charles R. Weatherhogg, the junior partner, retiring. The business will be continued by Alfred Grindle.

Young Otto Strieder, aged 10 years, a victim of somnambulism, left his bed Thursday night and ran several squares before he was discovered. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Strieder, of Barr street.

The Home Telephone company yesterday closed a five year contract with the superintendent of the Reformed Orphans' home, agreeing to string wires and place an instrument in the institution at once.

Mrs. Carl Siemon, of Egg Harbor, N. J., will soon be the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Curdes. Mr. and Mrs. Siemon will go from here to Springfield, Mass., to make their home.

The annual meeting and election of officers will be held by the Anthony Wayne chapter, Sons of American Revolution, at the Wayne club this afternoon. The anniversary of the birth of Anthony Wayne will also be celebrated.

The Fort Wayne Curling club is playing a game at their rink at the flats this afternoon for a points medal. This is one of the most important games of the season for this club. There will be no team playing in the contest for the medal, although there will probably be some matches after the principal contest.

The Lime Kiln club met last night and elected the following officers: President, Maurice Goldberger; vice president, William Reinewald; secretary, Ed. Withers. The following new members were taken in: A. J. Hoffman, Gust Woebbeking, Oscar Adams, Gottlieb Thiele, Edward Kollmeyer, George Gaffney, Carl Kessler, Louis Necker, Harry Smith, Samuel Headford, Michael Roth, Charles Egg, Charles Lapp, Fred Kunde.

Miss Esther McDonald's masquerade New Year's was the most brilliant of society events last night. The affair was held in the parlors of the New Aveline. Numbered cards containing the names of guests were handed to all, who selected their partners for the opening of the dance program, and guessed who represented the different characters. Miss Addie Diether guessed sixteen of the twenty-four. The costumes were original and many of them beautiful.

A unique reception in honor of out of town guests was given by Miss Edgerton yesterday afternoon, in compliment to Miss Mary Irwin, of Lafayette. The ladies were given cards on which was printed in rhyme an incomplete story. The blanks were to be filled with the names of flowers, vines or trees, the whole being a very clever "floral" anecdote, which caused some hard thinking to solve. Mrs. Nixon was the most successful in filling the blanks. Supper was served at 5:30 o'clock.

Miss Jennie Hatfield is visiting at Ossian.

Evan Link, of Auburn, is visiting friends in the city.

Judge Chapin went to Kendallville this morning.

Cal Ginger, of Auburn, is visiting his brother on Horace street.

Lant Clark and wife are visiting friends at Ossian, and will return tomorrow.

Charles F. Schopf and Miss Celia Schoepf are spending the day at Huntington.

Miss Allie Carroll, of 95 Thomas street, is the guest of relatives at Bucyrus, Ohio.

Ralph Lane and Fred McCracken entertain at a stag party this evening at the home of Mr. Lane.

The E'Galentes entertained last night at the Sons of Columbus hall to celebrate the passing of the year.

Mrs. W. A. Current, of Buchanan street, has returned from Dunkirk, Ohio, where she visited her parents.

Mrs. S. A. Phillips, of Wallace street, has as her guest, Miss Minnie Longenecker, of Poplar Bluffs, Mo.

Homer Van Meter, of E. H. Doud's real estate office, has gone to Ohio to spend several days with relatives.

Mrs. North, of Ridgeville, Ind., who was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Clifford, has returned home.

Messrs. Hofheins and Beckschultz, of Horace street, are spending the day with relatives at Richmond.

Miss Maud Wiggins, of Hugh street, who has been ill for some time past, with typhoid pneumonia, is convalescing.

Mrs. Frank Jewell and baby, Nellie, will leave in a few days for DeKalb county, to visit with relatives until spring.

Miss Maggie Betts, of Riverside avenue, gave a watch party last night, a large number of friends enjoying her hospitality.

The young men of the Fort Wayne Club gave an informal dance at the club last evening. The First Regiment orchestra furnished the music.

Miss Alice Dolan, who had an operation performed at St. Joe hospital, some time ago, has recovered sufficiently to return to her home in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cairns, of South Broadway, entertained friends last night in compliment to Mrs. Burgess, of Danville, Ill., and Miss Burgess, of Chicago.

Master Johnnie Aubery, of Horace street, has returned from a visit with relatives at Brooklyn, N. Y. He was accompanied home by his cousin, Miss Louisa Meyers, who will remain here for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. A. B. Stevens, of Calhoun street, entertained her Sunday school class last Thursday evening. It was an occasion which will long be remembered with pleasure by the young folks who attended. The features of the evening were music, recitations, charades, etc.

Chauncey Griffith, of Chicago, who has been the guest of his father, Levi Griffith, several days, returned to Chicago today. He holds a responsible position with a contractor of that city, and is at present engaged in superintending the erection of a ten-story building.

The program of the joint installation of Anthony Wayne post, Sons of Veterans, and the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Sons of Veterans, will be ready to announce in the daily papers some time next week. The event will take place on the 7th inst., at Wayne True Blues' hall.

Unity lodge No. 491, Sexennial league, has elected the following officers, to serve a year: Past President, Chas. S. Hilton; President, Thos. F. Drake; Secretary, George A. Sthair; Treasurer, Mrs. T. F. Drake; Chaplain, Mrs. L. McDole; Marshall, Miss O. J. Magner; Guard, William Sthair; Sentinel, Henry G. McDole. Trustees, Edwin Crosby, J. J. Edelman, Maria B. Gorsline.

ELGIN'S FAME IS GROWING.

All the Medical World Talking About Its Latest Wonder.

Dr. W. A. Shepard has been compelled to stop his laboratory work in Elgin, Ill., and give his entire time to laymen and physicians who have come to see for themselves his work with consumptives. He contributes the information for the good of humanity and is so anxious that his discovery become of general use in the practice that he is inviting the most careful examination by members of the profession.

Elgin has never had a faith cure but it is being filled now with men and women who claim the work of Dr. Shepard is little short of the miraculous. There has been so much interest that it is probable a company will be formed for a series of sanitariums—one at Elgin, Ill., one on the Atlantic coast and one on the Pacific coast.

Elgin is talking of organizing a consumption club. It is composed of men and women who have graduated from the cure and gone back to work in sound health. There is barely a train that does not bring a patient or an inquiring doctor. Elgin, Ill., has long been noted all over the world and this country for its butter and watches, and the announcement of the success of the new industry keeps the name going.

There is barely a newspaper of importance in the country which has not printed word from the laboratory. The Associated Press made much of the life and work of the doctor and the great Chicago dailies sent men to make personal investigations and to write their findings. This has brought a flood of letters of inquiry and the offices have been enlarged to take the greater part of the most central building in the city.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Sabbath Services and Sermons in Fort Wayne.

Churches of the City and the Announcements of the Pastors for Worship Tomorrow.

Special New Year's services at the West Jefferson street Church of Christ tomorrow morning and evening. P. J. Rice, pastor.

South Wayne Baptist Mission, Beaver Chapel.—Sunday school at 9 a. m., A. C. Beaver, superintendent. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. E. A. Knight

Third Presbyterian church—Preaching by Rev. J. M. Boggs, at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:15 p. m.

Simpson M. E. church, T. J. Johnson, pastor—Sunday school at 9:30; sermon by Rev. Sam W. Small at 10:30; Junior league, 2:30. No evening service.

Baptist Tabernacle—Rev. L. L. Hensen, pastor. Morning subject, "Resolutions for the New Year." Evening subject, "Turning a New Leaf." Fine music by the choir.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, West Washington and Fulton streets.—Sunday school, 9:15 a. m.; morning service at 10:30 a. m.; evening services at 7:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church—Sunday at 10 a. m., general class. Regular services in the evening and also every night during the week, beginning at 7:30. N. L. Stambaugh, pastor.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor.—Sermon, 10:30 a. m., Bible school with lecture by the pastor, at 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 4:15 p. m. Teachers' class, 10 a. m.

Calvary U. B. church, corner Harmer and Lewis streets.—A. W. Ballinger, pastor. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Y. P. C. U. at 6:30 p. m.

Special New Years sermons in Plymouth church both morning and evening, and reception of new members at morning service. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Rev. James S. Ainslie, minister.

The East Side Baptist mission, Vogely hall, Maumee avenue—Sunday school at 3 o'clock p. m. Dr. M. Harrod, superintendent. Preaching at close of Sunday school session by Rev. E. A. Knight.

Christ's Lutheran church, corner of Jefferson and Webster streets—Rev. A. A. Hundley, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15 p. m.

South Congregational church, Rev. E. E. Frame, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Sacrament of the Lord's supper at 10:45 a. m. Subject at 7:30 p. m.: "New Year Resolutions." Emerson quartet.

Bethany church, Nebraska, corner Boone and Fry streets, Rev. George E. Davies, pastor. New Year's services, 10:30 a. m. Text: "What Manner of People Ought Ye to be?" Sunday school, 3 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E., 4 p. m. Subject evening sermon will be "Our New Year's Vows."

West Creighton avenue Church of Christ, John J. Higgs, pastor.—Services tomorrow at 11 a. m. This will be a special service. All the members are requested to be present. Preaching at 7:30 p. m., subject, "The Gospel of Christ." Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:15 p. m.

A. M. E. church, corner East Wayne and Francis streets, Rev. W. Madison Simpson, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Christian Endeavor service at 7 p. m., sharp. Preaching at 8 p. m. Week of prayer beginning January 1; January 8, revival meetings.

At Westminster church a discourse, illustrated by the stereopticon, will be given by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Looper, D. D., on "The Christ Child In Art," at 7:30 p. m. At 10:30 a. m. the pastor will deliver a New Year sermon, "This Year Also." S. S., 12 m. Sr. C. E., 6:30 p. m. W. M. S. S., 2:30 p. m.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor.—Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching, 10:30 a. m., subject, "The Old and the New." Sunday at 3 p. m. Epworth league, 6:45. At 7:30 there will be a public installation of officers and teachers, and the pastor will talk on the subject, "Encouraging Words to the Christian Workers."

Bethel church of the Evangelical Association, corner DeWald and Clinton streets—English preaching at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "Fleetness of Time." Evening subject: "Self Examination." Y. P. alliance at 6:45 p. m., led by Mrs. John Bandtel, and Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. S. H. Baumgartner, pastor.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Cass and Fourth streets, Edmund F. Albertson, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; subject, "Resolutions for the New Year." After the sermon the sacrament of the Lord's supper will be celebrated, and reception of members. A large chorus will sing. Free seats.

Wayne street Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. Henry W. Bennett, D. D., pastor.—9:30 a. m., Sunday school. 10:30 a. m., public worship. Theme for this service, "A Meditation Suggested by the New Year." Noon, class meeting. 6:30 p. m., a young people's service, conducted by the Epworth league. 7:30 p. m., public worship and evening lecture. Topic, "Let Us Begin the Year Right."

Heidelberg Reformed church, Rev. Maurice Samson, pastor.—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; morning service at 10:30 a. m., subject, "A Three fold New Year's Prayer;" evening service at 7:30 p. m., subject, "Life of John A. Lasco." Every Wednesday evening, prayer meeting at 7:30; teachers' meeting at 8:15 p. m.; catechetical instruction every Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Berry Street M. E. Church, corner Harrison street; C. C. Cissell, pastor—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Sermon, 10:30 a. m. by Rev. T. J. Johnson. General class at 11:45 a. m. At 2:30 p. m. Rev. Sam W. Small will deliver his celebrated lecture, "The Letter D," to men. Epworth league devotional service at 6:30 p. m., which will include the public installation of the new officers. Sermon at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. Small, subject, "Moses and His Snake." Arrangements have been made for an overflow meeting and Mr. Small will address both audiences.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Cathedral square, Calhoun street. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, bishop; Very Rev. Joseph H. Brammer, V. G.; Rev. J. R. Quinlan, Rev. Charles B. Guendling and Rev. Frederick Baudunand. Sunday services, 6, 8, 8:30 (children's service), and 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital), Rev. Thomas Eisenring, C. S. S., chaplain. Sunday services, 8 a. m and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 6 a. m.

St. Mary's (German), corner of Lafayette and Jeffrson streets. The Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Gustav Hottenroth. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Patrick's, corner DeWald and Harrison, Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. Patrick Crowley, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass at 7:45 and 10 a. m.; children's mass at 9 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Paul's, (German), corner West Washington and Griffith. Rev. Edward Koenig and Rev. Joseph Gilstein, pastors. Services 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Peter's (German), corner East DeWald and Warsaw, Rev. Ferdinand Koerdt, pastor. Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

Emanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson street. Rev. C. Gross and Rev. Philip Wambsganss, jr., pastors. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren, Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m., 2 p. m., (in German), 7:30 p. m. (in English).

St. Paul's, on Barr street, Rev. Jacob Miller, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Trinity, corner of Hoffman and Oakland, Rev. J. A. Bohn, pastor. Sunday services. 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

German Lutheran Zion's Congregational church, Creighton avenue and Hanna street, Rev. Henry Jüengel, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sundays.

Grace church (German Evangelical), Gay and Pontiac streets, Rev. T. J. C. Stellhorn, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Mesdames James Fry and William Brackenridge returned last evening after a visit with relatives in Delphi, Ind.

Of all wares the most beautiful, sparkling Libbey cut glass. Sold everywhere Distinguished from its imitations by this trade mark cut on every piece.

Water rents are now due. Pay and save discount. 1tf

Arnold's Bromo-Celery. The cable car headache cured by this peerless remedy. 10 cts. Sold by Gross & Pellens.

Ice Cream Soda Water at A. C. Aurentz's. 3013

Classes will be organized for the winter term at the International Business College, Schmitz block, day and evening sessions, Monday, Jan. 3d. The attendance at this institution at present is very large, and only a limited number of new students can be accommodated. The president, T. L. Staples, will be in his office New Year's afternoon to see those who have not yet made arrangements. 3112

Ice Cream Soda Water at A. C. Aurentz's. 3013

Classes will be organized for the winter term at the International Business college, Schmitz block. Day and evening sessions, Monday, January 3d.

Notice of Election.

The West Jefferson Street Church of Christ will hold their annual meeting at 7:30 p. m. January 10th, 1898, for the election of trustees for the ensuing year. By order of

20t3eod JOHN DALMAN, Pres.

You Can Be Healed

Of throat or lung trouble if you will try the climate cure.

For reliable information write F. T. Hendry, 53 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich. 5-1916-s9t

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AUCTION.

Wayne Hotel Furniture.

Commencing next week and continuing until all is sold. Furniture, carpets, table linens, 400 pair blankets, 400 pair pillows, 400 fine quilts, comforts, 1 fine piano, 1 large safe, 1 fine office clock, 1 cash register, stoves, toilet sets, lace curtains, silver ware, tables, dishes, glass ware, etc. 29tf

H. T. STAPLEFORD, Auctioneer.

Ice Cream Soda Water at A. C. Aurentz's. 3013

THE FORT WAYNE SCHOOL OF ART

Opens Jan. 11, 1898.

Miss Otilla Hollensloben, from the Chicago Art Institute, has been engaged as resident instructor of drawing and painting.

TERM--Jan. 11 to June 11, 1898.

PRICES.

Day Classes:

Adults, 1 lesson a week, $10.00.
Per term, 2 lessons a week, $18.00.
Per term, 3 lessons a week, $25.00
Per term.
Children, 1 lessons a week, $8.00.
Per term; 2 lessons a week, $10.00.
Per term.

Evening Classes:

1 lesson a week, $6.00 per term; 2 lessons a week, $10.00 per term.

For further information and registration of pupils, please apply at the studio, corner Lewis and Barr street, from 3 to 5 p. m., on January 3, 5, 7 and 9; also from 7 to 8 p. m. on January 4 and 6.

DO YOU WANT

The finest of all

CANNED FRUITS.

Then get the J. H. Flickenger and the Premier Canned Goods.

I have a full line of them, bought direct from the packer.

Am selling lower than they were every sold before in the city.

Place your orders early—have them filled from the largest and best stock of Fancy Groceries, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, Table Delicacies, New Nuts, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Spy Apples, Florida Oranges, Malaga Grapes, Etc.

Edam and Cream Cheese, the best in the city.

Poultry and Meats.

Fine Table Butter a specialty.

Let us have your order now.

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Chippendale, Sheraton, Old Colonial and Dutch Inlay Furniture for Parlor, Hall, Library, Dining and Bedrooms in many quaint conceits, embracing oddity, beauty and practicability.

All the best Furniture Manufacturers of this country make us their Fort Wayne agents.

You can make that present New Years if you did not find time to purchase soon enough for Christmas.

FOSTER FURNITURE CO.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Do you want to borrow money? The Tri-State will loan you money on the famous dollar monthly plan, pay fast or slow—$1,000 for $10.00 per month.

BEST PLAN IN THE WORLD.

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Should call at office for the best plan to save money. $325,000.00 of stock matured in five months. Call at office for full particulars.

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OFFICE OF O. B. FITCH, Proprietor, HOOSIER SHOE STORE.

FORT WAYNE, JAN. 1, 1898.

TO OUR PATRONS:—

We wish to tender to our great host of friends our thanks for their generous patronage that has made the year '97 one of the most satisfactory and prosperous in our history.

Our old friends have remained with us and scores of new ones have been made.

We enter the new year with better facilities for pleasing our patrons than ever, and our constant aim will be to have the newest designs and best makes of FOOT WEAR.

Very Truly,

O. B. BITCH.

Women Hesitate

about taking medicines internally when they expect shortly to become mothers. Well may they hesitate. Think of the danger of swallowing drugs when in that condition!

MOTHER'S FRIEND

is the only safe preparation in the world for expectant mothers. It is not to be taken internally, but applied externally. The effects of its use are really wonderful. It softens the muscles and allows them to expand without discomfort—prevents morning sickness and headache—stops all danger of rising breast—puts the whole system in perfect condition for the ordeal—and makes the birth of baby an occasion shorn of all dread. Its constant use during most of the period of pregnancy insures safety to both mother and child.

It is not an experiment. In thousands of homes it is a household word. Not to use it is the greatest mistake of a married woman's life. Sold at drug stores for $1.00 a bottle. Send for an illustrated book about it.

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The name of the Papa Furniture Company is mentioned in connection with Furniture it means the highest possible standard of excellence for the price paid. We have always been headquarters for Fine, Artistic Furniture. A walk through our establishment will convince you that such is the case. Come in and see our stock any time. We have plenty of clerks to show you through.

28 & 30 E. Berry

NOTICE.

Chattle Mortgage Sale

--OF--

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS AND FELT FOOT WEAR.

Now is your chance to get good goods at low prices—stock must be sold.

For the next 30 days we will make special low prices—for cash—we must have by January 31. It will pay you to attend this sale if you want Foot Wear.

MANUFACTURER'S SHOE STORE,

25 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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ELIZABETH C. LINCOLN.

TEMPLE THEATER.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Saturday, Jan 1, '98.

"BOW WOW"

New Year's Day

Afternoon and Evening. The Hoyt Theater Success,

"A Batchelor's Honeymoon"

With John T. Sullivan and a great cast of New York Favorites. Advance sale of seats open at box office Thursday. Regular prices at night. Matinee prices, 25c, 50 and 75c.

TEMPLE THEATRE.

MONDAY, JAN. 3.

The Eminent Romantic Actor,

Robert B. Mantell,

Accompanied by Charlotte Behrens and a Select Company, Presenting for the first time in this city, A New Romance, by W. A. Tremayne, entitled

"A Secret Warrant."

Sale of Seats Friday.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c $1.00.

TEMPLE THEATER.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4.

Charles H. Yale's Stupendous Production,

THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS.....

Prices—25, 50, 75c and $1.00.

BEFORE BUYING

Christmas Presents

Call and see the....

....LIGHT RUNNING STANDARD.

Also Boys' and Ladies Skates, Carver Setts, Plated Knives and Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, Clothes Wringers and Washing Machines, Flat Irons, Pocket Knives, and above all, the

Standard Cabinet Grand Sewing Machine.

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Are so perfect in fit, so natural in appearance and action that the wearer is able to forget about them.

Set of the best Tooth $8.00.

Painless Dentistry.
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Over Old National Bank.

Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomach Disorders positively cured. Grover Graham's Dyspepsia remedy is a specific. One dose removes all distress, and a permanent cure of the most chronic and severe cases is guaranteed. Do not suffer! A 50 cent bottle will convince the most skeptical. nov.15-3m

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SPECIALTY--DISEASES OF THE RECTUM.

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